

# THE MINDE OF THE FRONTISPEECE, And Argument of this W O R K E .

Fire, Aire, Earth, Water, all the Opposites  
That throue in *chaos*, powrefull *out* unites;  
And from their Discord drew this Harmonie  
That smiles in *vaue*: who, with rauisht eye,  
Affests his owne-made beautey. But, our *Will*,  
*Desire*, and *Love* is *erasible*, the skill  
Of *all* *order*s; who the *Mind* attires  
With all *her* *Vertues*. This aspires  
To *faue* and *glorie*; by her noble *Guide*  
Eternized, and well-nigh *Deified*.  
But who forlacke that faire *Intelligence*,  
To follow *Passion*, and voluptuous *Sense*;  
That thru the Path and *Toyles* of *Hercules*:  
Such, charmed by *circ'e*'s luxurie, and ease,  
That inclues deforme *twixt* whom, so great an odds;  
That these are held for *Beautes*, and those for *Gods*.

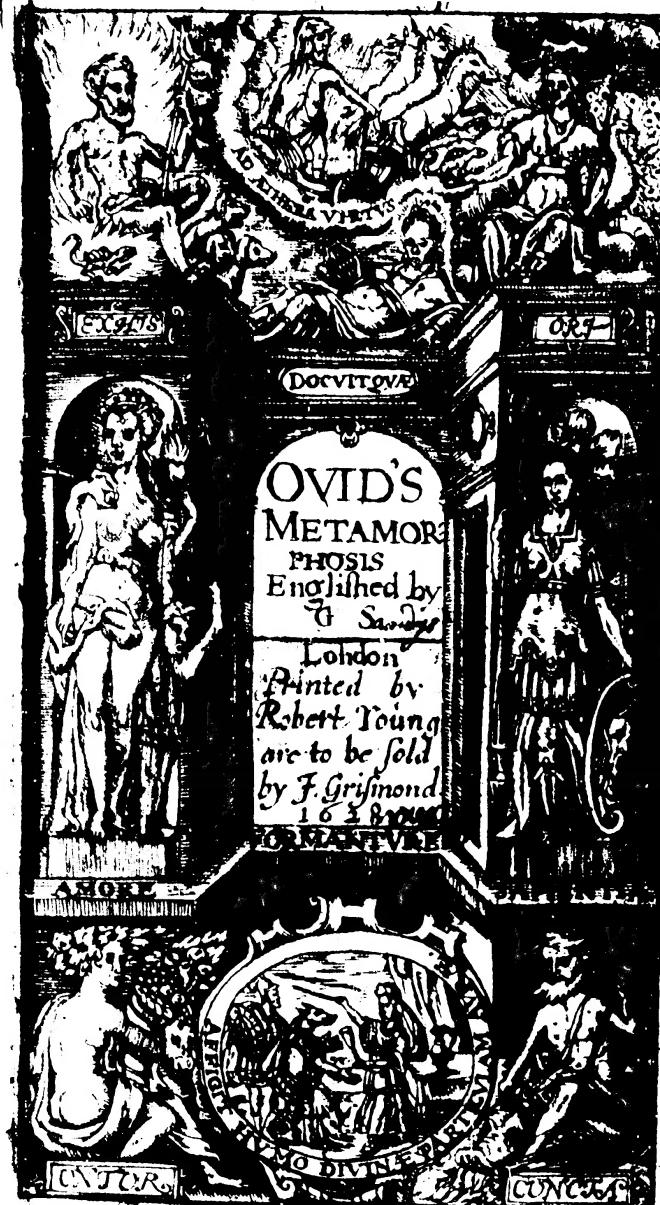
PHOEBVS APOLLIO (faire Poetie)

I haue right to thinke, in these ancient Fables lie  
The mythes, & of all Propheticke.

Some Natures fauorit, & some in fome appear  
Diversitie; & so teach vs how to beare  
Both. For, ones, residing lowe, Griefe, Hope, and Feare.

These Poetie, Deuotion, whose exalte  
The poynt of a Vertue, those from Vice affright;  
All helping, & glorie, *U*se, with Delight.

These, & some that *Power* steerest; and those that *folde*  
Ex, & *valde*, Success, not by his Compaide, faile.



To the most High & Migh-  
tie Prince C H A R L E S, King  
of Great Britaine, France, and  
I R E L A N D.

S I R,

**Y**Our Gracious acceptance of the first  
fruities of my Travels, when You were our  
Hope, as now our Happiness; hath alwa-  
ys abid Will and Power to the finishing  
of this Peece: being limn'd by that unperfect light  
which was snatch'd from the bowers of night and re-  
pose. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the  
service of your Great Father, and your selfe: which,  
had it promis'd as fortunate as faytfull, in me, and  
others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many yeares  
had turned about, to have presented You with a rich  
and wel-peopled Kingdome; from whence now, with  
my selfe, I only bring this Composure:

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more than a single denization, being a  
double Stranger. Springing from the stocke of the

ancient Romanes ; but bred in the New-world, of the rudenesse whereof it cannot but participate ; especially having Warres and Tumults to bring it to light instead of the Atuses. But how ever unperfect, Your fauour is able to supply ; and to make it worthy of life, if you judge it not unworthy of your Royal Patronage. Long may you live to be, as you are, the Delight and Glorie of your People : and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall Diadems for as immortall, so wishes

Your Maiesties  
most humble  
Seruant,

GEORGE SANDYS.

## THE LIFE OF OVID.

**P**UBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO, descended of the ancient Family of the *Nasons*, who had preserued the dignitie of Roman Knights from the first originall of that Order, was borne at *Sulmo*, a Citie of the *Peligni*, on the 14. of the Calends of April, in the Consul-ships of *Hircanus* and *Pansa*, both slaine at the battell of *Mutina* against *Marcus Antonius*. While yet a boy, his quicke wit and ready apprehension gaue his parents an assurance of a future excellencie ; in so much as his father *Lucius* sent him to *Rome* (together with his brother, a yeere elder than he, and borne on the same day) to bee instructed by *Plotius Grippus*, that Art might perfect the accomplishments of nature. In his first of youth he was much addicted vnto poetrie, wherein hee had

and a certaine grace and naturall facilitie. But continually reproued by his father for following so vnpromisfull a studie with an ill will he forsooke the p[er]petuat walkes of the Muses to traueil in the rugged paths of the Law, vnder *the chm. Euseb[us]* and *Porcius Latr[ius]*; of whose exquince and learning he was a great Admirer. Neither attained he the unto a vulgar commendation; being outshred by *Marcus Ann[ius] Seneca* among the principall Orators of those times. His prose was no other than diuined verse: his speech witty, briefe, and powerful in perswasion. Hauing past through diuers offices of Judicature, and now readie to assume the habit of a Senator: his elder brother and father being dead, impatient of toyle, and the clamours of litigious Assemblies, hee retired himselfe from all publick affaires to affected vacancie and his former abandoned studies. Yet such was the mutuall affection betwene him and *Varro*, that he accepted of Command, & serued vnder him

him in the wars of *Asia*: from whence he returned by *Aibens*, where he made his aboad, vntill hee had attained to the perfection of that language. Hee was of a meane stature, slender of body, spare of diet; and, it not too amorous, euery way temperate. He drunk no wine but what was much alayed with water: An Abhorrer of vnnatural Lusts, from which it shold seem that age was not innocent: neat in apparell; of a free, affable, and courtly behauour; whereby he acquired the friendship of many, such as were great in learning & nobilitie; among whom not a few of Consular dignitie: and so honoured by diuers, that they wore his picture in rings cut in preious stones. A great Admirer, and as much admired, of the excellent Poets of those times, with whom hee was most familiar and intimate. Being perswaded by some of them to leaue out three verses of those many which hee had written, hee gaue his consent, so that of all he might except three only:

whereupon they privately w<sup>r</sup>it those  
which they would have him abolish,  
and he on the other side those which  
he excepted; when both their papers,  
being thowne, presented the same  
verses, the first and second recorded  
by *Pedo Albinianus*, who was one of  
the arbiters,

(bouem.

*Semi bouenque virum, semi virumque  
Sedg lidam Borean, egelidumq; Noti.*  
whereby it appeareth that his admirabile  
wit did not want an answerable  
judgement in suppressing the libertie  
of his verse, had he not affected it. An  
ample patrimonie he had in the ter-  
ritories of *Sulmo*; with a house and a  
temple in the citie, where now stands  
the Church of *Santa Maria de Tim-  
bria*; and where now stands the Church  
of *Santa Maria de Consolacione* he had  
an other in *Rome*, not farre from the  
Capitoll; with pleasant Hort-yards  
betweene the wayes of *Flaminia* and  
*Claudia*, wherein hee was accustomed  
to recreate himselfe with his Muses.  
Hee had had three wiues: whereof  
the

the first being giuen him in his youth,  
as neither worthie nor profitable,  
soone after (according to the custome  
of the *Romans*) hee divorced: nor liu'd  
he long with the second, although  
nobly borne, and of behaviour incul-  
pable. The chastitie and beauty of the  
third he often extolleth; whom hee  
instructed in poetric, and to his death  
entirely affected. Neither was her af-  
fection inferior to his; liuing all the  
time of his banishment like a sorrow-  
full widow, and continuing to the  
end exemplarie faithfull. But in this  
euery-way happy condition, when his  
age required ease, and now about to  
employ his beloued vacancie in the re-  
view and polishing of his former la-  
bours, he was banished, or rather con-  
fined to *Tomos* (a citie of *Sarmatia*  
bordering on the Euxine Sea) by *An-  
gustus Cesar*, on the fourth of the Ides  
of December, and in the one and fifti-  
eth yere of his age, to the generall  
griefe of his friends & acquaintance:  
whosailed into *Ibrace* in a ship of his

A 5. owne.

owne, and by land performed the rest of his voyage. The cause of this his so cruell and deplored exile is rather conjectured than certaintely knowne. Most agree that it was for his too much familiaritie with *Iulia* the daughter of *Augustus*, masked vnder the name of *Corinna*. Others, that hee had vnturately seene the incest of *Cesar*: which may be insinuated, in that he complaines of his error, and compares himself to *Aetœon*. But the pretended occasion was for his composing of the Art of Loue, as intolera-bly lasciuious, and corrupting good manners. A pretence I may cal it, since vnlikelie it is that he should banish him in his age for what he writ whē hardly a man, & after so long a conniuance. Yet *Augustus*, either to conciale his owne crime or his daughters, would haue it so thought: neither would Ovid reueale the true cause, lest hee shoulde further exasperate his displeasure. After he had long in vaine solici- ted his repeale by the mediation of

*Germanicus*

*Germanicus Cesar*, and others that were neere vnto the Emperour; or at least to bee remoued to a more temperate Clime; his hopes(as he writes) forfaking the earth with *Augustus*, he dyed at *Tomos* in the fift yeere of the raigne of *Tiberius*; hauing liued seuen yeeres in banishment. As *Tibullus* and hee were borne in one day, so he and *Lisie* dyed on an other; that his birth and death might bee nobly accompa-nied. He had so wonne the barbarous *Get's* with his humanitie and gene-rous actions ( hauing also written a booke in their language) that they honoured him in his life with triumphant garlands, and celebrated his fu-nerals with vniuersall sorrow; ere-cting his tombe before the gates of their citie, hard by a lake whē re-taineth his name to this day. His se-pulchre was found in the yeere, M D V I I. with a magnificent couer-ture presenting this Epitaph.

F A T V M

FADYM NECESSITATIS LEX.

Here lies that famous Poet, by the rage  
Of great Augustus banished from Rome:  
Whom his countrymen sought t' interribus Age;  
But unluckly, Fate hath long'd him in this tomb.

Isabella Queene of Hungary, in the  
yeare M D X L, shewed to Bargani a pen  
of siluer, found not long before vnder  
certaine ruines, with this inscription;  
**OVIDII NASONIS CALA-  
MVS**: which she highly esteemed,  
and preserved as a sacred relique. Of  
the booke which he writ, since most  
of them are extant among vs, I will  
only recite these following verses of  
*Angulus Politianus*.

(things

- 1 From times first birth he chants the change of
- 2 The frames of Earth, at legiacks singes,
- 3 The changes doubtfull his he infares,
- 4 Epistles he writes for age with his owners cares,
- 5 In want he let me deplores his exile,
- 6 Wrote for the Roman Festivals com. it,
- 7 Of his story to knowne to Latin ears,
- 8 Create well in the glide in heaely spheres,
- 9 His p. now being, by anwicklynes,
- 10 In his exiles, only his burnyng times,
- 11 His last glories that above the times,

Yet

Yet leavnes he out the *Remede of Love*,  
a legitimate Poem (except he make it  
an appendix to the *Art*) and his *Con-  
solacio[n] to Livia* for the death of *Drus-  
sus*; which *Seneca* hath excerpted and  
sprinkled among his severall *Con-  
solationes*. Among such a multiplicite of  
arguments our gentle Poet did never  
write a virulent verse, but onely a-  
gainst *Cornificus*; (maskt vnder the  
name of *Ibis*), who solicited his wi-  
fe in his absence, and laboured against  
the repeale of his banishment. Con-  
cerning his *Metamorphosis*, it should  
seeme that he therein imitated *Par-  
thenius of Chios*, who writ on the same  
argument: as the *Latin Poets* eueng-  
erally borrowed their inuentions  
from the *Gracian Magazins*. I will  
conclude with what himselfe hath  
written of this Poem, wherein I haue  
employed my vacant howres: with  
what successe, I leauie to the censure  
of others, which perhaps may prove  
lesse rigid than my owne.

I thankē your louē: my verſe farre tuerer then  
My picturē ſhow me; wherefore thoſe peruſe:  
My verſe, which ſing the charged ſhapes of men  
Though leſt imperfect by my baniſh'd Muſe.  
Departing, theſe I ſadly with my hand  
To the fire, with other riches, threw.  
Her ſonne ſo Theſtias turning in his brand,  
A better ſister than a mother grew:  
So I, what ſhould not periſh with me, caſt  
Theſe brokē, my iſue in the funerall flame:  
In that I diſ my Muſe and verſe diſtaſt;  
Or that a yet unpoſh'd ardeſtance.  
But ſince I could not ſo diſtroy them quite;  
For ſundrie copies it ſhould ſcene there be:  
Now may they louē, nor lazily delight  
The generous reader; put in mind of me.  
Yet they with paſtice can be none be read,  
That know not how they uncorrected ſtand:  
Snatcht from the forge, re thoroughly anuiled;  
Deprived of my laſt life-giving hand.  
For paſtice I pardon erane: though biggely grac'd  
If, Reader, they be not diſſiſt by thee:  
Yet in the fronte of theſe ſixe verſes placd;  
If with thy liking it at leaſt agree.  
Who me to thiſt capl an- vol. me, peor in worth  
Within your car. a harborage afford.  
To wiſe men ſe fauour, yet by him ſet forth;  
The leaſt from the funerall of his Lord.  
The author, which preceſtis it's waſe diſt;  
At ſea, with a friendly band correc't.

## OID DEFENDED.

**S**ince diuers, onely wittie in reprooſing,  
Haue prophaned our Poet with their  
ſtitidious censures: wee, to vindicate his  
worth from detraction, and preuent preu-  
dicacie, haue here reuiued a few of thoſe  
infinite teſtimonies, which the cleereſt  
iudgements of all Ages haue giuen him. I  
will begin with the censure of that accu-  
rate Orator

MARCVS ANNEXVS SENECA, Contra  
One of his frequent and admiring <sup>10.</sup>  
Auditors. NASO haſt a conſtant, becom-  
ming, and amiable wit. His Proſe appea-  
red no other hand ſolned Verſes: And a  
little after. Of his words no Prodigall,  
except in his Verſe: wherein, hee was not  
ignorant of the fault, but affected it: and  
often wou'd ſay, that a Mole misſe-became  
not a beautefull face, but made it more  
louely. Amongt the excellent of his  
time, wee may esteem

VELLIVS PATERCVLVS, H. 1. 2.  
who writheth thus in hiſtory. It is ſt.  
moſt

In Ode.

xxv

S. HIEROME;

Semiramis, of whom they report many wonders, erected the walls of Babylon; as testifies that renowned Poet in the fourth booke of his *Metamorphosis*. Nor is he forgot by

De Canticis  
Dni

S. AUGUSTINE.

And Naso, that excellent Poet. Now defend wee to those, whom later times haue preferred for learning and judgement. Thus sings the high prais'd

De Natura

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

It is do di, all, in other lie, when Sulmo bore,  
The... out... commanding Tyber bore, and more,  
Than his sonne ex lethe desam'd, to Rome!  
From Cæsars land (a'as!) but late in come.  
Perhaps to serre thy Augustus spyes  
To looke on Iulia w th' o' so friendly eyes.

De Canticis  
Dni  
Duo

ERASMVS

crownes him with the perfection of Eloquence. And the Censurer of all Poets,

Emperors  
lib. 1. cap. 4.

IVLIVS CÆSAR SCALIGER,  
thus writes, when hee comes to censure our Author. But now wee arrise  
where the height of wit, and sharpnesse of  
judgement, are both to bee exerciz'd. For,

who

who can command OV I D sufficiently?  
much lesse, who dares reprehend him?  
Notwithstanding, I will say something;  
not in way of detraction, but that we also  
may be able to grow with his greatness.

Then speaking of his *Metamorphosis*.  
Bookes deserving a more fortunate Au-  
thor; that from his last hand they might  
have had their perfection: which hee him-  
selfe bew.uleth in luculent Verses. Yet are  
there, in these, well-nigh an infinite num-  
ber, which the wit of an other, I beleue,  
could never bane equall'd. And thus ex-  
claimes against Cæsar in the person of  
OV I D.

Tyrant, with me I would thou hadst begun:  
Nor thy black slaughter had my fate fire-run.  
If my licentious Youth incenst thee so;  
Thy wrong condamnes thee: into exile goe.  
Thy cabinets are stain'd with horr'd deeds;  
And thy sole guilt all monstrous names exceeds.  
Divine wit, innocence, nor yet my tongue,  
Next to Apollo's, could pierce my wrong.  
I smot' d the old Poets with my fluent vaine;  
And taught the New a far more numerous strain.  
When thee I prais'd, then from the truth I swerw'd  
And banishment for that alone desir'd.

In Heroi-  
bus.

STEPHA-

can bee said to transcend him. What should I say of that singular, and well-nigh divine contexture of Fable with Fable? so surpassing, that nothing can bee spoken or done, more artificially, more excellently; or, indeed, more gracefully. Who bandling such diversitie of matter, so cunningly weaves them together, that all appeare but one Series. Planudes, well knowing that Grecce had not a Poem so abounding with delight and beautie, translated it into that language. What should I say more? All Arts, which Antiquitie knew, are here so fully delineated, that a maner, expert in both tonges, of prime understanding and judgements, admire it beyond all expressi-  
on. The first that writ a Commentarie on this booke ( whereof fiftie thou- sand were vented, and that in his life time ) was

RAPHAEL REGVS :  
who thus in his Preface. There is no-  
thing appertaining to the knowledge and  
glorie of warre, whereof wee have not fa-  
mous examples in the Metamorphosis of  
OVID; ( not to speake of stratagemes, nor  
the

the Orations of Commanders ) described  
with such efficacie and eloquence, that of-  
ten, in reading, you will imagine your selfe  
embroiled in their conflicts. Neither shall  
you finde any Author, from whom, a man  
lise may gather better instruction.

JACOBVS MICYLLVS.

In princi-  
pio Addi-  
tionum.

Hardly shall you finde a Poem, which flowes  
with greater facilitie. For what should I  
speake of Learning? Herein, so great, so  
various, and abstruse; that many places  
hanc neither beeene explained, nor yet un-  
derstood; no, not by the most knowing: re-  
quiring rather a resolution from the De-  
lian Oracle, &c.

Let the ingenuous, that affect no  
error, now rectifie their owne by the  
judgements of these. But, incurable  
Criticks, who warre about words,  
and gaine the sound to feed on their  
sores, as not desiring their sanitie, I  
forbear to dissuade, and deliuer  
them vp to the censure of

Agrippa.

QVCD OLIM FA-  
CIEBAT VOTVM GFR-  
MANICO OVIDIVS, IDEM  
AVGVSTISSIMO CAROLO  
Interpreti sui nomine  
TACVNT  
OVIDIANI MANES.

**E**xcepit cato, Cæsar Brittannice, usque  
Hunc opus, ut timet de dirige natus iter.  
Officioque, lessum non amit fatus hororum,  
Hunc tibi dedito, summe dexter ades.  
Hoc te deo placatum dederis in carnine virile  
Ingenium tuum, itaque eaditque tuo.  
Paganus te licet, doce subiutor, monetur  
Principis, ut Clario missa legenda Deo.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The first Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**HE world, form'd out of Chaos. Man is made.  
The Ages change. The Giants Heauen invade.  
Earth turns her bloud to men. Ioue's flames confound  
Ivcaon, now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd,  
Mankind, cast stones restore. All quickning Earth  
Renewes the rest, and gives new Monsters birth.  
Apollo, Python kills; hart-wounded, long  
Lust-flying Daphné: She a Laurel proves.  
Ioue, to make a Cow, to maske soule deth.  
Hermes, a Heards-man. Syrinx, chang'd to Reedes.  
Dead Argus eyes adorn the Peacock's traine.  
The Cow, to Iō, Ioue transform'd againe.

**O** Formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.  
Albist, you Gods: (from you these wonders spring.)  
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,  
Deduce my neuer discontinued Rymes.  
The Sea, the Earth, al-couering Heauen vnfram'd,  
One face had nature, which they chaos nam'd:  
An vndigested lump; a barren load,  
Where iarring seeds of things ill-joyn'd abord.  
No Titan yet the World with light adornes;  
Nor waxing Phœbe fill'd her waned horne;

Nor hung the selfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac't;  
 Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac't.  
 With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable,  
 The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-nauigable:  
 No certaine ferme to any one assign'd:  
 This that reflets. For, in one body ioyn'd,  
 The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight:  
 The Soft and Hard, the Heauy with the Light.  
 But God, the better Nature, this decides:  
 Who Earth from Heauen, the Sea from earth diuides:  
 And purer Heauen extracts from grosser Ayre.  
 All which vnfolded by his prudent care  
 From that blinde Masse; the happily dis-ioyn'd  
 With strifelesse peace he to their seats confin'd.  
 Forth-with vp-sprung the quicke and waightlesse Fire,  
 Whose flames vnto the highest Arch aspire:  
 The next, in levitie and place, is Ayre:  
 Gross Elements to thicker Earth repaire  
 Selfe-clog'd with waight: the Waters, flowing round,  
 Possellc the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.

What God souuer this diuision wrought,  
 And every part to due proportion brought;  
 First, left the Earth, ynequall should appcare,  
 He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphere;  
 Then Seas diffus'd; commanding them to rore  
 With ruffling Winds, and give the Land a shore.  
 To those h. addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;  
 And Riuers, whom their winding borders fence:  
 Of these, not few Earth's thirstie iawes deuour;  
 The rest, their stremes into the Ocean pour;  
 When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer wawe,  
 The forny Cliffs, in stead of Banks, they laue.

lands Trees increase to Woods, the Plaines extend,  
 The rocky Mountaynes rise, and Vales descend.  
 Two equall Zones, on either side, dispuse  
 The measur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot than those,  
 Is many Lines th'included Globe diuide:  
 Th'midst vnufferable beanies reside;  
 now clothes the other two: the temperate hold  
 Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with cold.  
 As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre out-waighs;  
 So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raigne.  
 There, he commands the changing Clouds to stray;  
 There, thundering terrors mortall mindes dismay;  
 And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snows:  
 Yet not permitted euery way to blow;  
 Who hardly now to teare the World refraine  
 So Brothers iarré !) though they diuided raigne.  
 o *Peris* and *Sabae*, *Eurus* flies;  
 Whose fruits perfume the blushing Mornes vp-rise  
 Next to the Euening, and the Coast that glowes  
 With setting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blowes:  
 Scythia horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,  
 Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Waine:  
 The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auster* steep  
 With fruitfull shoures, and clouds which euer weep.  
 Above all these he plac't the liquid Skies;  
 Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise.  
 Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd;  
 When-as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd  
 Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.  
 Then, that no place should vnpossesst lie,  
 Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,  
 In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:

The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repaire ;  
 The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.  
 The nobler Creature, with a minde posiest,  
 Was wanting yet, that shoulde command the rest.  
 That Maker, the best World's originall,  
 Either I am fraid of see Cœlestiall ;  
 Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,  
 Some sacred seeds retayn'd, to Heauen ally'd :  
 Which with the living stcamme Prometheus mixt ;  
 And in that artificiall structure fixt  
 The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities.  
 And where as others see with downe-cast eyes,  
 He with a lefte looke did Man indue,  
 And bade him Heauens transcendent glories view.  
 So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,  
 Thus chang'd, of Man the vñknownne figure bore.  
 The *Golden Age* was first ; which vñcompeld,  
 And without rule, in Faith and Truth exceld.  
 As then; there was nor punishment nor feare ;  
 Nor triall, Lawes in brasie prescribed were ;  
 Nor suppliant crouching pris'ners shooke to see  
 Their argie Judge : but, all was safe and free.  
 To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine  
 Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.  
 Then, vñambitious Mortals knew no more,  
 But their owne Countreis Nature-bounded shore.  
 Nor Swords, nor Armes were yet : no trenches round  
 Besieged Townes, nor strikfull Trumpets sound :  
 The Soldier, of no vice. In firme content  
 And harmelesse ease, their happy dayes were spent.  
 The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord  
 Vintone, wit yploughs) all sortis offruit afford.

Conte

Content with Natures vn-enforced food,  
 They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,  
 Bowre Cornel's, what vpon the Bramble growes,  
 And Acorns, which *Joui*'s spreading Oke bestowes.  
 Twas alwayes Spring : warme *Zephyrus* sweetly blew  
 On smiling Flowres, which without setting grew.  
 Birth-with the Earth corne, vñmanured, beares ;  
 And euery yeare renewes her golden Eares :  
 With Milke and Nectar were the Riuers fill'd ;  
 And yellow Hony from greene Elms distill'd.  
 But, after *Saturni* was thrownc downe to Hell,  
 The rul'd ; and then the *Siluer Age* besell :  
 More base than Gold, and yet than Brasse more pure.  
 Then chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)  
 To Winter, Summer, Autumnne hot and cold :  
 Then the shornted Springs the yea'r's fourth-part vphold.  
 Then, first the glowing Ayre with fieror burn'd :  
 Then the Raine to yycles by bleake winds turn'd,  
 Then houses built ; late hous'd in Caues profound,  
 Then plashed Bowres, and Sheds with Ofiers bound.  
 Then, first was Corne into long furrowes thrownc :  
 And Oxen vnder heaule yokes did groane.  
 Next vnto this succeeds the *Bronze Age*,  
 Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid warres, and rage :  
 But yet not wicked. Stubborne *Yr'z* the last.  
 Then, blushing Crimes, which all degrees surpast,  
 The World surround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart.  
 Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art.  
 Force, Treason, and the wicked Loue of gayn.  
 Then sailes, those winds, which yet they knew not, strayn :  
 And ships, which long on lofth Mountaynes stood,  
 Then plow'd the vnpractiz'd bosome of the flood.

B 3

The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Ayre,  
By limit-giving Geometric they share.  
Nor with rich Earth's iust nourishments content,  
For treasure they her secret entrailes rent ;  
The powerfull Euill, which all power invades,  
By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stylian* shades.  
Curst Steel, more cursed Gold she now forth brought :  
And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought.  
All liue by spoile. The Host his Guest betrays ;  
Sons, Father-in-lawes : 'twixt Brethren loue decayes.  
Wives husbands, husbands wiues attempt to kill :  
And cruell Step-mothers pale poysons fill.  
The Sonne his Fathers hastic death desires :  
Foild Pietie, irod vnder foot, expires.  
*Afraa*, last of all the heauenly birth,  
Affrighted leaues the blood-defiled Earth.

And that the Heauens their safetie might suspect,  
The Giants now cœlestiall Thrones affect ;  
Who to the skies congested Mountaines reare.  
Then loue with thunder did *Olympus* rear ;  
Steep *Pelion* from vnder *Offa* throwne.  
With their owne weight their monstrous bodies groane ;  
And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbru'd :  
Which shee, scarce throughly cold, with life indu'd ;  
And gaue thereto, t'vphold her Stocke, the face  
And forme of Man ; a God-contemning Race,  
Greedie of slaughter, not to be withstand ;  
Such, as well shews, that they were borne of blood.

Which when from Heauen *Saturnius* did behold ;  
He sigh't ; revolving what was yet vntold,  
Of fell *Lycæon*'s late inhumane feast.  
Iust anger, worthy *Loke*, inflam'd his breast.

A Synod call'd, the summoned appeare.  
There is a way, well scene when skies be cleare,  
Tho *Malkie* nam'd : by this, the Gods refort  
Vnto th' Almighty Thunderers high Court.  
With euer-open dores, on either hand,  
Of nobler Deities the Houfes stand :  
The Vulgar dwell disperst : the Chiefe and Great  
In front of all, their shining Mansions seat.  
This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,  
Had I but boldnes lent me, Heauen's *White-ball*.  
All set on Marble seats ; He, leaning on  
His Iuory Scepter, in a higher Throne,  
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Tresses shake :  
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars ( though fixed ) quake ;  
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake :

I was not more perplext in that sad Tyme,  
For this Worlds Monarchie, when bold to cliue,  
The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade,  
And would on Heauen their hundred-hands haue laid.  
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that Warre depend  
But of one Body, and had soone an end.  
Now all the race of man I must confound,  
Wher-euer *Nereus* walks his wavy Round :  
And this I vow by those infernall Floods,  
Which slowly glide through silent *Stylian* woods.  
All cures first loughte ; such parts as health reciet  
Must be cut off, least they the sound infect.  
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Syluans, Satyres, Faunes,  
Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountayns, Woods, and  
( On whom since yet we please not to bestow (Lawnes  
Cœlestiall dwellings ) must subsit below.  
Thinke you, you Gods, they can in safetie rest,

When me (of lightning, and of you possest,  
Who both at our Imperiall pleasure sway)  
The sterne *Lycean* practiz'd to betray?  
All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.  
So, when bold Treason sought, with impious hand,  
By *Cæsar's* bloud t'out-race the Roman name;  
Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted Frame,  
Astoniht at so great a ruine, shooke.  
Nor thine, for Thee, Iesle thought, *Augustus*, tooke,  
Than they for *Ioue*. He, when he had supprest  
Their murmur, thus proceeded to the rest.  
He hath his punishment; remit that care:  
The manner how, I will in briefe declare.  
The Times accus'd, (but as I hop't bely'd)  
To trie, I downe from steep *Olympus* slide.  
A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,  
I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.  
'Twere long to tell, what crimes of every sort  
Swarin'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.  
Now past den-dreadfull *Menalus* confines,  
*Cylene*, cold *Lyceus* clad with Pines,  
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull Light  
Drew on the dewy Charriot of the Nigh,  
I entred his vnhospitabile Court.  
The better Vulgar to their pray'rs resort,  
When I by signes had showne a Gods repayr.  
*Lyca* first derides their zealous pray'r;  
Then said, We straight the undoubtedt truth will trie,  
Whether he be immortall, or may die.  
In dead of night, when all was whist and still,  
Me, in my sleepe, he purposeth to kill.  
Nor with so soule an enterprize content,

An

An Hostage murders, from *Molo*: sent:  
Part of his seuer'd scarco-dead Jims he boyles;  
An other part on hissing Embers broyles;  
This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd  
With vengefull flames, which round about him burn'd.  
He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;  
There howles, and speech with lost indeuour tries.  
His selfe-like iawes still grin: more than for food  
He slaughters beasts, and yet delights in bloud.  
His armes to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd:  
A Wolfe; not much from his first forme estrang'd:  
So hoire hair'd; his lookees so full of rape;  
So fiery ey'd; so terrible his shape.  
One house that fate, which all deserue, sustaines:  
For, through the World the fierce *Erinys* raignes.  
You'd thinke they had conspir'd to fiam: But, all  
Shall swiftly by deserued vengeance fall.  
*Ioue*'s words apart approue, and his intent  
Exasperate: the rest give their consent.  
Yet all for Mans destruction grieu'd appear;And aske what forme the widowed Earth shall beare?  
Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast:  
Must Earth be onely by wilde beasts possell?  
The King of Gods re-comforts their despaire;  
And biddeth them impose on him that care:  
Who promis'd, by a strange originall  
Of better people, to supply their fall.  
And now about to let his lightning tie,  
He fear'd lest so much flante should catch the skie,  
And burne heauens Axeltree. Besides, by doome,  
Of certainte Fate, he knew the time shou'd come,  
When Sea, Earth, ravishs Heauen, the curios Framies

B 5

Of

Of this World's masse, should shrinke in purging flame.  
He therefore those Cyclopean darts reiects;  
And different-natur'd punishments elects;  
To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,  
And Man by inundation to destroy.

Rough Boreas in Aeolian prison laid,  
And those drie blasts which gathered Clouds inuade;  
Out flyes the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds  
His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds.  
His white hair streams, his swolne Beard big with shoures  
Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures.  
As with his hands the hanging clouds he crusht;  
They roar'd, and downe in shoures together rusht.  
All-colour'd Iris, Inno's messenger,  
To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.  
The Corne is lodg'd, the Husband-men despaire;  
Their long yeares labour lost, with all their care.  
Jove, not content with his aethereall rages.  
His Brother's auxiliarie flouds ingages.  
The Streames conueted; 'Tis too late to vse  
Much speech, said Neptune; all your powres effuse;  
Your dores vnbarte, remoue what-ere restraines  
Your liberall Waues, and giue them the full raynes.  
Thus charged, they returne; their Springs vniold,  
And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.  
He with his Trident strikes the Earth; Shee shakes;  
And way for Water by her motion makes.  
Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods;  
And hurry with them Cattell, People, Woods,  
Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.  
What such a force, vn-ouerthrowne, oppos'd,  
The higher swelling Water quite devoures;

Which

Which hides the aspiring tops of swallowed towres.  
Now Land and Sea no different visage bore:  
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.  
He, takes a Hill; He, in a Boat deplores;  
And, where He lately plow'd, now strik's his Oare,  
O're Corne, o're drowned Villages He sailes:  
He, from high Elmes intangled Fishes hales.  
In Fields they anchor cast, as Chance did guide:  
And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.  
Where Mountayne-louing Goats did lately graze,  
The Sea-calfs now his vgly body layes.  
Groues, Cities, Temples, couer'd by the Deep,  
The Nymphs admir'd in woods the Delphins keep,  
And chace about the boughs: the Wolfe doth swim  
Amongst the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)  
And Tygres tread the Waues. Swift feet no more  
Awake the Hart; nor wounding tuskes the Bore.  
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vaine,  
With weary wings descend into the Mayne.  
Licitious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret,  
And vnowne surges Ayerie Mountaynes beat.  
The Waues the greater part devoure; the rest,  
Death, with long-wanted sustenance, opprest.  
The Land of Phocis, fruitfull when a Land,  
Divides Aonia from th' Aeolian strand;  
But now a part of the insulting Mayne,  
Of sudden-swelling waters a vast Playne,  
There, his two heads Parnassus doth extend  
To touched Stars; whose tops the Clouds transcend.  
On this Dencalion's little Boat wasthrowne;  
With him, his Wife; the rest all ouer-flowne.  
Corycian Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;

And

And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.  
 None was there better, none more iust than *Hee* :  
 And none more reuerenc't the Gods than *Shee*.  
*Ione*, when he saw that all a Lake was growne,  
 And of so many thousand men but one ;  
 One, of so many thousand women, left ;  
 Both guiltlesse, pious both ; of all bereft :  
 The clouds (now chae't by *Abreas*) from him throwes :  
 And Earth to *Heauen*, *Heauen* vnto Earth he shoues.  
 Nor *Seas* persist to rage : their awfull Guide  
 The wilde waues calmes, his Trident laid aside ;  
 And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Doep  
 (Whose mantle Nature did in purple steep)  
 And bids him his lowd-sounding shell inspire,  
 And giue the Flouds a signall to retire.  
 He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as giuen in charge)  
 That from the turning bottom growes more large :  
 To which when he giues breath, 'tis heard by all,  
 From farre-vprising *Phœbus* to his Fall.  
 When this the watery Deitie had set  
 To his large mouth, and sounded a retreat ;  
 All Flouds it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew :  
 And all the Flouds, that heard the safe, with-drew.  
 Seas now haue shores : full stremes their channels keep :  
 They sink, and hilfe aboue the waters peep.  
 Earth re-ascends : as waues decrease, so grow  
 The formes of thing, and late-bid figures show.  
 And after a long day, the trees extend  
 Their bared tops ; with mud their branches bend.  
 The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,  
 So deadly silent, and so desolate,  
*Themis* saw: with teares which might haue made

An other Floud, he thus to *Pyrrha* said.

O Sister ! O my Wife ! the poore Remaines  
 Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, containes !  
 Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,  
 Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers ioyne !  
 Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West,  
 We two are all : the Sea intombs the rest.  
 Nor yet can we of life be confident ;  
 The threatening clowds strange terrors still present.  
 O what a heart woul'dst thou haue had, if Fate  
 Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date !  
 So wilde a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne  
 And comfortlesse, how couldst thou haue borne !  
 If Seas had suckt thee in, I would haue follow'd  
 My Wife in death, and Sea should me haue swallow'd.  
 O would I could my Father's cunning vse !  
 And soules into well-modul'd Clay infuse !  
 Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne ;  
 And but a pattern of Man-kind remaine.  
 This said, both wept; both, prayrs to heauen addresse ;  
 And seekc the Oracle in their distress.  
 Forth-with descending to *Cephissus* Floud,  
 Which in known banks now ran, though thick with mud ;  
 They on their heads and garments water throw ;  
 And to the Temple of the Goddessie goe ;  
 At that time all defil'd with mose & mire ;  
 The vnsrequent Altear without fire.  
 Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,  
 And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd.  
 If Pow'rs diuing to just desires conforne,  
 And Angry Gods doe in the end relent ;  
 Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repair ?

O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Despayre !  
 The Goddesse, with compassion mou'd, reply'd ;  
 Goe from my Temple : both your faces hide ;  
 Let Garments all vnbraced loosely flow ;  
 And your Great-Parents bones behinde you throw.  
 Amaz'd ! first Pyrrha silence breakes, and said ;  
 By me the Coddesse must not be obay'd ;  
 And, trembling, pardon craues : Her Mothers ghost  
 She feares would suffer, if her bones were tost.  
 Meane-while they ponder and reiterate  
 The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.  
 Then, *Promethides, Epimetheus*  
 Thus recollecteth ; lost in her dismay :  
 Or we the Oracle misse-vnderstand  
 (The righteous Gods no wicked thing command)  
 Or Earth is our Great-Mother : and the stones,  
 Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.  
 These, sure, are those we should behinde vs throw.  
 Although *Titania* thought it might be so,  
 Yet she misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rclly  
 On ayding Heauen. What hurt was it to try ?  
 Departing with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,  
 Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.  
 Did not Antiquitie auouch the same,  
 Who would bleece't ! the stones lesse hard became.  
 And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke ;  
 So by degrees they Mans dimensions tooke ;  
 And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast :  
 And, yet not manifestly Man exprest ;  
 But, like rough hewne' rude marble Statues stand,  
 That want the Workmans last life-giving hand.  
 The Earthy parts, and what had any juyce,

Were

Were both conuerted to the body's vse.  
 The vnflexible and solid, turne to bones :  
 The veines remaine, that were when they were stones.  
 Those, thrown by Man, the forme of men induc :  
 And those were Women, which the Woman threw.  
 Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to paine :  
 Our Actions our Originall explaine.

All other creatures tooke their numerous birth ..  
 And figures, from the voluntary Earth.  
 When that old humour with the Sunne did sweat,  
 And slimy Marishes grew big with heat ;  
 The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,  
 From quickning Earth both growth and forme assume.  
 So, when seuen chanel'd *Nile* forsakes the Plaine,  
 When ancient bounds retiring streames containe,  
 And late-left slime a thereall seruours burne,  
 Men various creatures with the gleabe vp-turne :  
 Of those, some in their very time of birth ;  
 Some lame ; and others halfe aliue, halfe earth.  
 For, Heat and Moysture, when they temperate grow,  
 Forth-with conceiue ; and life on things bestow.  
 From striuing Fire and Water all proceode ;  
 Discording Concord euer apt to breedre.  
 So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,  
 When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,  
 Produc't a World of formes ; restor'd the late ;  
 And other vnowne Monsters did create.  
 Huge *Python*, thee, against her will, she bred ;  
 A Serpent, whom the new-borne People dread ;  
 Whose bulk did like a moving Mountaine shew.  
 Behold ! the God that beares the Siluer Bow  
 (Till then, inur'd to strike the flying Deere,

Or

Their happy Selues, and longs to taste their blisse :  
 Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare ;  
 And Parts vnsene conceiues to be more rare :  
 Swifter than following Winds, away she runs ;  
 And him, for all this his intreatie, shuns.

Stay Nymph, I pray thee stay; I am no Fo :  
 So Lambs from Wolues, Harts flye from Lyons so ;  
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Doue :  
 They, from their deaths : but my purfule is Loue.  
 Wo's me, if thou shouldest fall, or thornes should race  
 Thy tender legs, whilst I enforce the chace !  
 These roughs are craggy: moderate thy haste,  
 And trust me, I will not pursue so fast.  
 Yet know, who 't is you please : No Mountanere,  
 No home-bred Clowne; nor keepe I Cattell here.  
 From whom thou fly st thou know st not (silly fool ! )  
 And therefore fly st thou. I in *Delphos* rule.

*Lolian Claro, Lycian Patara.*  
 And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obey.  
*Io*ne is my Father. What shall be, hath beeene,  
 Or is; by my instruetive rayes is seene.  
 Immortall Verse from our inuention springs ;  
 And how to strike the well concording-strings.  
 My shafts hit sure : yet He one surer found,  
 Who in my empie bosome made this wound.  
 Of herbs I found the vertue ; and through all  
 The World they Me the great Physician call.  
 Aye me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford !

That Arts, relieuing all, should faile their Lord !  
 More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,  
 From him, and his vnsight court-ship fled.  
 How gracefull then ! the Wind that obuous blew,

Too

Too much betray'd her to his amorous view ;  
 And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire,  
 Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.  
 No more the God will his intreaties loose ;  
 But, virg'd by Loue, with all his force pursues.  
 As when a Hare the speedy Gray-hound spyes ;  
 His feet for prey, shee hers for safetie plyes ;  
 Now beares he vp; now, now he hopes to fetch her ;  
 And, with his snewt extended, straines to catch her,  
 Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips  
 Out of his wide-stretcht iawes, and touching lips.  
 The God and Virgin in such strife appeare :  
 He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,  
 But, the Pursuer doth more nimble proue :  
 Enabled by th' industrious wings of loue.  
 Nor giues he time to breathe : now at her heeles,  
 His breath vpon her dangling haire shee feelest.  
 Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted bloud  
 Forsakes her cheeks. Shee cryes vnto the Floud.  
 Helpe Father, if your stremes contayne a Powre !  
 May Earth, for too well pleasing, me deuour ?  
 Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,  
 That thus betrayes me to vndone rape.  
 Forth-with, a numnesse all her lims, possest ;  
 And slender filmes her softer sides inuest.  
 Haire into Icaues, her Armes to branches grow :  
 And late swift feet, now roots, are lesse than slow.  
 Her gracefull head a leauy top sustaines :  
 One beauty throughout all her forme remaines.  
 Still *Phœbus* loues. He handles the new Plant ;  
 And feelest her Heart within the bark to pant :  
 Imbrac't the bole, as he would her haue done

And

As ignorant of what she more than fear'd.  
 I'ue faynes (her importunitie to shift)  
 Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.  
 What should he doe? be cruell to his Loue;  
 Or by denying her, suspition moue?  
 Shame that perswades; and Loue doth this dissuade?  
 But, stronger Loue Shame vnder foot had layd;  
 Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny  
 His Wife and Sister, 't would the fraud descry.  
 Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddessle left;  
 Distrusting *Loue*, and icalous of his theft,  
 Vntill deliuered to *Argus* guard.  
 A hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;  
 Wherof, by turnes, at once two onely slept;  
 The other watcht, and still their Stations kept.  
 Which way so-ere he stands, he 16 spyes:  
 16, behind him, was before his eyes.  
 By day, she graz'd abroad; *Sol* vnder ground,  
 He hous'd her, in vnworthy halter bound.  
 On leaues of Trees, and bitter herbs she fed.  
 Poore soule! the Earth, not alwayes greene, her bed;  
 And of tye Torrent drinks. With hands Vp-heau'd  
 Shee thought to beg for pity; how decciu'd!  
 Who low'd, when she began to make her mone;  
 And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.  
 Vnto the banks of *Inachus* shee stray'd;  
 Her Fathers banks, where she so oft had play'd:  
 Beholding in his stremme her horned head,  
 She starts; and from her selfe, selfe-frighted, fled.  
 Her Sisters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew:  
 Which way so-ere they went, she would pursue,  
 And suffer them to stroke her; and doth moue

Thei

Their wonder with her strange expressed loue.  
 He brought her Graffe: She gently lickt his hands,  
 And kist his palmes; nor, longer, teares withstands.  
 And had shee then bad words, shee had display'd  
 Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.  
 For words, she letters with her foot imprest  
 Vpon the Sand, which her sad change profest.  
 Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*: his armes he throwes  
 About her snowy Necke. O, woe of woes!  
 Art thou my daughter, throughout all the Round  
 Of Earth so sought; that now, vnsought, art found!  
 Leslie was thy losse: Leslie was my miserie.  
 Dumbre wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply:  
 Yet, as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speake,  
 And deop-fetcht sighes that from thy bosom breake.  
 Ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:  
 My hopes, a Sonne-in-law, and Nephewes fed.  
 Now, from the Heard, thy issue must descend:  
 Nor can the length of time my sorrowes end;  
 Accurst in that a God. Deaths sweet relief  
 Hard fates denie to my immortall griefe.  
 This said: his Daughter (in that shape belou'd)  
 The Star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remou'd;  
 When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spic  
 Suruayes the Playnes that round about him lie.  
 The King of Gods those sorrowes shee indur'd:  
 Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:  
 But, calls his sonne, of fulgent *Peleas* bred;  
 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.  
 He wings his hecles, puts on his Felt, and takes  
 His drowsie Rod; the Towre of *Loue* forsakes;  
 And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God

His

His Hat and Wings layes by ; retaynes his Rod :  
With which he dries his Gotes (like one that feeds  
The bearded Heard) and sings t' his slender Reeds.

Much taken with that Art, before vñknowne,  
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.

No place affordeth better Pastorage,  
Or shelter from the Sunnes offensiue rage.

Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obay ;  
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day :

Then, singing to his Pipes soft melody,  
Endeuors to subdue each wakefull eye.

The Herds-man striues to conquer vrgent sleepe :  
Though seiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe  
Obseruant watch. He askes who did inuent  
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument.

Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines :  
Amongst the *Hiamadry'a's* and *Nonacrin'es*  
(On cold *Arcadian* Hils) for beautie fam'd,  
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd.  
Who oft deceiu'd the Satyres that pursu'd,  
The rurall Gods, and these whom woods include :  
In exercises, and in chaste desire,  
*Diana* like; and such in her attire.

You either in each other might behold :  
Her Bow was Horne ; *Diana's* was of Gold :  
Yet oft mistooke. *Lar'* crown'd with Pines, returning  
From steep *Lycæn*, saw her; and, loue-burning,  
Thus said : Faire Virgin, grant a Gods request ;  
And be his Wife. She would not heare the rest ;  
But fled from the despis'd as from her shame,  
Till to smooth *ladon's* sandy banks shee came.  
There stopt ; implores the liquid Sisters aid,

To change her shape, and pity a forc't Maid.  
*an*, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt  
betwene his arms, Reeds for her body grapt.  
He sighs : they, stir'd there-with, report againe  
mournefull sound, like one that did complaine  
apt with the musick; Yet, O sweet (said he)  
together ever thus conuerse will we.  
Then, of vnequall wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd  
his feuen-fold Pipe : of her 't was *Syrinx* nam'd.  
The fly *Cyllenius*, thus discoursing, spies  
how leaden sleep had seal'd vp all his eyes.  
Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes  
their languisht lights, which sounder sleep protokes,  
and with his Fawchion lops his nodding head :  
Whose bloud besmeare'd the hoarie Rock with red.  
There lyes he ; of so many lights, the light  
put forth: his hundred eyes set in one night.  
Yet, that those starry jewels might remayne,  
*Turnia* fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.  
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,  
Before sad : o' eyes and thoughts shee plac't  
*Erynnis* Snakes, and through the World doth drive  
The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitiue.  
Then, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didst yeeld.  
Approaching thee, shee on thy margent kneel'd ;  
Her looks (such as shee had) to heauen vp-throwes.  
With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing worldlesse woes)  
shee seemed *loue* t' accuse, as too ingrate,  
and to implore an end of her hard fate.  
Shee clips his Wife ; and her intreats to free  
her vniustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)  
shee neuer more shall cause thy griefe, or feare :

His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters heare.  
 Appeas'd; the Nymph recover'd her first looke;  
 So faire, so sweet ! the haire her skin forsooke:  
 Her horns decrease: large eyes, wide iawes, contract:  
 Shoulders and hands againe become exact:  
 Her hooches to nailes diminisht: nothing now  
 But that pure White, retaynes thee of the Cow.  
 Then, on her feete her body she erects  
 Now borne by two. Her selfe she yet suspectes;  
 Nor dares to speake alowd, lest she should heare  
 Her selfe to low; but softly tries with feare.  
 Now, thee, a Goddesse, is ador'd by those  
 That linnen weare, where sacred *Nilus* flowers.

Hence sprung *Ioue's* *Epaphus*, no lesse diuine;  
 Whose Temples next vnto his Mother's ioyne.  
 Equall in yeres, nor equall spirit wants  
 The Sunne-got *Phaeton*: who proudly vants  
 Of his high Parentage; nor will giue place.  
*Inachides* puts on him this disgrace:  
 Foole, thou thy Mother trusts in things vnknowne;  
 And of a Farher boasts that's not thy owne.  
 Next *Phaeton* blusht: his shame his rage repels:  
 Who straight to *clymene* the slander tels:  
 And Mother, said he, to your griefes increase;  
 I free, and late so fiery, held my peace;  
 Alas'd that such a tainture should be lay'd  
 Upon my bloud, that could not be gayn-said.  
 But, if I be descended from aboue;  
 Give proofe thereof, and this reproach remoue.  
 Then hangs about her necke: by her owne Head,  
 By *Merope's*, her Sisters nuptiall bed,  
 Intreats her to produce some certaine gage,

Hat might affire his question'd parentage.  
 Mou'd with her sonnes intreay, more inflam'd  
 With indignation to be so defam'd,  
 She casts her armes to heauen: and looking on  
 His radiant Orbe, thus said: I sweare my son,  
 By yon faire Taper, that so bright appeares  
 With far-projected beames; who sees, and heares:  
 That Sun whom thou beholdest, who light and heat  
 Affords the informed World, did thee beget.  
 If not, may he to me deny his sight:  
 And to my eyes let this be his last light.  
 Nor far-remoued doth his Palace stand;  
 His first-vprise confines vpon our Land:  
 If that thy heart doe serue thee, thither goe;  
 And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.  
 Hereat, ioy'd *Phaeton* enlightened grew;  
 Whose towring thoughts no lesse than Heauen pursw.  
 His *Aethopia* past, and *Ind* which tries  
 With burning beames, he climes the Sun's vprise.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The second Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Rash Phaeton ffreth the World. His sisters mountaine  
Hu Tragedie; who into Poplars turne;  
Their teares to Amber; Cygnus, to a Swan.  
Ioue, Phoebe-like, Calisto found a Man.  
Her, Juno made a Beare: Shee, and her son,  
Advanced staires, that stille the Ocean foun.  
Coronis, now a Crowe, flies Neptune's frightes  
Nictimine made the Bird of Night.  
The too-officious Rauen, late so fayre,  
Is plun'd with black: Ocyroe growes a Mare.  
Phoebus, a Heardsman: Mercury, twice such;  
Who turnes betraying Pallas into Tuck.  
Envious Aglauros, to a Starus, full  
Of her minde's spots. Loue Ioue convertest' a Bull.

Sol's loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,  
Shone all with gold, and stones that flame-like blaz'  
The roose of Iuony, diuinely deckt:  
The two-leau'd siluer-doores bright rayes project.  
The workmanship more admiration craud:  
For, curious Multiber had there ingrau'd  
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,  
The arched Heauens. Blew Gods the billowes crown'd;

Shape-changing *Puthys*, *Triton* thrill; the tall  
Big-brown'd *Aegon* mounted on a Whale.  
*Gray Doris*, and her daughters, heauenly-faire:  
Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;  
Some leane vpon the dancing Waues to glide;  
Others on backs of crooked Iishes ride:  
Amongst them all, no two appeare the same;  
Nor dide more than sisters well became.  
The Earth had fable Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,  
*Nyrophis*, Satyres, rurall Gods, and crystall Floods:  
About all thicke, Heauen's radiant Image shines,  
On both sides deckt with six resplendent Signes.  
To this, bold *Phaeton* made his ascent;  
And to his doubted Father's presence bent;  
Yet for'e to stand aloose: for, mortall sight  
Could not indure t' approach so pure a light.  
So cloth'd in purple, sits vpon a Throne,  
Which cleerly with tralucent Emralds shone.  
With equall-raigning Houres, on either hand,  
The Dayes, the Moneths, the Yeers, the Ages stand:  
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:  
Wheat eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:  
Rich Autumn lineard with crusht *Lyres* blood;  
Ney, hoary-headed Winter quivering stood.

Much daunted at these sacred nouelties,  
The fearefull Youth all-seeing *Phaeton*, spies;  
Who said, What bither drew thee *Phaeton*,  
Who art, and wothily, my dearest Son?  
He thus reply'd: O thou resplendent Light,  
Who all the World tejoycest with thy sight!  
O Father! if allow'd to vse that name,  
Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame;

Produce some signe, that may my birth approue,  
And from my thoughts these wretched doubts remoue.  
He, from his browes, his shining rayes displac't;  
And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck imbrac't.  
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due  
That name, said he; and *Clymene* was true.  
To cleare all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take  
Thy granted wish. Beare witnesse thou dark Lake,  
The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnsknowne.  
These words no sooner from his lips were flowne,  
But he demands his Chariot, and the sway  
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.  
The God repents him of the oath he made;  
And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said:  
Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth vnablest.  
O, would I could break promise! this request,  
I must confess, I onely would denie:  
And yet, disswade I may. Thy death doth lie  
Within thy will. What's so desir'd by thee,  
Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.  
Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.  
Thou, mortall, do'st no mortall thing desire;  
Through ignorance, affecting more than they  
Dare vndertake, who in *Olympus* sway.  
I though each himselfe approue; except me, none  
Is able to supply my burning Throne.  
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,  
Can drive these wheeles: and who more great than *Jove*?  
Steep is the first ascent; which in the prime  
Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly clime.  
At Noone, through highest skies their course they beare:  
Whence Sea and Land euen we behold with feare.

Then downe the Hill of Heauen they scourre amaine  
 With desperate spee, and need a steady reigne ;  
 That *Thetis*, in whose wavy bowres I lie,  
 Each euening dreads my down-fall from the skie.  
 Beside ; the Heauens are daily hurried round,  
 That turn the Starres, to other motions bound.  
 Against this violence, my way I force,  
 And counter-run their all o're-bearing course.  
 My Chariot had : can thy fraile strength ascend  
 The obuious Poles, and with their force contend ?  
 No Countries, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect ;  
 No marble Fanes, with wealthy offrings deckt.  
 Through faluage shapes, and dangers lyes thy way :  
 Which could st thou keep, and by no error stray,  
 Betwene the Buls sharp horns yet must thou goe ;  
 By hun that draws the strong *Amonian* bowe ;  
 The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending clawes ;  
 The thorter Crab's; the roaring Lyon's iawes.  
 Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame :  
 Whot from their mouthes and nostrils vomit flame,  
 They, heated, hardly of my rule admit ;  
 But, head-strong, struggle with the hated bit.  
 Then, lest my bountie, which would saue, should kill,  
 Beware ; and whil st thou maist, reforne thy will.  
 A hane thou crav st, that might confirme thee mine :  
 I, by dehorting, give a certaine signe ;  
 Approu'd a Father, by Paternall feare :  
 Look on my looks, and reade my sorrows there.  
 O, would thou could st descend into my brest ;  
 And apprechend my vexed Soules vnrest !  
 And lastly, all the wealthy World behold,  
 Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas infold,

Or

Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remayne,  
 Askē what thou wilt ; and no repulse sustaine.  
 To this alone, I giue a forc't consent :  
 No honour, but a true-nam'd punishment.  
 Thou, for a blessing, beg st the worst of harms.  
 Why hang st thou on my neck with fawning arms ?  
 Distrust not; we haue sworn : but aske, and take  
 What thou canst wish: yet, wiser wishes make.  
 In vaine dehort ; he, his promise claym'd ;  
 With glory of so great a charge inflam'd.  
 The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phæbus* brought  
 To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.  
 The Beam and Axeltree of massie gold ;  
 On Siluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd :  
 Rich Gems and Crysolites the Harness deckt ;  
 Which, *Phæbus* beamies, with equall light, reflect,  
 Whil st this, adiniring *Phæton* suruayes,  
 The wakefull Morning from the East displayes  
 Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,  
 With plentie of dew-dropping Roses spred.  
 Cleare *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace ;  
 And, after all the rest, resignes His place.  
 When *Titan* saw the Dawning ruddy grew,  
 And how the Moon her siluer horns with-drew :  
 He bade the light-foot Houres, without delay  
 To ioyn his Steeds. The Goddesses obey :  
 Who, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led  
 His fierie Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.  
 With sacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,  
 Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,  
 He crowns him with his Rayes; Then, thus began  
 With doubled sighs, which following woes fore-tan.

C 5

Let

Let not thy Father still advise in vain.  
 Sonne, spare the whip, and strongly vse the raigne.  
 They, of their owne accord will run too fast.  
 'Tis hard, to moderate a flying haste.  
 Nor drue along the fwe direete Lines.  
 A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,  
 Contented with three Zones: which doth auid  
 The distant Poles: the track thy wheeles will guide.  
 Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high;  
 That temperate warinthe may heauen and earth supply.  
 A loftie course will heauen with fire infest;  
 A lowely, earth: the safer Meane is best.  
 Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:  
 Nor to the Altar on the other side:  
 Betweene these drue. The rest I leaue to Fate;  
 Who better proue, than thou, to thy owne state.  
 But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night  
 Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.  
*Aurora*'s splendor re-inthrone's the Day:  
 We are expected, nor can longer stay.  
 Take vp the reignes, or, while thou maist, refuse;  
 And not my Chariot, but my counsell vse;  
 While on a firme foundation thou dost stand,  
 Not yet possest of thy ill-wisht Command.  
 Let me the World with vsuall influence cheare:  
 And view that light which is vnsafe to beare.  
 The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,  
 All courage, vaut's into the blazing Throne:  
 Glad of the reignes, nor doubtfull of his skill;  
 And giveth his Father thanks against his will.  
 Neare while, the Sunnes swift Horses, hot *Pyroes*,  
 Driveng *Alban*, fiery *Phlegos*, bright *Louis*,

Neighing:

Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;  
 And, with their thundring hooies, the barriers bear.  
 Which when hospitious *Thetis* once with-drew,  
 (Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)  
 And gaue them scope; they mount the ample skie,  
 And cut the obuious Clouds with feet that flic.  
 Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leauc behinde  
 The glowing East, and flower Easterne-winde.  
 But, *Phewis* Horses could not feele that fraught:  
 The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.  
 And as vnbballac't ships are rockt and tost  
 With tumbling Waues, and in their steerage lost:  
 So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot recles;  
 And ioults, as emptie, vpon iumping Wheeles.  
 Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;  
 And, straggling, out of all subiection run.  
 He knowes not how to turne, nor knowes the way;  
 Or had he knowne, yet would not they obey.  
 The cold, now hot, *Triones* sought in vaine  
 To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.  
 The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,  
 Benum'd, and hurtlesse, now began to rowle  
 With actuall heat; and long forgotten ire  
 Resumes, together with æthereall fire.  
 'Tis said, that thou *Bootes* ranst away,  
 Though slow, though thee thy heauy Waine did stay.  
 But, when from top of all the arched skye,  
 Vnhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye:  
 Pale sudden feare vnnerves his quaking thighs;  
 And, in so great a light, benights his eyes.  
 He wisht those Steeds vnkowne; vnkown his birth;  
 His sute vngrantid: now he couets earth;

Te

To be the sonne of scorned *Merope*.  
 Rapt as a ship vpon the high-wrought *Sea*,  
 By saluage tempests chac't; which in despaire  
 The Pilot leaueth to the Gods, and *Pray'r*.  
 What should he doe? much of the heauen behinde;  
 Much more before; both measur'd in his minde.  
 The neuer-to-be entred West furuay's;  
 And then the East. Lost in his owne amaze,  
 And ignorance, he can nor hold the reignes,  
 Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horses names:  
 But stares on terror-striking skies (possest  
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting brest.  
 There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends  
 His compast clawes; who through two Signes extends.  
 Whom when the Youth beheld, strew'd in black sweat  
 Of poysen, and with turn'd-vp taile to threat  
 A mortall wound; pale feare his senses strooke,  
 And flakened reignes let's fall, frons hands that shooke.  
 They, when they felte them on their backs to lie,  
 With vn-controlled error secure the skie  
 Through vnuowne ayrie Reigions; and tread  
 The way which their disordred fury led.  
 Up to the fixed Starres their course they take;  
 And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot take:  
 Now clime now, by sleep Precipies descend:  
 And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.  
 To see her brother's Steeds beneath her owne  
 The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone.  
 Inuading fire the vpper Earth assayld;  
 All chapt and cond; her pregnant iuyce exhal'd.  
 Trees feed theier rum: Gresse, gray-headed turns:  
 And Earth, by that which did produce it, burns.

But

But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,  
 Realmes with their People, funeral fire deuoures.  
 The Mountayns blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;  
 Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, neuer till then drie;  
*Oete*, old *Imetus*, and *Cilician Taurus*  
 Muse-haunted *Acicon*, *Oeagrian Aemus*.  
 Loud *Etna* roretli with her doubled fires:  
*Perrassis* grones beneath two flaming spires.  
 Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glowe;  
 And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snowe.  
 The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:  
 Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.  
 High *Mycale*, diuine *Cytheron*, wast;  
*Pindus*, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast,  
 More great *Olympus* (which before did shine)  
 The ayrie *Alpes*, and cloudic *Appenine*.  
 Then *Phaeton* beheld on euery side  
 The World on fire, nor could such heat abide;  
 And, at his deadly-shie and gasping iawes,  
 The scalding Ayre, as from a furnace, drawes;  
 His Chariot, redder than the fire it bore;  
 And, being mortall, could indure no more  
 Such clowds of ashes, and eiec'ted coles.  
 Muffled in smoake which round about him rowles,  
 He knowes not where he is, nor what succeeds;  
 Dragg'd at the pleasure of his franticke Steeds.  
 Men say, the *Aethiopians* then grew swart;  
 Their blood exhaled to the outward part.  
 A sandie Deset *Lybia* then became,  
 Her fall veins emptied by the thirsty flame.  
 With hair vnbound and torn, the Nymphs, distraught,  
 Bewaile their Springs. *Boreia* *Dirc* sought;

Argus,

*Argos, mymore : Ephyre, faire  
Pirene mist : Nor streames secturer are.  
Great Tanas in boyling chanell fumes ;  
Teuthrianae Caylus with heat consumes ;  
Imerus, old Iencus, Erymanthus,  
Yellow Lycornas ; to be twice-burnt, Zanthus.  
Aeander, running in a turning maze,  
Mygdonian Molas, and Eurotas blaze,  
Euphrates, late inuesting Baby'on ;  
Grontes, Ibas, Ister, Thermodon,  
Ganges, Alpi eis, Sperchius lately cold,  
And Tagus flowing with dissolved gold.  
The Swans, that rauisht with their melodie  
Aeoni banks, now in Cayster flic.  
To farthest Earth affrighted Nilus fled ;  
And there conceald his yet vnfound-out head,  
Whil st his scuen dustic chanels streamlesse lie.  
Ismari an Hebrus, Strymon now are drie:  
Hesperian streames, Rhine, Rholanus, the Po,  
And Scepter destinated Tyber glow.  
Earth cracks : to Hell the hated light descends ;  
And frightened Pluto, with his Queene, offends.  
The Ocean shrinks, and leaues a feld of Sand,  
Where new discouered Rocks, and Mountaines stand,  
That multiply the scattered Cyclades,  
Late couer'd with the deepe and awfull Seas,  
The Littes to the bottom dite : nor dare  
The sportlike Dolphins tempt the fultric Aire :  
Long boyld alive, the monstrous *i hoc* die,  
And on the stine with turnid vp bellies lie.  
With Doris and her daughters, Aereus rausc,  
Who hid them selues beneath the scalding waues.*

Thrice

Thrice wrathfull Neptune his bold arme vp-held  
Aboue the Floods : whom thrice the fire repel'd.  
Yet foodfull Tellus with the Ocean bound,  
Amidst the Seas, and Fountaines now vnfound  
(Selfe-hid within the womb where they were bred)  
Neck-high aduanceth her all-baring head.  
(Her parched fore-head shaddowed with her hand )  
And, shaking, shooke what-euer on her stand :  
Where-with, a little shrunke into her brest,  
Her sacred tongue her sorrowes thus exprest :  
If such thy will, and I deserue the same,  
Thou chiefe of Gods, why sleeps thy vengefull flame ?  
Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire must flic :  
The Author lessens the calamitie.  
But, whilst I striue to vtter this, I choke.  
View my sing'd haire, minie eys half-out with smoke !  
The sparkling cinders on my vissage throwne !  
Is this my recompence ? the fauour showne  
For all my seruice ? for the fruit I haue borne ?  
That thus I am with plough and harrowes borne ?  
Wrought-out through-out the yeare ? that man and beast  
Sustayne with food ? and you with incense feast ?  
But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate :  
What hath thy brother done ( by equall Fate  
Elected to the wavy Monarchie ),  
That Seas should sink, and from thy presence flic ?  
If neither he, nor I thy pittie moue,  
Pity thy Heauen. Behold ! the Poles aboue  
At either end do fume : and should they burne,  
Thy habitation would to ruine turne.  
Distressed Atlas shoulders shrikke with payne,  
And scarce the glowing Axetree sustayne.  
If

If Sea, if Earth, if Heauen shall fall by fire,  
Then all of vs to *chaos* must retire.

O ! quench these flames : the miserable state  
Of things releeue, afore it be too-late.

This said, her voyce her parched tongue forsook,  
Nor longer could the smothering vapors brook ;  
But, down into her-selfe with-drew her head,  
Neere to the infernall Cauerns of the Dead.  
*Ione* calls the Gods to witnesse, and who lent  
The strauning Chariot ; should not he preuent,  
That All would perith by one destinie ;  
Then mounts the highest Turret of the skie,  
From thence inur'd to cloud the spacefull Earth,  
And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.  
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vaine,  
To thade or coole the scorched Earth with raine.  
He thunders ; and, with hands that cannot erre,  
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.  
Him strooke he from his seat, breath from his brest,  
Both at one blow, and flames with flames supprest.  
The fighted horses, plunging seuerall wayes,  
Breake all thir tire : to whom the bit obayes ;  
The regnes, torne beame, crackt spokes, dispers't abroad,  
Scorcht Heauen was with the Chariots ruines strow'd.  
But, soule lessle *i. laetion*, with blazing haire,  
Shot her long through a long descent of Aire ;  
As when a falling starre glides through the skie,  
Or seemes to fall to the deceipte eye.  
Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place  
Of birth) receiu'd, and quencht his flagrant face ;  
Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb ;  
And fixt this Epitaph ypon his Tomb :

Here

Here *Phaeton* lyes : who though he could not guide  
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

*Phabas* with griefe with-drew. One day did runne  
About the World, they say, with-out the Sunne,

Which flamie funeralls illuminate ;

That good, deriu'd from a wretched Fate.

When *Cyrene* had said what could be said  
In such a griefe ; halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,  
She sils the Earth the wanders through, with grones,  
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.

Inter'd in forren Lands shee found the last :

Her feeble-limbs vpon the place shee cast,  
And bathe'd his name in teares, and strik'tly prest

The carued Marble with her bared brest.

Nor lessle th'*H. liades* lament ; who shead  
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead :  
Who with remordlesse hands their bosoms teare ;  
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.

With ioyned horns four Moons their orbs had fil'd,  
Since they their customarie plaints vpheld :

When *Phaetusa*, thinking to haue cast  
Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah ! my feet stick fast !

*Lampetie*, pressing to her sisters ayd,

As suddenly with fixed roots was stayd.

A third, about th'haue torne her scattered haire,  
Tore-off the leaues which on her crowne the bare.

This, grieueth at her stiffe and senselesse thighes :

Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.  
And whil st with wonder they themselues behold,

The creeping barke their tender parts infold ;

Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all  
Except their mouthes ; which on their mother call.

Whan

What should thee doe ? but run to that, to this,  
As furie drane ; and snatch a parting kille ?  
But yet, not so suffiz'd, thee stroue to take  
Them, from themselves, and down the branches brake:  
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.  
O pitty, Mother ! ( still the wounded cry'd )  
Nor teare vs in our Trees ! O ! now adieu !  
With that, the barke their lips together drew.  
From these cleere dropping trees, tears yearly flow :  
They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow ;  
Which, on the moyiture-giving Riuers spent,  
To Roman Ladies, as his gift, is sent.

*Stheadian cygnus* at that time was there,  
A kin to *Phae-ton* ; in loue, more neere.  
He, leauing State ( who in *Liguria* raign'd,  
Which Cities great and populous contayn'd )  
Fild with complaints the Riuier-chiding floods,  
The sedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.  
At length, his voice grew small : white plume contends  
In whitenesse with his haire : his neck ascends.  
Red hilms vnite his toes : armes turne to wings :  
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings.  
Becoming a Swan, rememb'ring how vnust  
*Phae-ton's* lightning was, nor Heauen, nor him will trust.  
Who at Lakes and Ponds ( detesting fire ) delight ;  
And floods, to Flames in nature opposite.

The woffull Father to dead *Phae-ton*,  
Him selfe neglecting ( all his lustre gon,  
As when eclipsit ) day, light, his owne life hates ;  
And his grete, with anger aggrauates.  
Refusing to illuminate the Earth.

Enough, too much my toile ! born with the birth

Of Time ; ( as restlesse ; ) without end, regard,  
Or honour : recompenc't with this reward !  
Some other now may on my Chariot sit.  
If all of you confessle your felues vnfitt ;  
Let *Io* ascend : that he ( when he shall trie )  
At length may lay his murdering thunder by.  
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide  
Those fire-hou'd Steeds, deseru'd not to haue dy'd.  
The Gods stand round about him, and request  
That endlesse Night might not the World inuest.  
Even *Io* excus'd his lightning, and intreats :  
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.  
Displeased *Phae-ton*, hardly reconcil'd,

Takes vp his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.  
On whom he vents his spleen : and, though they run,  
He lashes, and vpbraids them with his Son.

The Thunderer then walks the ample Round  
Of Heauens high walls, to search if all were found.  
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd ;  
He Earth, and humane industrie's suruay'd.

*Arcadia* chiefly exerciz'd his cares ;  
There, Springs and streames, that durst not run, repaire's ;  
The fields with grasse, the Trees with leaues indue's,  
And withered Woods with vanisht Shades renew's.

Oft pasting to and fro, a *Nonacrine*  
The God inflam'd ; her beautie, more diuine !  
I was not her Art to spin, nor with much care  
And fine varietie to trick her haire ;  
But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,  
And her rude tressles in a fillet wound :  
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bowe :  
A Squire of *Phae-ton's*, *Menalus* did knowe

None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng :  
 But, Fauorites in fowoui last not long.  
 The parted Day in equall balance held,  
 A Wood thee entred, as yet neuer feld.  
 There from her shoulders thee her Quiuer takes,  
 Vibends her Bowe ; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes  
 The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed ;  
 And on her painted Quiuer layes her head.  
 Whi a loue the Nymph without a guard did see  
 In such a posture ; This stealth, said hee,  
 My Wife thall neuer know : or, say shee did ;  
 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid !  
*Diana*'s shape and habit them indew'd,  
 He said ; My Huntresse, where hast thou pursew'd  
 This morning's chace ? Shee, rising, made reply ;  
 Hale Pow'r, more great than *Loue* ( though *Loue* stood by )  
 In my esteem --- He smil'd : and gladly heard  
 Him-selfe, by her, before Himselue preferr'd ;  
 And kist. His kisles too intemperate grow ;  
 Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.  
 His strict imbracements her narration stay'd ;  
 And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.  
 Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate :  
 ( Would *Juno* sawt it would her spleene abate )  
 Although, as much as Woman could, shee stroue ;  
 What Woman, or, who can contend with *Loue* ?  
 The Victor bies him to th' aetherall States.  
 The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, shee hates ;  
 Almost forgetting, as from thence thee flung,  
 Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.  
*High Measur'd Diwynna* with her traine  
 Now entring, pleased with the quarry flaine,

Beheld,

Beheld, and call'd her : call'd vpon, shee fled ;  
 And in her semblance *Jupiter* doth dread.  
 But, when shee saw the attending Nymphs appeare ;  
 Shee troops amongst them, and diuerts her feare.  
 Ah, how our faults are in our faces read !  
 With eyes scarce euer rais'd, shee hangs the head :  
 Nor perks shee now, as shee was wont to do,  
 By *Cynthia*'s side, nor leads the starry crew.  
 Though mute shee bee, her violated shame  
 Selfe-guyltie blushes silently proclaime.  
 But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid  
 Had soone espy'd : they say, her fly Nymphs did.  
 Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat ;  
 When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,  
 Shee takes the shades ; close by the murmuring  
 And filuer current of a fruitfull Spring.  
 The place much prayes'd, the streame as coole as cleere  
 Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, said shee, be here :  
 Here will wee our disrobed bodies dip.  
*Calisto* blusht : the rest their faire lims strip.  
 And her perforce vncloth'd, that sought delayes ;  
 Who, with her body, her offence displayes.  
 They, all abasht, yet loth to haue it spy'd,  
 Striuing her belly with their hands to hide ;  
 Auant, said *Cynthia* ; get thee from our trayne ;  
 Nor, with thy lims, this sacred Fountaine stayne.  
 This knew the Matron of the Thunderer ;  
 Whose thoughts, to fitter times, reuenge deser :  
 Nor long delaye's ; for, *Arcas* ( which more scorne  
 And griefe prouok't ) was of the Lady borne.  
 Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame ;  
 Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,

And

From thence, those stars, the price of whordome, drue;  
Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges due.

They both assent. Her Peacockes to the skyes  
Their Goddessē draw; late stucke with *Argus* eyes.  
Thou too, thou prating Rauen, turn'd as late  
From white to blacke, by well-deserued Fate.  
(The spotlesse siluer loue was not more white,  
Nor Swans which in the running brookes delight:  
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gaggling shall  
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitoll.)  
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee vndoe:  
And what was white, is now of sable hew.

The Palme, *coronis*, of *Larissi*, bare  
From all th'*Aemonian* Dames for matchlesse faire.  
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belou'd by thee;  
As long as chaste, or from detection free.  
But, *Phœbus* Bird her scapes did soone descrie:  
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:  
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe purlewes;  
(As talkative as he) to know the newes;

And, knowing, said: Thy selfe thou dost ingage  
By thanklesse seruice: slight not my presage.  
Know what I was, and am: through all my time  
My actions sift: thou'l find my faith my crime.  
For, *Pallas*, on a day, in chesc compos'd  
Of *Atick* Osiars, priuately inclos'd  
Her *Erithonius* (whom no Woman bare)  
Committed to the custodie and care  
Of th'ree faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were  
To prudent *Cerops*, who two shapes did bear:  
Nor told what it contayn'd; but, charg'd that they  
Her secrets should not to themselves betray.

These

These from an Elme I ( vnespy'd ) espy.

Faire *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully  
Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call  
Her fearfull sisters, and vntyes with-all  
The wicker Cabinet; whose twigs contayne  
An infant, raysed on a Dragon's trayne.  
This, I my Goddessē told; and for reward,  
Am now cashiered from *Minerva's* Guard,  
The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by mee:  
Nor too officiously tell all you see.

Perhaps, you thinke, I to that place aspir'd  
Without her grace: ynsough't-to, or desir'd:  
Should you aske *Pallas*, and her anger by;  
Though more than angrie, this shee woul'd deny.  
Me had King *Coronelus*, great in fame.

Through happy *Phœcis*, by a royll Dame.  
Rich suters I ( despise me not ) had store:  
My beauty wrackt me. Walking on the shore,  
As leasurely as now I'vse to gyre,  
Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glowe.  
The time, his pray'r's, and prayses spent in vaines  
What would not yeeld, he offers to constraine;  
And follows me that fled. The harder strand  
Behind me left: and tyr'd with yeelding sand,  
To Gods and Men I crye. No humane aid  
Was then at hand: a Maid releeveth a Maid.  
For, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;  
My armes cole-black with houering feathers grew:  
My Robe I from my shoulders thought to throwe:  
But, that was plume, and to my skin did growe.  
With hands to beat my naked brest, I trie:  
But, neither brest to beat, nor hands, had I.

D

Running.

Running, in sand I sunke not as before ;  
 But, me the scarce-toucht Earth, vnburden'd bore.  
 Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayré ascend ;  
 And on *Minerua*, without blame, atterd.  
 But, what was this ; when shee, whose wicked deeds  
 Vnwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds ?  
 For, know ( no more than through all *Lesbos* spred )  
*Nyctimene* defil'd her Fathers bed.  
 Though now a Bird ; yet, full of guilt, the sight,  
 The Day, she shuns, and masks her shame in Night.  
 About her, all our winged troops repaire ;  
 And, with inuestiues, chace her through the Ayre.  
 To her, the Rauen : Mischiefc thicke surprise  
 For staying me. Vaine Omen's I despise ;  
 Then, forward flew ; and told the hurtfull truth  
 Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *AEGAEAN* Youth.  
 The Harp drops from his hand : and from his head  
 The Laurell fell ; his chearefull colour fled.  
 Transported with his rage, his bow he tooke,  
 And with inuiteable arrow strooke  
 That brest, which he so oft to his had ioyn'd :  
 Shee threcks ; and from the deadly wound doth wind  
 The biting steele, pursu'd with stremes of blood,  
 That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood :  
 And said ; Though this be dew, yet, *Phebus*,  
 Might first haue teen'd : now, two in one must die.  
 Shee faints : forc't life in her blood's torrent swins :  
 And stifning cold benums her senseless lims.  
 His cructie, to her he lou'd, too late,  
 He now repenteth, and himselfe doth hate,  
 Who lent an eare, whom rage could so incense :  
 He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence ;

Hee hates his Art, his Quauer, and his Bowe ;  
 Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth shewe.  
 But ( ah ! ) too late to vanquish Fate he tries ;  
 And surgerie, without successe, applies.  
 Which when he saw, and saw the funerall pyle  
 Prepared to deuour so deare a spoyle ;  
 Since no coelestiall eye may shed a teare,  
 He fetcht a grone, that made Earth grone to heare :  
 And now vncar'd-for odours powr'd vpon her ;  
 And vndue death with all due rites doth honour.  
 But, *Phebus*, not induring that his seed  
 ( And that by her ) the greedie Firc should feed,  
 Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame ;  
 And to the two-shap't *Chiron* brought the same.  
 The white-plum'd Rauen, who reward expects,  
 He turnes to blacke ; and for his truth rejects.  
 It pleas'd the Halfe-horse to be so employ'd ;  
 Who in his honorable trouble ioy'd.  
 Behold : the *Centaur*'s daughter with red haire,  
 Whom formerly the Nymph *caricle* bare  
 By the swift Riuere, and *Ocyroe* nam'd ;  
 Who had her Father's healthfull Art disclaym'd,  
 To sing the depth of Fates : Now, when her brest  
 Was by the prophecying rage possest,  
 And that th'included God inflam'd her mind ;  
 Bolding of the Babe, she thus diuin'd :  
 Health giuer to the World, grow Infant, grow ;  
 To whom mortalitie so much shall owe.  
 Led Soules thou shalt restore to their aboads ;  
 And once against the pleasure of the Gods.  
 So doe the like, thy Grand-sires flames denie :  
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.

Thou, of a bloodlesse corps, a God shalt bee :  
 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thec.  
 And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now ;  
 To whom the Fates eternitic allow ;  
 Shall wish to die, then when your wounding shall smart  
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helpless Art.  
 Relenting Fates will pity you with death,  
 Against their Law, and stop your groaning breath.

Not all yet said, her sighes in stormes arise ;  
 And ill-abiding teares burst from her eyes.  
 Then, thus : My Fates preuent me : lo, they tie  
 My faltering tongue, and farther speech denie.  
 Alas ! these Arts not of that valem be,  
 That they should draw the wrath of Heauen on me !  
 O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne !  
 My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.  
 I long to feed on grasse : I long to run  
 About the spacious fields. Woe's me, vndon !  
 Into a Mare ( my kindred's shape ) I grow :  
 Yet, why throughout my Father but halfe so.

The end of her complaint you scarce could heare  
 To vnderstand : her words confused were.  
 Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she exprest ;  
 Her voyce yet more inclining to the beast :  
 Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little space,  
 Her down-thrust armes vpon the Meadow pase.  
 Her fingers, oyne : one hoose fife nayles vnite ;  
 Her head and neck enlarge, not now vpright :  
 Her trayling garment to a trayne extends :  
 Her dangling haire vpon her crest descends :  
 Her voyce and shape at once transform'd became :  
 And to the Prodigie they giue a name.

Old *chiron* weeps ; and *Phæbus*, vainly cryes  
 On thee to change the changelesse Destinies.  
 Admit thou could'st : thec, from thy selfe expel'd,  
 Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.

It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,  
 Thou play'dst vpon vnequall seuen-fold Reeds :  
 Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whil'st cares of loue  
 Thy soule possesse, and other cares remoue ;  
 Without a guard the *Pylan* Oxen stray :  
 Obscrued by the craftie sonne of *May*,  
 Forthwith he secretly conueighs them thence,  
 In vtract Woods concealing his offence.  
 None saw but *Pattus*, in that Country bred ;  
 Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed.  
 Him onely he misdoubts : then, ( t'ane a-part )  
 Stranger, said *Mercury*, what erc thou art ;  
 If any for this Herd by chance inquire,  
 Conceale thy knowledge : and receiue, for hire,  
 This white-hair'd Cow. Hee tooke her, and reply'd,  
 Be safe ; thy theft shall sooner be discry'd  
 By yonder stone, than me ; and shew'd a stome.  
*Iose*'s sonne departs, and straight returns vndeowne  
 ( A seeming Clowne in forme and voice ) who said :  
 Saw'st thou no cattel through these fields conuay'd ?  
 Detect the theft ; in their recouerie ioyne :  
 And, lo, this Hecfer, with her Bull, is thine.  
 He ( the reward redoabl'd ) answer'd : There  
 Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.  
 Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd ; What, knauc, I say,  
 Me to my selfe ; me to my selfe betray ?  
 Then, to a Touch-stone turn'd his periur'd brest ;  
 Whose nature now is in that name exprest.

Shee might not enter ), and the darke doore strooke  
With her bright lance; which straight in sundre broke.  
There saw shee *Enuie* lapping Vipers blood ;  
And feeding on their flesh, her vices food :  
And, hauing seen her, turn'd-away her eyes.  
The Catiffe slowly from the ground doth rise  
(Her halfe-deuoured Serpents laid-aside )  
And forward creepeth with a lazie stride.  
Viewing her forme so faire ; her armes, so bright ;  
Shee gron'd, and sigh't at such a chearfull sight.  
Her body more than meger ; pale her hew ;  
Her teeth all rusty ; still shee looks askew ;  
Her brest with gall, her tonguc with poyson sweld :  
Shee only laugh, when shee sad sights beheld.  
Her euer-waking cares exil'd soft sleep :  
Who looks on good successe, with eyes that weep ;  
Repining, pines : who, wounding others, bleeds :  
And on her selfe reuengeth her misdeeds.  
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest ;  
Yet briefly thus her pleasure shee exprest :  
*Aglauros*, one of the *cecropides*,  
Doe thou infest with thy accurst disease.  
This said ; the hastic Goddesse doth aduance  
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.  
*Enuie* pursues her with a wicked eye,  
Much grieu'd at her preuyling industrie.  
Wrapt in darke clouds, which way so ere she turns,  
The Corne she lodges, flowry pastures burns,  
Crops what growes high ; Towns, Nations, with her breath  
Poisutes ; and Virtue persecutes to death.  
When shee the faire *Atberian* towres beheld,  
Which so in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,

And

And feastfull Peace ; to crie shee scarce forbearcs,  
In that shee saw no argument for teares.  
When shee *Aglauros* lodging entred had,  
Shee gladly executes what *Pallas* bade :  
Her cancred hand vpon her brest shee lay'd,  
And crooked thornes into her heart conuay'd,  
And breath'd in banefull poyson ; which shee shheads  
Into her bones, and through her liver spreads.  
And that her enuy might not want a cause :  
The God in his diuinest forme shee drawes :  
And with it, sets before her wounded eyes  
Her happy sister, and their nuptiall ioyes :  
Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,  
And gnaw her soule. Shee sighes all day, all night ;  
And with a slow infection melts away,  
Like Ice before the Sunnes vncertainte ray.  
Fairc *Herse*'s happy state such heart-burne breeds  
In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds  
Are set on fire : which without flame consume :  
And seem ( so small their heat ) to burne with fume.  
Oft shee resolues to die, such sights to shun :  
Oft, by disclosing, to haue both vndon.  
Now sits shee on the threshold, to preuent  
The Gods access ; who with lost blandishment,  
And his best Art, perswades. Quoth shee ; forbearc,  
I cannot be remou'd, if you stay here.  
I to this bargain, he reply'd, will stand ;  
The doore then forces with his figured wand.  
Striuing to rise, to second her debate,  
Her hips could not remoue, preft with dull waight.  
Againe shee struggl'd to haue stood on end :  
But, those vsupple sinewes would not bend.

D 5

Incroching

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The third Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A Row'd droop's from Dragons late-sowne tooth arris.  
By his owne Hounds the Hart Acteon dyes.

Juno, a Beldame, Semele doth frise  
In wifst imbraces. Bacchus from Ioue's thigh  
Takes second birth. The wif Tigesias twice  
Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Echo pines t' a voice :  
Selfe-lond Narcissus to a Daffadill.  
Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrrhen's ship stands still,  
With Iuy mord. Strange shapes the Saylers frighe :  
Who Dolphines turns, and fill in shippes delight.

And now the Godariuing with his Rape  
At sacred Crees, resumes his heauenly shape.  
The King his sonne to seeke his daughter sent,  
Fore-doomed to perpetuall banishment,  
Except his fortune to his wifh succeed:  
How pious, and how impious in one deed!  
Earth wondred-through (Ioue's thefts who can exquire ?) :  
He shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire :  
With Phœbus Oracle consults, to know  
What Land the Fates intended to bestow.  
Who, thus: In desart fields obseru a Cow,  
Yet neuer yoke, nor scruale to the plow.

Follow

Follow her slow conduit, and where shee shall  
Repose, there build : the place *Bæotia* call.

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Cauë descended,  
When he a Hecfer saw, by no man tended,  
Her neck vngall'd with groning seruitude.  
The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursew'd.  
*Cephiss* floud, and *Panep* now past,  
Shee made a stand ; to heauen her fore-head cast,  
With lofie horns most exquisitely faire;  
Then, with repeated lowings fill the Ayre :  
Looks back vpon the company shee led ;  
And, kneeling, makes the tender grafte her bed.  
Thanks-giuing *Cadmus* kist the vnknowne ground ;  
The stranger fields and hills saluting round.  
About to sacrifice to heauen's high King,  
He send's for water from the liuing Spring.

A Wood there was, which neuer Axe did hew ;  
In it, a Cauë, where Reeds and Osiers grew,  
Roof with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought ;  
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.  
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold possest,  
Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest ;  
His bulk with poyon swolne ; fire-red his eyes :  
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.  
This fatall Well th'vnlucky *Ty, Mars* found ;  
Who with their down-lic Pitcher,, rays'd a sound.  
With that, the Serpent his blew head extnds ;  
And suffering Ayre with horrid hisses rends.  
The water from them fell : their colour fled :  
Who all, astonisht, shook with sudden dread.  
Hee wreaths his scaly foldes into a heape ;  
And seicht a compasie with a mighty leape :

Then

Then, bolt-vpright his monstrous length displayes  
More than halfe way ; and all the Woods suruayes.  
Whose body, when all scene, no lesse appears,  
Than that, which parts the two Cœlestiall Beares.  
Whether the *Tyrians* sought to fight, or flic,  
Or whether they through feare could neither trie ;  
Some crash't ho'twixt his iawes; some claspt to death ;  
Some kils with poyon ; others with his breath.

And now the Sunne the shortest shadowes made ;  
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his seruants stay'd,  
Their foot-steps trac't. A hide the Hero's woe,  
Which late he from a slaughtred Lyon tore :  
His Arms a dart, a bright steele-pointed Speare ;  
And such a minde as could not stoope to feare.  
When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd  
The bodies of the slaine with bloud imbrew'd ;  
Th'insulting victor quenching his dire thirst  
At their suckt wounds ; he sigh't, as heart would burst :  
Then said, I will revenge, O faifthfull Mates,  
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.  
With that, he lifteh vp a mighty stone,  
Which with a more than manly force was throwne.  
What would haue batter'd downe the strongest wall,  
And shiuered towres, doth give no wound at all.  
The hardnesse of his skin, and scales that grow  
Vpon his armed back, repell the blowe.  
And yet that st. vrag defence could not so well  
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell ;  
Which through his winding back a passage rends :  
There sticks the steele into his guts desceends.  
Rabid with anguish, hee reportes his looke  
Vpon the wound ; and then the iaueling tooke

Bawme.

Betwene his teeth ; it every way doth wind :  
 At length, tugg'd out, yet leaues the head behind.  
 His rage increast with his augmenting paines :  
 And his thick-panting throte swels with full veines.  
 A cold white froth surrounds his poy's nouis iawes :  
 On thundring Earth his trayling scales he drawes :  
 Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eie's  
 A blasting breath, which all the grasse infects.  
 His body, now he circularly bends ;  
 Forthwith into a monstrous length extends :  
 Then rusheth on, like shewr-inceas'd Floods ;  
 And with his brest ore-beares the obuous Woods.  
 The Prince gaue way ; who with the Lyon's spoyle  
 Sustayn'd th' assault ; and forc't a quick recoyle,  
 His Lance fixt in his iawes. What could not feele,  
 He madly wounds ; and bites the biting Steele.  
 Th' inuenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,  
 Conuerts the grasse into a duskie red :  
 Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew,  
 And so, by yeelding, did the force subdew.  
 Till *Agenorides* the Steele imbro'w'd  
 In his wide throte, and still his thrust purfew'd ;  
 Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-stood :  
 There, he his neck transfixt : with it, the Wood.  
 The Tree bends with a burden so vnyknowne ;  
 And, lashed, by the Serpents taile, doth grone.  
 While he suruay'd the hugeness of his foe,  
 This voyce he heard (from whence he did not know) :  
 Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee ?  
*Agenor's sonne*, a Serpent thou shalt bee.  
 He speechlesse grew : pale feare repeld his blood ;  
 And now vncurled haire like bristles stood.

Behold !

Behold ! mans Fautresie, *Pallas* (from the sky  
 Descending to his needfull aide) stood by :  
 Who bade him in the turn'd vp furrowes throw  
 The Serpents teeth ; that future men might grow.  
 He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth :  
 And therein sow'd the seeds of huniane birth.  
 Lo (past beliefe !) the Clods began to moue :  
 And tops of Lances first appear'd aboue :  
 Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Crests ;  
 Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated Brefts ;  
 Hands, with offensive weapons charg'd, infew :  
 And Target-bearing troops of Men vp-grew.  
 So in our Theater's solemnities,  
 When they the Arras rayse, the Figures rise :  
 Afore the rest, their faces first appeare ;  
 By little and by little then they reare  
 Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,  
 Vntill their feet vpon the border stand.  
 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight  
 Of such an Host, addreſt him to the fight.  
 Forbore (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) t' ingage  
 Thy better fortune in our ciuill rage !  
 With that, he on his earth-bred brother flew :  
 At whom, a deadly dart another threw.  
 Nor he that kild him, long suruiues his death ;  
 But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.  
 Slaughter, with equall furie, runs through all :  
 And by vnciuill ciuill blowes they fall.  
 The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life posseſſt,  
 Now panting, kick their Mother's bloody brest :  
 But ſiue ſuruu'd : of whom, *Ecbion* one ;  
 His Armes to Earth by *Pallas* counſell throwne,

He

He craves the loue he offers. All accord  
As Brothers shoud, and what they take afford.  
*Sidonian Cadmus* these assist, to build  
His lofie walls ; the Oracle fulfild.

Now flourisht *Thebes* : now did thy exile proue  
In shew a blessing ; those that rule in loue  
And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:  
By such a Wife to haue so faire a race ;  
So many sonnes and daughters ; nephewes too  
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) infew ;  
And they now growne to excellencie and powre.  
But, Man must censur'd be by his last houre:  
Whom truly we can neuer happy call,  
Afore his death, and closing funerall.

In this thy every way so prosperous state,  
Thy first misse-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate,  
Whose browes vnnaturall branches ill adorne ;  
By his vngratefull dogs in pieces torne.  
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he :  
For, what offence may in an error be ?  
With purple bloud, slaine Deare the Hills imbrew :  
And now high Noon the shades of things withdrew ;  
While East and West the equall Sunne partake :  
Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,  
That trod the Mazes of the pathlesse Wood:  
My Friends our nets and iauelins reake with blood :  
Enough hath beene the fortune of this day :  
To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display  
Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.  
Now, *Ihabu*, with inflaming eye doth view  
The crannied Earth: here let our labour end :  
Take vp your toyles. They gladly condescend.

A vale there was with Pines and Cyprisie crown'd,  
*Gargaphie* call'd; for *Dian*'s loue renown'd.  
A shady Cauue possest the inward part,  
Not wrought by hands; there, Nature witty Art  
Did counterfet : a natu're Arch shee drew,  
With Pumice and light Topases, that grew.  
A bubbling Spring, with streams as cleere as glasse  
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted grasse.  
The weary Huntresse vsually here laues  
Her Virgin lims, more pure than those pure waues.  
And now her Bowe, her Iau'lin, and her Quiuer ;  
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer :  
Her light impouerisht Robes another held :  
Her Buskins two vntie. The better skil'd  
*Ismenian Crocale*, her long haire wound  
In pleited-wreathes : yet was her owne vnbound.  
Neat *Hyale*, *Niphe*, *Khanis*, *Psecas* (still  
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lauers fill.  
While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise )  
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,  
And wandring through the Woods, approcht this Groue  
With fatall steps, so Destinie him droue !  
Entering the Cauue with skipping Springs bedeaw'd :  
The Nymphis, all naked, when a Man they view'd,  
Clapt their resounding brests, and fill'd the Wood.  
With sudden shrecks : like Iuory pales they stood  
About their Goddesse : but shee, far more tall,  
By head and shoulders ouer-tops them all.  
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,  
Shot by the Sunne-beam's; or the rosie Morn's :  
Such flusht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked tane.  
And though environ'd by her Virgin trayne,

shee

She side-long turnes, looks back, and wisht her bow :  
 Yet, what shee had, shee in his face doth throw.  
 With vengefull Waters sprinkled ; to her rage  
 These words she addes, which future Fate presage :  
 Now, tell how thou hast seene me disarray'd ;  
 Tell if thou canst : I giue thee leaue. This said,  
 Shee to his neck and eares new length imparts ;  
 This Browe th' antlers of long-living Harts :  
 His legges and feet with armes and hands supply'd ;  
 And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.  
 To this, feare added. *Autonous* flies,  
 And wonders at the swiftnesse of his thighes.  
 But, when his looks he in the Riuer view'd,  
 He would haue cry'd, Woe's me ! no words insew'd :  
 His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,  
 Checks not his owne ; yet his owne mind he beares.  
 What should he doe ? Goe home ? or in the Wood  
 For euer lurke ? Fearc, this; shame that withstood.  
 While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view :  
 Black-foot and Tracer, opening first, pursew :  
 Sure Tracer, *Gnossus* ; Black-foot *Sparta* bare :  
 Then all fell in, more swift than forced Ayre :  
 Spie, hauener, cline-cliffe ; these Arcadia bred :  
 Strong *Fawn-bane*, whirlwind, eager *Follow-dread* ;  
 Hunter, for sent ; for speed, *Flight* went before ;  
 Fierce *Saluage*, lately ganch'd by a Bore ;  
 Greedy, with her two whelps ; grim *Wolf-got Ranger* ;  
 Stout *Shepheard*, late preseruing flocks from danger ;  
 Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicynia* came ;  
 Peke, *Coursir*, *Blab* ; rash *Tyger* neuer tame ;  
*Blanch*, *Mourner*, *Koyster*, *Wolfe* surpassing strong ;  
 And *Tempest*, able to continue long :

Swift,

Swift, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound ;  
 Bold *Snatch*, whose sable brows a white star cround ;  
*Co't*, shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous *Heer*,  
 Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *reet* :  
*White-tooth*, and *King-wood* (others not t' expresse.)  
 O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs, that want accessse,  
 Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way,  
 The well-mouth'd hounds pursue the princely prey.  
 Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies,  
 Flyes from his family ! in thought he cryes,  
 I am *Atleon*, seruants, know your Lord !  
 Thoughts wanted words. High skyes the noyse record.  
 First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch : in flung  
 Fierce *Kill-deare* ; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung.  
 These came forth last ; but crost a nearer way  
 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,  
 In rush the rest, who gripe him with their phangs.  
 Now is no roome for wounds. Grones speake his pangs,  
 Though not with humanc voyce, vnlike a Hart :  
 In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.  
 Pitcht on his knees, like one who pitty cravies,  
 His silent looks, in stead of Armes, he waues.  
 With vsuall shouys their Dogs the Hunters cheare ;  
 And seeke, and call *Atleon*. He (too neare !)  
 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all  
 For being absent at his present fall.  
 Present he was, that absent would haue beeene ;  
 Nor would his cruell hounds haue felt, but seene.  
 Their snowts they in his body bathe ; and teare  
 Their Master in the figure of a Deare :  
 Nor, till a thousand wounds had life dispeis'd,  
 Could quiuver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.

'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought  
The punishment farre greater than the fau't.  
Others so sowre a chasteitie cominend,  
As worthy her: and both, thcir parts defend.  
*Ioue's* wife not so much blam'd or pray'd the deed;  
As shee reioyceth at the wounds that bleed  
In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in mind  
*Europa's* rape, and hateth all the kind.  
Now new occasions fresh displeasure moue:  
For *Semle* was great with child by *Ioue*.  
Then, thus shee scolds: O, what amends succeeds  
Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.  
If we be more than titularly great;  
If we a Scepter sway; if Heauen our seat;  
If *Ioue's* fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,  
His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.  
Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,  
And quickly might the iniurie repent:  
But, shee conceiues, to aggrauate the blame,  
And by her Belly doth her crime proclaine.  
Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother proue,  
Which hardly once, hath hapned to our *Ioue*:  
So confident is beautie! Yet shall he  
Deceiue her hopes: nor let me *Uno* be,  
Vnlesse, by her owne *Ioue* destroy'd, shee make  
A swift descent vnto the *Stygian* Lake.  
Shee quits her Throne, and in a yellow clowd  
Approach't the Palace; nor dismisse that shrowd,  
Till shee had wrinkl'd her smooth skin, and made  
Her head all gray: while creeping feet conuay'd  
Her crooked lims; her voice small, weake, and hoarse,  
*Benet*-like, of *Epidaur*, her Nurse.

Long

Long-talking; at the mention of *Ioue's* name,  
Shee sigh't, and said; Pray heauen, he proue the same!  
Yet much I feare: for many oft beguile  
With that pretext, and chasteit beds defile.  
Though *Ioue*; that's not enough. Giue he a signe  
Of his affection, if he be diuine.  
Such, and so mightie, as when pleasure warmes  
His melting bolome, in high *Uno*'s armes;  
With thee, such and so mightie, let him lie,  
Deckt with the ensignes of his deitie.  
Thus shee aduiz'd the vn suspecting Dame;  
Who begs of *Ioue* a boone without a name.  
To whom the God: Choose, and thy choyce possesse;  
Yet, that thy diffidencie may be lesse,  
Witnesse that Powre, who through obscure aboads  
Spreads his dull streams: the feare, and God of Gods.  
Pleas'd with her harm, of too much powre to moue!  
To perish by the kindnesse of her *Ioue*:  
Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites  
Of *Uno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.  
Her mouth he sought to stop: but, now that breath  
Was mixt with ayre which sentenced her death.  
Then, fetch't a sigh, as if his brest would teare  
(For, shee might not vnwish, nor he vnsware)  
And sadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke  
The Clouds, that imitate his mournefull looke;  
Thick shours and tempests adding to the same,  
With thunder and inuiteable flame.  
Whose rigor yet he striueth to subdew:  
Not armed with that fire which ouerthrew  
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde;  
There is another lightning, far more milde,

By

By Cyclops forged with less flame and ire:  
Which, deathlesse Gods doe call the Second fire.  
This, to her Father's house, he with him tooke:  
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke  
At the all tumults. Her successe shew mournes;  
And in those so desir'd imbracements burnes.

Th' vnpurfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,  
Was ta'ne by *loue*, and sew'd into his thigh,  
His Mother's time accomplishing: Whom first,  
By stealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurst:  
Then, giuen to the *Nyctides*, and bred  
In secret Caves, with milke and honey fed.

While this on earth befell by Fates decree  
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)  
*loue*, waightie cares expelling from his brest  
With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to iest  
With well-pleas'd *Inno*, said: In *Venus* deeds,  
The Femal's pleasure farre the Male's exceeds.  
This shew denies; *Tiresias* must decide  
The difference, who both delights had try'd.  
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,  
And with a stroke their slimy twists vnbound;  
Who straight a Woman of a man became:  
Seuen Autumis past, he in the eighth the same  
Resinding, said: If such your powre, so strange,  
That they who strike you must their nature change;  
Once more I le t'ye. Then, struck, away they ran:  
And of a Woman he became a Man.  
He, chosen Vmpire of this sportfull strife,  
*loue*'s words confirm'd. This vext his foward wise  
More than the matter crav'd. To wreak her spite,  
His eyes shew muzzled in eternall night.

Th' omni-

Th' omnipotent (since no God may vndoe  
An others deed) with Fates which should insew  
Inform'd his Intellect; and did supply  
His body's eye-sight, with his mindes cleere ey.

He giuing sure replyes to such as came,  
Through all th' *Avian* City's stretcht his fame.  
First, blew *Liriope* sad triall made  
How that was but too true which he had said:  
Whom in times past *Cepheus* flood imbrac't  
Within his winding streams, and for'e't the chaste.  
The louely Nymph (who not vnfruitfull prou'd)  
Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belou'd,  
*Narcissus* nam'd. Enquiring if old age  
Should crowne his Youth; He, in obscure presage,  
Made this reply: Except himselfe he know.  
Long, they no credit on his words bestow:  
Yet did the euent the prophecie approue,  
In his strange ruine, and new kind of loue.  
Now, he to twentic added had a yea're:  
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear'd.  
Many a loue-sick Youth did him desire;  
And many a Maid his beautie set on fire:  
Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,  
That neither Youth nor Mayden might him touch.

The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did spy  
(Shee could not proffer speech, nor not reply)  
When busie in pursuite of saluage spoyles,  
He draue the Deere into his corded toyles.  
*Eccbo* was then a Body, not a Voyce:  
Yet then, as now, of words shew wanted choyce:  
But onely could reiterate the close  
Of euery spech. This *Inno* did impose.

E

F

Beholds his eyes, two starres! his dangling haire  
 Which with vnshorn *Apolo's* might compare!  
 His fingers worthy *Bacchus*, his smooth chin!  
 His Iuory neck! his heauenly face! where-in  
 The linked Deities their Graces fix!  
 Where Roses with vnsullied Lillycs mixt  
 Admir'eth all, for which, to be admir'd:  
 And vncosiderately himselfe desir'd.  
 The pryses, which he giues, his beautic claym'd.  
 Who seeks, is sought: th' Inflamer is inflam'd.  
 How often would he kisse the flattering spring!  
 How oft with downe-thrust arms sought he to cling  
 About that loued necke! Those cou'sning lips  
 Delude his hopes; and from himselfe he slips.  
 Not knowing what, with what he sees he syres:  
 And th' error that deceives, incites his eyes.  
 O Foole! that striu'st to catch a flying shade!  
 Thou seek'st what's no-where: Turn aside, 'twill vade.  
 Thy formes reflection doth thy sight delude:  
 Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.  
 With thee it comes; with thee it stayes; and so  
 "Twould goe away, hadst thou the power to go.  
 Nor sleep, nor hunger could the Louer rayse:  
 Who, lay'd along, on that false fornie doth gaze  
 With looks, which looking neuer could suffice;  
 And ruinates himselfe with his owne eyes.  
 At length, a little lifting vp his head;  
 You Woods, that round about your branches spred,  
 Was euer so vnfortunate a Louer!  
 You know, to many you haue beene a couer;  
 From your first growth to this long distant day  
 Haue you knowne any, thus to pine away?

I like, and see, but yet I cannot find  
 The lik't, and seene. O Loue, with error blind!  
 What grieues me more: no Sea, no Mountayn steep,  
 No wayes, no walls, our ioyes a-sunder keep:  
 Whom but a little water doth diuide,  
 And he himselfe desires to be injoy'd.  
 As oft as I to kisse the floud decline,  
 So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.  
 You'd thinke we toucht: so small a thing doth pare  
 Our equall loues! Come forth, what ere thou art.  
 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:  
 From him that seeks thec, whither would'st thou go?  
 My age nor beautie merit thy disdaine:  
 And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine.  
 Yet in thy friendly shewes my poore hopes live;  
 Still striuing to receiuue the hand I giue:  
 Thou smil'st my smiles: when I a teare let fall,  
 Thou shedd'st an other; and consent'st in all.  
 And, lo, thy sweetly-mouing lips appeare  
 To vtter words, that come not to our care.  
 Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly see:  
 Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.  
 With loue of me I burne; (O too too sure!)  
 And suffer in those flames which I procure.  
 Shall I be woo'd, or woee? What shall I craue?  
 Since what I couet, I already haue.  
 Too much hath made me poore! O, you diuine  
 And fauoring Powres, me from my selfe dis-joynd:  
 Of what I loue, I would be dispossess'd:  
 This, in a Louer, is a strange request!  
 Now, strength through grife decayes; short is the time  
 I haue to haue; extinguished in my Prime.

Nor grieues it me to part with well-mist breath;  
For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:  
Would he I loue might longer life injoy!  
Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, die.

This said; againe ypon his Image gaz'd;  
Teares on the troubled water circles rais'd:  
The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.  
With that, he cry'd. (perceiuing it to vade)  
O, whither wilt thou I stay: nor cruell proue,  
In leauing me, who infinitely loue.  
Yet let me see, what cannot be possit;  
And, with that empie food, my fury feast.  
Complaining thus, himselfe lie disarrayes;  
And to remorselesse hands his brest displayes:  
The blowes that solid snow with crimson stripe;  
Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.  
But, in the water when the same appeare,  
He could no longer such a sorrow beare.  
As Virgin wax dissolves with fceruent heat;  
Or morning frost, whereon the Sun-beams beat;  
So thawes he with the ardor of desire;  
And, by degrees, consumes in vnseen fire.  
His meger checks now lost their red and white;  
That life, that fauour lost, which did delight.  
Nor those diuine proportions now remaine,  
So much by *Eccbo* lately lou'd in vaine.  
Which when shee saw; although she angry were,  
And still in minde her late repulse did beare;  
As often as the miserable cry'd,  
Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.  
And euer when he struck his sounding brest,  
Like sounds of mutuall suffrance exprest.

His

His last words were, still hanging o're his shade;  
Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine! so *Eccbo* said.  
Farewell. Farewell, figh't she. Then downe ho lyes:  
Deaths cold hand shuts his selfe-admiring eyes:  
Which now eternally their gazes fix  
Upon the Waters of infernall *Sixx*.  
The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;  
And their clipt haire ypon their brother spred.  
The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes:  
With both, sad *Eccbo* ioynes at euery close.  
The funerall *Pyle* prepar'd, a Herse they brought  
To fetch his body, which they vainly sought.  
In stead wherof a yellow flowre was found,  
With tufts of white about the button crown'd:

This, through *Achaia* spred the Prophets fame;  
Who worthily had purchas't a great name.  
But, proud *Echion*'s sonne, who did despise  
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;  
And twits *Tiresias* with his rauisht sight.  
He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;  
And said, 'T were well for thee, hadst thou no eyes  
To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.  
The time shall come (which I presage is necr)  
When *Semeleian* *Liber* will be here:  
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;  
Thy Mother, and her sisters shall imbrue  
Their furious hands in thy effused blood;  
And throw thy sever'd lims about the Wood.  
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:  
And then shoul't say; The blinde did see too well.  
His mouth proud *Pentheus* stops. Beliue succeeds  
Fore-running threats: and words are seal'd by deede.

E 4

*Liber*

is come ; the fields with clamor sound :  
They in his Orgies tread a frantick Round.  
Women with Men, the base, and nobler sort,  
Together to those vndeowne Rites resort.

You sonnes of Mars, you of the Dragons race  
(Said he) what furie doth your minds imbaste ?  
Is Brasse of such a powre, which drunkards bear,  
Or sound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit ;  
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,  
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright ;  
Lord Women, wine-bred rage, a lustfull crew  
Of Beasts, and Kettle-dums, should thus subdew ?  
At you, graue Fathers, can I but admire !  
Who brought with you your flying Gods from Tyre,  
And fixt them here : now from that care so farre  
Elstranged, as to lose them without warre !  
Or you, who of my able age appare ;  
Whose heads should helmets, and not garlands, weare ?  
Not leauy Lauclins, but good Swords adorne  
The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly borne ;  
That Dragon's fiery fortitude induc,  
Whose singe valour such a number slue.  
He, in defending of his Fountayne, fell :  
Doe you th' Invaders of your famie repell.  
He sinke the strong : doe you the weake destroy ;  
And free your Country from foule imfamy.  
If Destinies decree that *bebas* must fall ;  
May men, may warlike engines raze her wall :  
I et sword and fire our familiht liues assault :  
Then it shoulde not be wretched through our fault,  
Nor strive to hide our guilt ; but, Fortune blame ;  
And veat our pittyedorrowes without shame.

Now,

Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight :  
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight,  
But haire perfum'd with Myrrhe, soft Anadems,  
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems :  
Who shall confessie (if you your aid denie)  
His forged Father, and falle Deitie.  
What ? had *Acrisius* vertue to withstand  
Th' Impostor, chaced from the *Argive* strand ?  
And shall this vagabond, this forainer,  
Me *Pentheus*, and the *Theban* State deterre ?  
Goe (said he to his seruants) goe your way,  
And drag him hither bound : preuent delay.

Him *Cadmus*, *Altamas*, and all dislwaide ;  
By opposition, more intemperate made.  
Furie increaseth, when it is withstood :  
And then good counsell doth more harme than good.  
So haue I seen an vnstoppt torrent glide :  
With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide :  
But, when falm Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his coursey,  
To fome, and roare with vncontrolled force.  
All bloody they returne. Where is, said hee,  
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of vs did see,  
Reply'd they ; This his minister we found  
(Presenting one with hands behinde him bound) :  
A Lydian, zealous in those mysteries.  
On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathfull eyex :  
Who hardly could his punishment deferre.  
Then,thus : Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre,  
Declare thy Name, thy Nation, Parentage ;  
And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.  
He in whom innocency feare o're-came ;  
Made this reply ; *Aetes* is my name.

E. 5.

My

My life I owe to the *Maonian* earth;  
 To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.  
 No land my Father left me to manure,  
 Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himselfe was poore.  
 The tempted Fish, with hook and line he caught:  
 His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;  
 And said, My heire, successor to my Art,  
 Receiue the riches which I can impart.  
 He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:  
 The Sea may I my patrimony call.  
 Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,  
 To nauigation I my time apply'd;  
 Obseru'd th' *Olenian* *Kids*, that raine portend;  
 The *Hyades*, who weepe when they descend;  
*Taygeta*, and *Arcturus*, the reorts  
 Of severall windes; and harbour-giving Ports.  
 For *Delos* bound, we made the *Cbian* shores:  
 And, there arrived, with industrieous Oares.  
 Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.  
 When aged Night *Aurora*'s blushes fled,  
 I rose; and bade any men fresh water bring:  
 Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.  
 Then, from a Hill obseru'd the windes accordy  
 My Mates I cald, and forth-with went abord.  
 All here, the Master's Mate *Ophelies* cryes;  
 And thinking he had light vpon a prize,  
 Along the shore a louely Boy conuay'd,  
 Adorned with the beautie of a Maid.  
 Heauy with wine and sleepe, he reeled so,  
 That, though supported, he could hardly goe.  
 When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,  
 I could not think it was a humane Creature.

Fellowes.

Fellowes, I doubt (nay, without doubt) said I,  
 This excellencie includes a Deitic.  
 O, be propitious, who-so-ere thou art;  
 And to our industrie successfe impart;  
 And pardon these who haue offended thus.  
 Then, *Dillys* said: Forbeare to pray for vs:  
 (Than he, none could the top saile-yard bestride  
 With lighter speed; nor thence more nimble slide.)  
 This, *Liby*, swart *Melanthes* (who the Prow  
 Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;  
*Epoepus* the Boats-man, so all say;  
 Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.  
 This ship, said I, you shall not violate  
 With sacrilege of so diuine a weight;  
 Wherein I haue most int'rest, and command:  
 And on the hatches their ascent with-stand.  
 Whereat, the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild;  
 Who for a bloudy murder was exil'd  
 From *Tuscam*. Whil'st I alone resist,  
 He tooke me such a buffet with his fist,  
 That downe I fell; and had faine ouer-board,  
 If I (though senselesse) had not caught a cord.

The wicked Company the fact approue.  
 Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to moue,  
 As if awaked with the noyse they made  
 (His wind-bound sensies now discharg'd) and said:  
 What clamor's this? What doe you? Sailers, whither  
 Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither!  
 Feare not, said *Proren*: name where thou would'st be;  
 And to that Harbor we will carry thee.  
 Then, Friends, *Lyess* said, for *Naxos* stand:  
*Naxos* my home, an hospitable Land.

By

By Seas, by all the Gods, by what auayles,  
They sweare they will, and bade me hoyle vp sayles.  
Which trim'd for Naxos on the Star-board side;  
What do'st thou mad-man, fool? *Opheltes* cry'd.  
Each feares his losse. Some whisper in mine eare:  
Most say by signes, Vnto the Lar-board steere.  
Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helme, said I;  
I'le not be tainted with your periurie.  
All chafe and storme. What? said *Ethalion*,  
Is all our safetie plac't in thee alone?  
With that, my office he vpon him tooke;  
And Naxos (altering her course) forsooke.

The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)  
From th' vpper deck the Sea suruayed round;  
Then, seem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, said he,  
That promis't shore, the Land so wisht by me.  
What is my fault? what glory in my spoyle,  
If men a Boy, if many one beguile?  
I wept afore; but, they my teares deride;  
And with laborious Oares the waues diuide.  
By him I sweare (than whom none more in view)  
That what I now shall vtter, is as true,  
As past beliefe. The ship in those profound  
And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.  
They, wondring, ply'd their Oares; the sayles display'd;  
And stribue to run her with that added aide.  
When Iuy gaue their Oares a forc't restraint;  
Whose creeping bands the sayles with Berries paint.  
He, head-bound with a wreath of clustred Vines,  
A lauelin shook, claspt with their leauy twines.  
Stein Tygers, Lyaxes (such vnto the eye)  
And spotted Panthers, round about him lye.

All,

All, ouer-boord now tumble; whether 'twere  
Out of infused madnesse, or for feare:  
Then, *Medon* first with spiny fins grew blacke;  
His forme depressed, with a compast back.  
To whom said *Lycabas*; ô more than strange!  
Into what vncouth Monster wilt thou change?  
As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide;  
His nose more hookt: scales arme his hardned hide.  
While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed stands,  
His hands shrunke vp; now finns, no longer handes.  
An-other by a-cable thought to hold;  
But, mist his armes. He fell: the Seas infold  
His maymed body: which a tayle eft-soone  
Receiuers, reuersed like the horned Moone.  
They leap aloft, and sprinkle vp the Flood;  
Now chace aboue; now vnder water scud:  
Who like lasciuious Dancers friske about;  
And gulped Seas, from their wide nostrils spout.  
Of twenty Saylers, onely I remayn'd:  
So many men our Complement contayn'd.  
The God my minde could hardly animate;  
Trembling with horror of so dire a Fate.  
Suppresse, said he, these tumults of thy feare;  
And now thy course for sacred *Dis* heare.  
Arrived there, with his implor'd consent;  
I Orders tooke; and thus his Feasts frequent.

Our eares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:  
Which wrath, said he, would by delay, appease.  
Goe, seruants, take him hence: let his forc't breath  
Expire in grones: and torture him to death.  
In solid prison pent; while they prouide  
Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doores slie open wide.

And,

And of themselues, as if dissolu'd by charmes,  
The fetters fall from his vnpinion'd armes.

But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings  
To high *Cytheron*'s sacred top, which rings  
With frantick songs, and shrill-voic't *Bacchanals*,  
In *Liber*'s celebrated Festiuals.

And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,  
Inflam'd with furie, when the Trumpet sounds :  
Euen so their far-heard clamours set on fire  
Sterne *Pentheus*, and exasperate his ire.  
In midst of all the spacious Mountayne stood  
A perspicable Champain, fring'd with wood.  
Here, first of all, his Mother him espyes,  
Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes.  
Shee, first, vpon him frantickly did runne:  
And first her eger Iauelin pearc't her sonne.  
Come, sisters, cry'd shee, this is that huge Bore  
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must gore.  
With that, in-rush the sense-distracted Crew:  
And altogether the amaz'd pursew.

Now trembled he; now, late-breath'd threats suppress'd:  
Himselfe he blames, and his offence confess't.  
Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt *Autone*; I bleed:  
O let *Aetœon*'s ghost soft pitty breed!  
Not knowing who *Aetœon* was, shee lops  
His right hand off: the other *Ino* crops.  
The wretch now to his Mother would haue throwne.  
His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.  
Yet lifting vp their bloody stumps, he said,  
Ah, Mother, see! *Agæue*, well appay'd,  
Shouts at the sight, casts vp her neck, and shakes  
Her staring haire. In cruell bands shee takes

Hs

His head, yet gasping: No sing, said shee,  
To my Mates! this spoyle belongs to me.  
Not Icaues, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's frost,  
So soone are rauisht from high Trees, and tost  
By Scattering windes, as they in pecces teare  
His minced lims. Th' *Imenians*, struck with feare,  
His Orgies celebrate; his prayses sing;  
And incense to his holy Altars bring.

OVID'S

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The fourth Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**D**Ercta, a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.  
Transforming Nais equall Fair. doth prove  
white berries Lovers blood with blacke distiles.  
Apollo, like Eury nome, beguiles  
Leucothoe, buried quick for that offence :  
Who, Nectar-sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.  
Grown'd Clitie, turn'd to a Flower, turns with the Sunne  
Daphnis, to stone. Sex changes to Scytheon.  
Celmus, a Lead-stone. Cures goe by showers.  
Crocus, and Smilax turn'd to little flowers.  
In one Hermaphrodite, two bodies ieyne.  
Mineides, Bats. Sad Ino made divine,  
With Melicert. Who Juno's salt upbraid'd;  
Or Statues, or Cadmean Fowles are made.  
Hermione and Cadmus, wome with war,  
Prove hurtlesse Dragons. Drops to Serpents groane.  
Atlas, a Mountaine. Gorgon-oucht Sea-weeds  
To Corall change. From Gorgon's blood, proceeds  
Swift Pegasus : Crysant also rakes  
From thence his birth. Fair haire convert to Snakes.

**B**Vt yet, Alcibiæ Mineides.  
The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.  
Her sisters share in that impiecie,  
Who Bacchus for the sonne of Ioue denie.

And

And now his Priest proclaims a solemne Feast ;  
 That Dames and Maids from visuall labour rest ;  
 That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces vnbound,  
 And dangling Tresses with wilde Iuy crown'd,  
 They leauy Speares assume. Who prophesies  
 Sad haps to such as his command despise.  
 The Matrons and new-married Wiues obay :  
 Their Webs, their vii-spun Wooll, aside they lay ;  
 Sweet odouris burne ; and sing : *Lycus, Bacchus,*  
*Nyses, Bromius, Euan, great Iacchus :*  
*Fe-ge-tor, Sonne of two Mothers, The twicke-borne,*  
*Father Eleus, Thynn neuer shorne,*  
*Lenus, planter of life cheering Vines ;*  
*Nyctileus : with all names that Greece affignes*  
*To thee. ô Liber ! Still dost thou inioy*  
*Vnwasted Youth ; eternally a Boy !*  
 Thou'rt seen in heauen ; whom all perfections grace ;  
 And, when vnhorn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.  
 Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,  
 Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.  
 Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,  
 By thee ( ô greatly to be fear'd ! ) were slaine :  
 The *Thuscans* drencht in Seas. Thou hold'st in awe  
 The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.  
 Light *Bacchanals*, and skipping *Satyrs* follow,  
 Whil'st old *Sylenus*, reeling still, doth halloo ;  
 Who weakly hangs, vpon his tardie *Asie*.  
 What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brasse,  
 Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cryes  
 Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.  
 Thy presence, we, *Imenides*, implore :  
 Come, ô come pleas'd ! Thus they his Rites restore.

Yet,

Yet, the *Menides* at home remaine :  
 And with their plyed task's his Feast prophane :  
 Who either weave, or at their distaffs spin ;  
 And vrge their Maids to exercise their sin.  
 One said, as shee the twisted thread out-drew ;  
 While others sport, and forged Gods purfes  
 Let vs, whorn better *Pallas* doth inuite,  
 Our vsefull labour season with delight,  
 And stories tell by turnes ; that, what long yeares  
 Denie our eyes, may enter at our ears.  
 They all agree ; and bade the eldest tell  
 Her storie first. Shee paus'd, not knowing well  
 Of many which to choose : T'infist vpon  
 The *Sad Dercetas*, of fam'd *Babylon*  
 ( Who, as the *Palestines* belieue, did take  
 A scaly forme, inhabiting a Lake )  
 Or of her daugheer speake, with wing'd aleens  
 High-peartch on towres : who there her old age speare  
 Or of that *Nais* ; who with charmes most strange,  
 And weeds too pow'rfull, humaine shapes did change,  
 Into smale Fishes, till a Fish shee grew :  
 Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hew ;  
 The white to black, by bloods aspersion, growne :  
 This pleaseth best ; as being most vnknowne.  
 Who thus began ; and draws the following wolle.  
 Young *Pyramus* ( no Youch so beautifull  
 Through all the East ) and *Thisbe* ( who for faire  
 Might with th'immortall Goddesses compare )  
 Ioynd houses, where *Semiramis* inclas'd  
 Her stately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.  
 This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred :  
 That, grw to loue ; Loue fought a nuptiall bed :

Bur

But Parents, who could not with-stand, with-stood.  
 Their ioynt desires, and like incensed blood.  
 Signes onely vtter their vnwitnest loues :  
 But hidden fire the violenter proues.  
 A cranny in the parting wall was left ;  
 By shrinking of the new-layd morter, cleft :  
 This, for so many Ages vndescry'd.  
 ( What cannot Loue finde out ! ) the Louers spy'd.  
 By which, their whispering voyces softly trade,  
 And Passion's amorous embassie conuay'd.  
 On this side, and on that, like Snailes they cleaue ;  
 And greedily each others breath recaeue.  
 O eniuious walls ( said they ) who thus diuide  
 Whom Loue hath ioynd ! O, giue vs way to slide.  
 Into each others armes ! if such a blisse !  
 Transcend our Fates, yet suffer vs to kisse !  
 Nor are w'ingrate : much we confessie we owe.  
 To you, who this deare libertie bestowe.  
 At Night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet  
 The senselss stones, with lips that could not meet.  
 When from th'approaching Morn the stars withdrew,  
 And that the Sunne had drunke the scorched dew,  
 They at the vsuall Station meet againe ;  
 And with soft murmuris mutually complaine.  
 At last, resolute in silence of the Night  
 To steale away, and free thenafclues by flight ;  
 And with their houses, to forsake the Towne.  
 Yet, lest they so might wander vp and downe ;  
 To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,  
 Vnder the shel' er of a shady Tree.  
 There, a high Mulberry, full of white fruit,  
 Hard by a living Fountayne fixt his Root.

The

The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestowes  
 In restfull Seas: from Seas, wiþt Night aroſe.  
 Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores vnbarr'd ;  
 And slipping forth, vnmisſed by her guard,  
 Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb : there in the cold  
 Sits vnderneath that Tree : Loue made her bold.  
 When ( lo ! ) a Lyonslie, smear'd with the blood  
 Of late-slaine Beccus, approcht the neighbor flood,  
 To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,  
 Swift feare her flight into a Caue doth guide.  
 Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell :  
 The fatal Lionesse, as from the Well  
 Vp to the rocky Mountaine shee with-drawes,  
 Found it, and tore it with her bloody iawes.  
 When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soone,  
 Perceiued by the glimpes of the Moone  
 The footing of wilde Beasts : his looke grew pale.  
 But, when he spy'd her torn and bloody vaile ;  
 One night ( said he ) two louers shall destroy !  
 Shee longer life deserued to inioy.  
 The guilt is mine : 'twas I ( poore soule ! ) that flue thee  
 Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,  
 Nor came before. You Lyons, ô descend  
 From your aboads ! a wretch in pecces rend,  
 Condemned by his selfe-pronounced doom :  
 And make your entrailes my opprobrious tomb !  
 But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle hee  
 Carryes along vnto th'appointed Tree.  
 There hauing kist, and washt it with his eyes ;  
 Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.  
 With that, his body on his ſword he threw :  
 Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.

Now

Now, on his back, vp-spun the blood in smoke:  
 As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,  
 The waters at a little breach break out,  
 And hissing, through the aëry Region spout.  
 The Mulberries their former white forfake ;  
 And from his sprinkling blood their crimson take.

Now she, who could not yet her feare remoue,  
 Returns, for feare to disappoint her Loue.  
 Her eger spirit seeks him through her eyes ;  
 Who longs to tell of her escap't surprise.  
 The place and figure of the Tree she knew ;  
 Yet doubts, the berries hauing chang'd their hew.  
 Vncertaine ; she his panting Jims descry'd,  
 That struck the stayned earth ; and starts aside.  
 Box was not paler than her changed looke :  
 And like the lightly breath'd-on Sea she shooke.  
 But, when she knew 'twas he ( now dispossess  
 Of her amaze ) shee shrecks, beats her swoln brest,  
 Puls off her haire ; imbraces, softly reares  
 His hanging head, and fils his wound with teares.  
 Then, kissing his cold lips : Woe's me ( she said )  
 What curst Fate hath this diuision made !  
 O speake, my Pyramus ! ô looke on mee !  
 Thy deare, thy desperate *Tisbe* calls to thee !  
 At *Tisbe*'s name he opens his dim eyes ;  
 And hauing seen her, thuts them vp, and dyes.  
 But when his empie scabbard shee had spy'd,  
 And her known Robe ; Vnhappy man ! she cry'd,  
 These wounds from loue, from thine own hand proceed !  
 Nor is my hand too weake for such a deed :  
 My loue as strong. This, this shall courage giue  
 To force that life which much disdains to liue.

In death I'le follow thee ! instyl'd by all,  
 The wretched Caufe, and partner of thy Fall.  
 Whom Death ( that had ( alas ! ) alone the might  
 To pull thee from me ! ) shall not dis-vnite.  
 O you, our wretched Parents ( thus seuere  
 To your owne blood ! ) my last Petition heare :  
 Whom constant loue, whom death hath ioynd, interre  
 Together in one envi'd Sepulcher.  
 And thou, ô Tree, whose branches shade the slaine ;  
 Of both our slayders beare the lasting staine :  
 In funerall habit: euer clotre your brood ;  
 A liuing monument of our mixt blood.  
 This said, his sword, yet recking, shee reuers't,  
 And with a mortall wound her bosom pearc't.  
 The easie Gods vnto her wish accord ;  
 Their Parents also her desite afford :  
 The late-white Mulberryes in black now mourne ;  
 And what the fire had left, lay in one vrne.  
 Here ended she. Some intermission made,  
*Leucothoe*, her sisters silent, said :

This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,  
 Weake Loue hath tam'd ; his loues we now recite.  
 He first discouer'd the adulterie  
 Of *Mars* and *Venus* ( nothing scapes his eye )  
 And in displeasure told to *Iuno*'s sonne  
 Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.  
 His spirits faint : his hands could not sustaine  
 The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,  
 With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceaue,  
 ( Lette curious far the webs which Spiders weaue )  
 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close :  
 This, he about the guiltie bed botowes.

No sooner theſe Adulterers were met,  
Than caught in his ſo ſtrangely forged net;  
Who, ſtrugling, in compeld imbracements lay.  
The Iuory doores then *Vulcan* doth display;  
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound:  
Yet one, a wanton, wiht to be ſo found.  
The heauenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told  
Through all the Round, and mirth did long vphold.  
*Venus*, incenſt, on him who this diſcloſ'd  
A memorablie punishment impos'd.  
And he, of late ſo tyrannous to Loue,  
Loue's tyrannie in iuft exchange doth proue.  
*Hyperion*' ſonne, what boots thy pearcing ſight!  
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!  
For thou, who earth inflainest with thy tires,  
Art now thy ſelfe inflam'd with new diſires.  
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view;  
And giue to her, what to the World is dew.  
Now, in the East thou haſtneſt thy vp-riſe:  
Now, ſlowly ſett'ſt; cuen loth to leaue the ſkyes.  
And, while that Obiect thus exacts thy stay,  
Thou addeſt houres vnto the Winters day.  
Oft, in thy face thy mindes diſease appears;  
Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.  
Not *Cynthia*'s interpoſed Obe doth moue  
Theſe pale aspects; this colour ſprings from loue.  
Shee all thy thoughts ingroſt: nor diſt thou care  
For *Clement*, for her who *circes* bare,  
For *Ahodos*, *Chyrie*, who in loue abounds,  
Althoſh deſpis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.  
All, all were buried in *Leucothoe*;  
Borne in ſweet *Saba*, of *Eury nome*.

As

As ſhee in beaute farre ſurpaſt all oþer:  
So much the Daughter farre ſurpaſt the Mother.  
Great *Orchamus* was Father to the Maid:  
Who, ſeuenth from *Belus* *Priscus*, *Perſia* way'd.  
In low *Hispacia* Vales thofe paſtures are  
Where *Phæbus* horses on *Ambroſia* fare.  
There, tyred with the travails of the day,  
They renouate what labour doth decay.  
Now, while coeleſtiall food their hunger feeds,  
And Night in her alternate raignes ſuccoed's  
In figure of *Eury nome*, the God  
Approcht the chamber, where his life abode.  
He, ſpiuning by a lamp, *Loue* abd' found,  
With twice ſix hand-maids, who incloſ'd her round.  
Then kissing her ( her Mother now by Art )  
I haue, ſaid he, a ſecret to impart:  
Maids, preſently with-draw. They all obey'd.  
He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, ſaid:  
The tardie Yeare I meaſure: I am her  
Who ſee all Obiects, and by whom all ſee;  
The World's cloene eye: by thy fair ſelfe, I ſwear,  
I loue thee aboue thought. Shoe ſhooke for ſcarc;  
Her ſpindle and her diſtaſſe from her fell:  
And yet that ſcarc became her wondrouſ well.  
Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke:  
Though with that vnxpected preſence ſtroue;  
Yet, vanquiſh'd by his beaute, her complaint  
Shee laid aside, and ſuffer'd his constraint.  
This *Chyrie* vext ( his loue obſeru'd no meaſure )  
Who in the furie of her fell diſpleaſure,  
Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:  
And to her father doth the fact deſcry.

F

Who

Who sterne and sauge, shuts vp all remorse,  
From her that Sud, subdew'd, the laid, by force;  
And Sol to witnesse calls. He his dishonour  
Interres alie, and casts a Mount vpon her.  
Hyperion's sonne this barters with his rayes:  
And for her re-ascent a breach displayes.  
Yet could not she aduance her heauy head:  
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.  
Neuer did Phœbus with such sorrow mourne  
Since wretched Phœton the World did burne:  
Yet striues he with his influence to beget  
In her cold lims a life-trouking heat.  
But, since the Fates such great attempts withstood,  
He steep'd the place and body in a floud  
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:  
And sighing, said; Yet shalt thou heauen ascend.  
Forthwith, her body thawes into a dew:  
Which, from the moystned earth, an odour threw.  
Then through the hill a shrub of Frankincense  
I thrust vp his crowne, and tooke his root from thence.  
Though loue might cly: sorow haue excus'd;  
Sorow, her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.  
She, with distracted passion, pines away,  
Detesteth company; all night, all day,  
Distrobed, with her ruffled haire vnbound,  
And wet with humour, sicks vpon the ground:  
For nine long dayes all sustenance for beares;  
Her hunger droyd with dew, her thurst with teares.  
Nor role; but, iuets on the God her eyes;  
And euer turnes her face to him that flies.  
At length, to earth her stupid body cleaneses:  
Her wan complexion turns to bloodlesse leauers,

Yet streakt with red: her perisht lims beger  
A flowre, resembling the pale Violet;  
Which, with the sun, though rooted fast, doth moue;  
And, being changed, changeth not her loue.

Thus she. This wondrous story caught their care:  
To some the same impossible appears;  
Others, that all is possible, conclude,  
To true-styld Gods: but, Bacchus they extrude.  
All whilst, Alcithoë, call'd vpon, doth run  
Her shettle through the web; and thus begin.

To omit the pastorall loues, to few vndeowne,  
Of young Idaean Daphnis; turn'd to stone  
By that vext Nymph; who could not else asswage  
Her icalousie: such is a louer's rage!  
And Scython who his nature innouates,  
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;  
With Celmus turn'd into an Adamant,  
Who of his faith to little loue might vane;  
The shorne Curetes, got by falling showres;  
Crocus and Smilax, chang'd to pretty flowres,  
I ouer-pasle; and will your eares surprize  
With sweet delight of vndeowne nouelties.

Then, know, how Salmacis infamous grew;  
Whose too strong waues all manly strength vndo,  
And mollifie, with their soule-softning touch:  
The cause vndeown; their nature knowne too much.  
Thidaean Nymphs narst, in secure delight,  
The sonne of Hermes and faire Aphrodite.  
His father and his mother in his looke  
You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.  
When Summers fife he thrice had multiply'd;  
Leaving the fount-full Hills of foster Idæ,

He wandered through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight  
 Of forren streames; toyle less'ning with delight.  
 The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds  
 Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:  
 There lighted on a Poole, so passing clear,  
 That all the glittering bottom did appear;  
 Inuiron'd with no marish-louing Reeds,  
 Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:  
 But, liuing Turf vpon the border grew;  
 Whose euer-Spring no blasting Winter knew.  
 A Nymph this haunts, vnpactiz'd in the chace,  
 To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.  
 Of all the Water-Nimiphs, this Nymph alone  
 To nimble-footed *Dian* was vnsknowne.  
 Her sisters oft would say; Fie, *Salmacis*,  
 Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this!  
 Upon a Quiuer, or a Iauclin scaze;  
 And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.  
 On Quiuer, nor on Iauclin, would she scaze;  
 Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.  
 But now in her owne Fountayne bathes her faire  
 And shapfull lyme; now kems her golden haire:  
 Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror drest;  
 There taking counseil what became her best:  
 Her body in transparant Robes array'd,  
 Now on soft leaues, or softer mose display'd:  
 Oft gathers flowres; so, when she saw the Boy:  
 Whom seen, forthwith shee couets to inioy;  
 And yet would not approch, though big with haire,  
 Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't;  
 Her loue-inueighling lookes set to inshare;  
 Who merited to be reputed faire.

Swee

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the aboad  
 Of blcst coelestials! if thou be a God,  
 Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,  
 Happy the Parents, whom thy person grace!  
 Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest!  
 Thy Nurse, muchmore, who fed thee with her brest!  
 But ( ô ! ) no lesse than deifid is shee  
 Whom mariage shall incorporate to thee!  
 If any such; let me this treasure steale:  
 If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials seale.

This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame;  
 Not knowing loue: whom shamefac'tness became.  
 So Apples shew vpon the sunny side;  
 So Iuory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:  
 So pure a red the siluer Moone doth staine,  
 When auxil'ary brasie resounds in vaine.  
 Shee earnestly intreats a sisters kisse:  
 And now, aduancing to imbrace her blisse,  
 He, strugling, said; Lasciuious Nymph, forbear;  
 Or I will quit the place, and leave you beare.  
 Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd;  
 'Tis freely yours; and therewith stept aside:  
 Yet, looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees  
 She closely sculks, and crouches on her kness.  
 The vacant Boy, now being left alone,  
 Imagining he was obseru'd by none,  
 Now here, now there, about the margent trips;  
 And, in th'alluring waves his ankles dips.  
 Caught with the Water's flattering temp'rature,  
 He streight distothes his body; &, how pure!  
 His naked beautie *Salmacis* amaz'd:  
 Who with vnsatiſfied longing gaz'd.

F 3

Her

Her sparkling eyes shoot flames through this sweet error;  
Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.  
Now, the impatiently her hope delays;  
Now, burns t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly stayes.  
He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,  
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;  
And, with his rowing armes, supports his lims:  
Which, through the pure waues, glister as he swims.  
Like Iuony statuēs, which the life surpassee;  
Or like a Lilly, in a crystall glasse.  
He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all vnstrip't;  
And, as she spake, into the water skipt:  
Hanging about the neck that did resist;  
And, with a mastring force, th'vnwilling kist:  
Now, puts her hand beneath his scornfull brest;  
Now euery way inuading the distrest:  
And wraps about the subiect of her lust,  
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trus'st;  
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clangs;  
And wreathes her tayle about his stretcht-out wings.  
So clasping Iuy to the Oke doth grow;  
And so the Polypus dertaines his foe.  
But Atlantides, relentless coy,  
Still struggles, and resists her hop't-for ioy.  
Inuested with her body: foolc, said shee,  
Struggle thou may'st; but never shalt be free.  
O you, who in immortall thrones reside,  
Grant that no day may euer vs diuide!  
Her wishes had their Gods. Euen in that space  
Their cleaving bodies mix: both haue one face.  
As when wee two diuided scions ioyne,  
And see them grow together in one rinc:

So they, by such a strett embracement glew'd,  
Are now but one, with double forme hidew'd.  
No longer he a boy, nor she a maid;  
But neither, and yet either, might be said.  
Hermaphroditus at himselfe admires:  
Who halfe a female from the spring retires,  
His manly lims how softched; and thus prayes,  
With such a voyce as neither sex betrays:  
Swift Herme, Aphrodite! him & heare  
Who was your sonne! who both your names doth beare!  
May euery man, that in this water swims,  
Returne halfe-woman, with infeebled lims.  
His gentle parents signē to his request;  
And with vnknownē receiues the spring infest.

Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no rest;  
But Bacchus slight, and still prophane his Feast.  
Then, suddenly harsh instruments surprize  
Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:  
Sweet Myrrhe and Saffron all the house perfume:  
Their webs (past credit!) flourish in the loome:  
The hanging wooll to green-leau'd Iuy spreads;  
Part, into vines: the equall twisted threads  
To branches run: buds from the diff'ret shoo'e;  
And with that purple paint their blushing frant.  
Now to the day succedes that doublfull light,  
Which neither can be called day, nor night.  
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines  
Appeare to burne; the roome with flashes shines;  
Fill'd with fantasticall resemblances  
Of howling beasts, whom blood and slaugter please.  
The Sisters, to the smoky roo'e retire,  
And, there disperse, abord both night and fire.

Thus, while they corners seek, thin films extend  
From lightned liuns, with small beams inter-pend,  
But how their former shapes they did forgoe,  
Concealing darknesse would not let them know.  
Nor are these little Light-dresting things  
Born vp with feathers, but transparant wings.  
Their voyce besits their bodies; small, and faint:  
Wherewith they harshly utter their complaint.  
These houses haunt, in night conceale their shame;  
And of the Loued Euening take their name.

All *These* now feared *Macbeth* celebrates:  
Whose wondrous powr his boasting Aunt relates.  
She onely, of so many sisters, knew  
No griefe as yet, but what from them she drew.  
A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,  
Nurte to a God; these caus'd her to surpass  
The bounds of her felicities; and made  
Vext *Uno* storm; who to her selfe thus said;

What could that Strumpet brat the form deseise  
Of poore *Aeolian* Saylers, drent in Seas?  
A Mother vrg to murther her owne son?  
And wing the three *Misides* that spun?  
Can I but vn-reuenged wrongs deplore?  
Must that suffize? and is our powre no more?  
He teacheſt what to doe; learne of thy Foe:  
What furie can, the wounds of *Penitent* show  
More than too-much. Why should not *I* tread  
The path which late her franticke sisters lead?

A steepe darke Cane, with deadly Ewe repleat,  
Through silence leads to hell's infernall seat.  
By this, dull *Styx* eiects a blasting fume:  
Here ghosts descend, whose bodies earth inbume;

Amongſt

Amongſt thofe thorns, ſtiffe Cold, and Palenesſe dwell.  
The now-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell;  
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* Cittie stands;  
Or that dire Palace where black Dis commands.  
A thouſand entries to this Cittie guide:  
The gates ſtill open ſtand, on every ſide.  
And as all Riuers run into the Deep:  
So all vnhouſed Soules doo thither creep.  
Nor are they pefteſed for want of roome:  
Nor can it be perceiu'd that any come.  
Here shadowes wander from their bodies pene:  
Some plead; and ſome the Tyrants Court frequent;  
Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploie their times:  
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.  
*Saturnia* ſtooping from her Throne of Ayre  
(Her hate immortall!) thither makes repayre.  
As ſoone as ſhee had entered the gate,  
The threshold trembl'd with her ſacred waight.  
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddessē dreads,  
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.  
Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night,  
Implacable, and hating all delighte.  
Before the doors of Adamant they ſit:  
And there with combs their ſnaky curles vnknie.  
When they through gloomy darknesſe did diſclose  
That forme of Heauen, the Goddesses aroſe.  
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.  
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,  
Had his vast body on nine Acres ſpread:  
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.  
From *Tartare*, deceiptfull water ſlips:  
And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.

F. 5

Those

Thou euer seekest, or roul'st vp in vaine  
A stone, o Sisyphus, to fall againe.  
Ixion, turn'd vpon a restlesse wheele,  
With giddy head purfews his flying heele.  
The Belides, whom Kins-men's blood accuse,  
For euer draw the Water, which they loose.  
On all, Saturnia frowns; but most of all  
At thee Ixion; then, a looke lets fall  
On Sisyphus: And why (said shee) remaines  
This brother onely in perpetuall paines;  
When haughtie Athamas, whose thoughts despise  
Both Ixion and me, abides in constant ioyes?  
Then tells the cause of her approch, her hate,  
And what shee would: the fall of Cadmus stare;  
That Athamas the Furies would distract,  
And vrge him to some execrable fact.  
Importunately shee soliciteth,  
Commands, intreats, and promist, with otie breath,  
Incent Tisiphone her Tresses shakes;  
And, tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,  
Thus said: You need not vse long ambages;  
Suppose all done already, that may please:  
Forsake this lothsome Kingdome, and repaire  
To th' vpper world's more comfortable ayre.  
Well-pleas'd Saturnia then to heauen with-drew:  
Whom first Thaumantian Iris purg'd with deaw.  
Forthwith, Tisiphone her garment takes,  
Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.  
About her head a bloody torch she shooke;  
And swiftly thole accurst aboads forsooke.  
Still-sighing Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,  
And gaitly Madnesse, her associats were.

The.

The entred Palace grond pale poysyn boyles  
The poliht doores: the frighted Sunne recycles.  
Then Athamas and Ixion, strucke with dread.  
And monstrous apparitions, sought chaufed:  
But sterne Eriwyns their escape withstands;  
And stretching-out her viper-grasping hands,  
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hilt,  
Some, falling on her shoulders, there vntwift;  
Others, vpon her vgly brest descend,  
Spet poysyn, and their forked tongues extend.  
Two Adders from her crawling haire shee drew,  
And those at Athamas and Ixion threw:  
These vp and down about their bosoms roule;  
And with infus'd infection sad the Soule.  
No wound vpon their bodies could be found:  
It was the mind that felte this desperat wound.  
She brought besides, from her abhorr'd home,  
The surfeit of Echidna, with the same  
Of hell-bred Cerberus, still-wandering Error,  
Oblivion, Mischief, Teares, infernall Terror,  
Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt:  
On murder; altogether ground, and mixt,  
With blood yet reeking; boyl'd in hollow brasie,  
And stird with Hemlocke. While sad Athamas  
And Ixion quake, she pours into their brests  
The ragfull poysyn; which their peace infests.  
Her flamy torch then whisking in a round  
(Whose circularie fire her conquest crown'd)  
To Pluto's emptie regement she makes  
A swift descent; and there vngirts her Snakes.  
Forthwith, Adoldes with poysyn boyles.  
I, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your royles;

Here,

Here, late a Lyone fit by me was seen  
 With her two whelps. With that, pursues the Queen  
 And from her brest cleare bas snatched: The Child  
 Stretches forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:  
 Whom like a sling about his head he swings;  
 And cruelly against the pavement flings.  
 The Mother, whether with her griefe distraught,  
 Or that the poyson on her senses wrought,  
 Runs howling with her haire about her eares;  
 And in bare arms her *Melicerta* beares;  
 Cryes Euoh! *Bacchus!* I was laught, and said;  
 Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repay'd.  
 There is a Rock that ouer-looks the Mayne,  
 Hollow'd by fretting Surges, sconst from rayne,  
 Whose craggy brow to valler Seas extends.  
 This, *Ins* (fury adding strength) ascends;  
 Descending head-long, with the load she beares;  
 And strikes the sparkling waues, that fall in teares.

Then, *Venus*, grieuing at her Neece's Fate,  
 Her Uncle thus intreats: O thou, whose State  
 Is next to *Love's*; great Ruler of the Flood;  
 My sute is bold; yet pity thou my blood,  
 Now toss'd in the deepe *Ins* Seas:  
 And ioyn them to thy warrie Deities.  
 Some favour of the Sea I should obtaine,  
 That am ingender'd of the vamy Maine:  
 Of which, the acceptable name I beare.  
*Nep*:*me* affords a favourable eare;  
 Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;  
 Then gave to either a Maiesticke looke;  
 In all their faculties divinely fram'd:  
 And her, *Lovers* fit; him, *Elements* rap'd.

The *Thre*:*en* Ladics, who her steps pursw'd,  
 Her last on the first Promontorie view'd.  
 Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,  
 They beat their brests; and *Cadmus* lamen't.  
 Of little Justice, and much Crueltie.  
 All, *Ins* tax. Indure (thee said) shall I.  
 Such blasphemies? I'lle make you monuments  
 Of my revenge. Threats vther their euents.  
 When one, of all the most affectionate,  
 Cry'd, O my Queen, I will parake thy Fate!  
 And thought to leape into the roring Flood;  
 But could not moue; her feete fast-fixed stood.  
 Another, who her bosome meant to beat;  
 Percciu'd her stiff'ned armes to lose their heat.  
 By chanc, her hand this stretcht to the Maine,  
 Nor could her hand, now stony, vstretch againe.  
 As She her violated Tresses tare,  
 Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.  
 Their Statues now those severall gestures beare,  
 Wherein they formerly surprised were.  
 Some, Fowles became; now cal'd *Cadmides*;  
 Who with their light wings sweepe those gulphy Seas.

Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raig'd.  
 In sacred Seas, and deathlesse States retayn'd.  
 Subdew'd with woes, with tragical euents,  
 That had no end, and many dire osents,  
 He leaues his Citie; as not through his owne,  
 But by the fortune of the place o're-thrown'e:  
 And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,  
 At length arriveth at th' *Ilyrian* Coast.  
 Now spent with griefe and age, whil'st they relate  
 Their former toyles, and Familie's first farras.

And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew  
(Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I tbrew  
(An vncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?  
If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,  
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!  
His belly lengthned, ere his with could end:  
Tough scales vpon his hardned out-side grew;  
The black, distinguished with drops of blew.  
Then, falling on his breast, his thighs vnite;  
And in a spiny progreesse stretch out-right.  
His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he spreads:  
And teates on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.  
Come, O Sad Soule, said he; thy husband touch;  
Whil'st I am I, or part of me be such.  
Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to shake;  
Before I totally endue a Snake.  
His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft  
In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.  
He hift, when he his sorrowes sought to vent;  
The onely language now which Nature lent.  
His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cryes,  
Stay *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies.  
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast;  
Thy colour, face, and (while I speake) the rest!  
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?  
He lickt her willing lips even as she spake;  
Into her well-knownne bosom glides; her waste,  
And yeelding neck, with louing twines imbrac't.  
Amazement all the standers-by possest;  
While glittering combs their slippery heads inuest.  
Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,  
Till they the couert of the Wood attayn'd.

These

These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,  
Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence feare.

Yet were those sorrowes by their daughters sonne  
Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:  
To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate;  
Divinely magnifi'd through either State.

Alone *Acrisius* *Abantades*,  
Though of one Progenie, dissent from these:  
Who, from th' *Argolian* Citie, made him flic;  
And manag'd armes against a Deitie.

Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Iesse*'s doth hold;  
(Begot on *Danae* in a showre of gold)  
Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)  
Both to haue forc't the God, & doom'd the Youth.

Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:  
The other through Ayr's emptie Region flies;  
And beares along the memorable spoyle  
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyle.  
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew,  
The bloud, that drop't from *Gorgon*'s head, streight gree  
To various Ser'pents, quickned by the ground:  
With these, those much infested Climes abound.

Hither and thither, like a cloud of rayne  
Borne by croffe windes, he cuts the ayric Mayne;  
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;  
And ouer all the ample World doth flic:  
Thrice saw *Arthus*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;  
Oft harried to the East, oft to the West.  
And now, not trusing to approached night,  
Upon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:  
And craues some rest, till *Lucifer* displayes  
*Aurora*'s blush, and shec *Apollo*'s rayes.

Page

Huge-statur'd *Atlas Iapetoni des*  
 Here sway'd the vtmost bounds of Earth and Seas ;  
 Where Titan's panting steeds his Chariot steepe ,  
 And bathe their fierie feet-locks in the Deepe .  
 A thousand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed  
 In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread :  
 Here to their tree the shining branches lute ;  
 To them, their leaues ; to those, the golden fruit .  
 Great King, said *Persens*, if high birth may moue  
 Respect in thee, behold the sonne of *Ione* :  
 If admiration, then my Acts admire ;  
 Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire ;  
 He, mindfull of this prophecie, of old  
 By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told ;  
 In time thy golden fruit a prey shall proue,  
 O *Iaphet*'s sonne, vnto the sonne of *Ione* .  
 This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd  
 With solid Cliffs, that all acceſſe oppos'd :  
 The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held ;  
 And from his Land all Forrainers expel'd.  
 Be gone, said he, for feare thy glories proue,  
 But counterfeit ; and thou no sonne to *Ione* ;  
 Then addes vnciuill violence to threats.  
 With strength t'ie other seconds his intreats :  
 In strength inferiour; Who so strong as he ?  
 Since courtesie, nor any worth in me,  
 Vext *Persens* said, can purchase my regard .  
 Yet from a guest receiue thy due reward .  
 With that, *Medusa*'s vgly head he drew,  
 His owne rouersed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew .  
 Into a Mountayne equall to the man :  
 His haire and beard to woods and bushes ran .

His

His arms and shoulders into ridges spred ;  
 And what was his, is now the Mountaynes head :  
 Bones turne to stones ; and all his parts extrude  
 Into a huge prodigious altitude.  
 (Such was the pleasure of the euer-blest)  
 Whercon the heauens, with all their capers, rest.

*Hippotades* in hollow rocks did close  
 The strife-full Windes : Brighte *Lucifer* arose  
 And rous'd vp Labour. *Persens*, having ty'd  
 His wings t' his feet, his fauchion to his side,  
 Sprung into ayre : below, on either hand  
 Innumerable Nations left the Land  
 Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cephēa* fields suruay'd ;  
 There, where the innocently wretched maid  
 Was for her mothers proud impietie,  
 By vniuit *Ammon* sentenced to die.  
 Whom when the Heros saw to hard rocks chain'd ;  
 But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,  
 And light winds gently fann'd her fluent haire,  
 He would haue thought her marble Ere aware  
 He fire attractit ; and, astonisht by  
 Her beautie, had almost forgot to fly.  
 Who lighting said ; O fairest of thy kinde  
 (More worthy of those bands which Louers bind,  
 Than these rude gyues) the Land by thee renown'd,  
 Thy name, thy birth declare ; and why thus bound.  
 At first, the silent Virgin was affrayd  
 To speake t' a man ; and modestly had made  
 A vizard of her hands ; but, they were ty'd :  
 And yet abortive rear'd their founaines hide.  
 Still vrg'd, lest she should wrong her innocencie,  
 As if alham'd to vrecher her offence,

Her

Her Countrye shew discouers; her owne name;  
 Her beauteous Mothers confidence, and blame.  
 All yet vntold, the Waues began to rore:  
 Th' apparant Monster (haftning to the shore)  
 Before his brest, the broad-spreid Sea vp-beares.  
 The Virgin shrecks. Her Parents see their feares.  
 Both mourne; both wretched (but, shew iustly so:)  
 Who bring no aid, but extasies of woe,  
 With teares that lute the time: Who take the leaue  
 They loathe to take; and to her body cleaue.  
 You for your griefe may haue, the stranger said,  
 A time too long: short is the houre of aid.  
 If freed by me, *rose's* sonne, in fruitfull gold  
 Begot on *Dane* through a brazen Hold;  
 Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the shakie haire,  
 And boldly glide through vn-inclosed aire:  
 If for your sonne you then will me prefer;  
 Adde to this worth, That in deliuering her,  
 I letrie (so fauour me the Powres diuine)  
 That shew, sau'd by my valour, may be mine.  
 They take a Law; intreat what he doth offer:  
 And further, for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer:  
 Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow  
 (Row'd by the sweat of slaues) the Sea doth plow:  
 Even so the Monster furroweth with his brest,  
 The foming flood; and to the neare Rocke prest:  
 Not farther distant, than a man might fling  
 A way-inforcing bullet from a sling.  
 Forth-with, the youthfull issye of rich shoures,  
 Earth putting from him, to the blew skye towrs.  
 The furious Monster eagerly doth chace  
 His shadow, gliding on the Seas strideth face.

And

And as *loue's* bird, when shew from high suruayes  
 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;  
 Descends vnseene, and through his necks blew scales  
 (To shun his deadly teeth) her talons nail's:  
 So swiftly stoops high-pitcht *machides*:  
 Through singing ayre: then on his backe doth seaze;  
 And neere his right fin sheathes his crooked sword  
 Up to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:  
 Now capers in the ayre, now diues below  
 The troubled waues; now turn's vpon his foe:  
 Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager hounds  
 Haue at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.  
 He, with swift wings, his greedy iawes avoids;  
 Now, with his fauchion wounds his scaly sides;  
 Now, his shell-rough-cast back; now, whereto the taile  
 Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd t'affaile.  
 A streme mixt with his bloud the Monster flings  
 From his wide throat; which wets his heavy wings:  
 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely  
 On their support. He sees a rock hard by,  
 Whose top aboue the quiet waters stood;  
 But vnderneath the winde-incensed flood.  
 There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,  
 His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.  
 The shore rings with th' applause that fills the skye.  
 Then, *cebeus* and *Cassiope*, with ioy,  
 Salute him for their son: whom now they call  
 The Sauiour of their House, and of them all.  
 Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chaines;  
 The cause, and recompence of all his paines.

Meane-while, he walneth his victorious hands  
 In cleansing waues. And lest the beachy Sands

Should

Should hurt the snaky head, the ground he strew  
 With leaues and twigs that vnder water grew:  
 Whereon, *Medusa*'s vgly face he layes.  
 The greene, yet iuicy, and attractive sprayes  
 From the toucht Monster stiffning handeske tooke,  
 And their owne natuue pliancy forsooke.  
 The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie  
 On other Sprigs, and in the issue ioy:  
 Who sow againe their Seeds vpon the Deeps.  
 The Corall now that propertie doth keepe,  
 Receiuing hardnes from felt ayre alone:  
 Bencath the Sea a twig, aboue a stone.  
 Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,  
 To *Hermes*, *Ioue*, and Her who warre affectes;  
*Minerva*'s on the right; on the left hand  
 Stood *Mercurie*'s: *Ioue*'s in the midle did stand.  
 To *Mercurie*, a Calfe they sacrifice;  
 To *Ioue*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:  
 Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward  
 Of so great worth; with Dow'r, of lesse regard.  
 Now, *Ioue* and *Hymen* vrge the Nuptiall Bed:  
 The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;  
 The house hung round with Garlands; evry where  
 Melodious Harps and Songs salute the eare;  
 Of ioyfull mirth, the free and happy signes:  
 With Dores display'd, the golden Palace shines.  
 The *Cepheus* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,  
 Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.  
 The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare  
 Their heightned spirits: *Uxius* longs to heare  
 Their fashions, manners, and originall;  
 Who, by *Lycaedes* is inform'd of all.

This

This told; he said: Now tell, O valiant Knight,  
 By what felicitie of force or sleight,  
 You got this purchase of the snaky haire.  
 Then *Abantides* forthwith declares,  
 How vnder frosty *Atlas* cliffe side  
 There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortify'd:  
 In whose acceſſe the *Pborcides* did lye;  
 Two sisters; both of them had but one eye:  
 How cunningly his hands theron he lay'd,  
 As they from one another it conuay'd.  
 Then through blind waſts, and rocky forrests came  
 To *Gorgon*'s house: the way vnto the same,  
 Beset with formes of men and beasts, alone  
 By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:  
 Whose horrid ſhape ſecurly he did eye,  
 In his bright target's cleere refulgency.  
 And how her head he from her ſhoulders tooke,  
 Ere heauy Ileſſe her ſnakes and her forſooke.  
 Then told of *Legænus*, and of his brother,  
 Sprung from the bloud of their new-slaughtred mother:  
 Adding the perils past in his long way;  
 What leas, what foyles, his eyes below furuay;  
 And to what ſtarres his lofty pitch aſcends:  
 Yet long aſore their expectation ends.  
 One Lord among the reſt would gladly know,  
 Why Serpents only on her head did grow.  
 Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require  
 Delerues the knowledge, take what you deſire:  
 Her passing beaute was the onely ſcope  
 Of mens affections, and their enuied hope:  
 Yet was not any part of her more rare  
 (So ſay they who haue ſeen her) than her haire.

Whom

Whom Neptune in Minerua's Fane comprest.  
 Jove's daughter, with the  $\Delta$  is on her brest,  
 Hid her chaste blushes; and due vengeance takes,  
 In turning of the Gorgon's haire to Snakes.  
 Who now, to make her enemies affrayd,  
 Bearcs in her shielf the Serpents which she made.

## OVID'S

OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSIS.

## The fifth Booke.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Gorgon scene, Cephene, Scænes growes.  
 So Phineus, Pegeus, Holodea, before  
 To Perleus prayse. The fountaine Hippocrene  
 By Horse-boote rays'd. The Medifer into Nine  
 Rape-syng. Birds: Pierides, to Tyrs.  
 The Gods, by Typhon cha's, themselves disguis'd.  
 Sad, yanc into a Fountayne flowers.  
 Th' ill-nurtur'd Boy a Spotted Stellion growes.  
 Low'd Arethusa changes into a spring.  
 Alcalaphus an Owl, Mighes feathers wing.  
 The swiftest fowle, Syrena, by an Water-mourne  
 Starn Lynx. Ceres to a Lynx dethurne.

VV Hil'st the Danaean Heros this relates,  
 Amidst th' assembly of the Cephene States;  
 Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:

Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;  
 But such as menace warre. The nuptiall Feast,  
 Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life exprest.  
 A peacfull Sea, whose brow no frown deformes,  
 Streight raffled into billowes by rude stormes.  
 First, *huncus*, the rash Author of this warre,  
 Shaking a Lance, began the deadly iarde.  
 Lo, I the man, that will vpon thy life  
 Revenge, said hit, the rapture of my wife.

Nor shall thy wings, nor *lone* inforged gold,  
Worke thy escape. About to throw : Q hold!  
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?  
What furie,frantick brother,tempts thee to  
So soule a fact? Is this the recompence  
For such high merit? for her life's defence?  
Not *Perseus*,but th' incens't *Nereides*,  
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas  
(That Orke that sought my bowels to devoure)  
Haue snacht her from thee ; rausiht in the houre  
Of her expolute. But thy cructie  
Perhaps was well content that she should die,  
To eale thy losse with ours. May't not suffize,  
That shee was bound in chaynes before thine eyes;  
That thou,her Vnkle, and her Husband,brought  
Her perill no preuention,nor none sought;  
But that anothers aid thou must enuy,  
And claime the Tropheys of his victory?  
Which,if of such esteeme,thou shouldest haue strain'd  
T' haue forct them from those Rocks, where lately chain'd  
Let him,who did, enjoy them: nor exact  
What is his dew by merit and compact.  
Nor thinke,we *Perseus* before thee prefer;  
But him, before so abhort'd a sepulcher.  
He,without answer, rowling to and fro  
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throwe:  
And pausing, his ill-aymed lance at length  
At *Perseus* hurles, with rage-redoubled strength,  
Fixt in the bed-stock; vp fierce *Perseus* starts,  
And his reuerted Speare at *Phineus* darts:  
Who suddenly behind an Altar stept;  
An Altar reuengance from the wicked kept:

And

And yet in *Khætus*brow the weapon stuck.  
He fell : the steele out of his scull they pluck:  
Who spurnes the earth, and staynes the board with blood,  
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,  
Their Lances fling, and some there be who criue,  
That *Cepheus*,and his sense in law,should die.  
But *Cepheus* wisely quites the clamorous Hall;  
Who Faith and Justice doth to record call,  
With all the hospitable Gods; that hee  
Was from this execrable vp-rose free.  
The warlike *Pallas*,present,with her shield  
Protects her Brother, and his courage sted.  
Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there,  
Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare  
In her cleare Waues: his beautie excellēt,  
Which rare and costly ornaments augments  
Who scarce had fully sixteene Summers told:  
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle,fring'd with gold.  
About his neck he wore a carquenet;  
His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.  
Although he cunningly a Dart could throwe,  
Yet with more cunning could he vse his Bowe,  
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand,  
Quick *Perseus* from the Altar snach't a Brand,  
And dasht it on his face : one-start his eyes;  
And through his flesh the shimered bones arise.  
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,  
Shaking his formleffe looks, with bloud imbrew'd  
To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,  
And one who could not his affection hide:  
After he had his tragedie bewail'd;  
Who through the bitter wound his soule exhal'd.

G

See

He took the Bowe, which erst the Youth did bend ;  
 And said ; With me, thou Murderer contend ;  
 Nor longer glory in a Boye's sad face,  
 Which staines thy actions with deserved hate.  
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew ;  
 Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew.  
*Acrisioniade* vpon him prest ;  
 And sheath'd his Harpy in his groaning brest.  
 Now dying, he for *Alys* looks, with eyes  
 That swim in night ; and on his bosomie lyes ;  
 Then chearfully expires his parting breath ;  
 Reioycing to be ioyn'd to him in death.  
*Thor* has the *Syene*, *Methion*'s son.  
 With him the *Libyan Amphimedon* ;  
 Eager of combate, slipping in the blood.  
 That drencht the pavement, fell : his sword withstood  
 Their re-ascent, which through the short-ribs smote  
*Amphimedon*, and cut the others throte.  
 Yet *Perses* would not venture to invade  
 The Halbertere *Erisbeus* with his blade ;  
 But in both hands a Goblet high imboft.  
 And massie, cooke ; which at his head he tost :  
 Who vomits clotted bloud ; and, tumbling downe,  
 Knocks the hard paument with his dying crowne.  
 Then *Polydamon* (sprung from Goddesse-borne  
*Semiramis*) *blegias*, the vnshorne  
*Elyce*, *Chitus*, *Scythian Abus*,  
 And braue *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* blisse)  
 Fell by his hand : whose feet in triumph tread  
 Vpon the slaughtred bodies of the dead.  
 But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe  
 In close assault, far-off a dart doth throwe

Which

Which led by error, did on *Ida* lighte ;  
 A Neuter, who in vaine forbore to fighte.  
 He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake :  
 Since you, me an unwilling partie make,  
 Reccive the enemie whom you haue made ;  
 That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.  
 About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his sides  
 With losse of bloud he faints, and falling dy'd.  
 Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clytus*'s sword ;  
 Next to the King, the greatest *Cepheus* Lord.  
*Hypseus* slew *Proserper* ; *Lyceedes*  
*Hipseus*. Old *Emathion* fell with these ;  
 Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the righte.  
 He, whom old age exempted from the fight,  
 Fights with his tongue, himselfe doth interpose,  
 And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.  
*Cromis*, as he imbrac't the Altar, lopt  
 His shaking head ; which on the Altar dropte :  
 Whose halfe-dead tongue yet curses, & expires  
 His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.  
 Then *Bellerus* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew ;  
 Who from one womb at once their being dropte ;  
 Inuincible with hurlo-bats, could they quell  
 The dints of swords. Neere these *Alphyus* fell,  
 The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd ;  
 Which to his temples a white fillet bound.  
 And thou *Lampides*, whose pleasant wit,  
 Detesting discord, in soft peace more fit  
 To sing vnto thy tunefull Lire ; now prest  
 With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feast :  
 When *Pettalus*, at him who stood far off  
 With his defenscliss Harp ; strikes with this scoff ;

G 2

Geo

Go sing the rest vnto the Ghosts below :  
 And pearct his Temples with a deadly blow.  
 His dying fingers warble in his fall :  
 And then, by chance, the Song was tragically.  
 This, vncoueng'd, *Lycormas* could not brooke ;  
 But from the door's right side a Leauer tooke,  
 And him between the head and shoulders knockt :  
 Downe falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.  
*Ciniphean Palaces* then fought to seaze  
 Upon the left : when fierce *Marmarides*  
 His hand nayl'd to the door-post with a Speare :  
 Whose side stern *Abas* pierc't as he stuck there.  
 Nor could he fall ; but giuing vp the ghost,  
 Hung by the hand against the sineare post.  
*Melanctus* then, of *Perses*'s partie, fell ;  
 And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell :  
 In *Nasamonia* none, than he more great  
 For large Possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.  
 The steel stuck in his groine, which death pursw'd :  
 Whom *Halcyone* of *Battaria* view'd  
 (The Author of the wound) as he did roule  
 His turn'd vp eyes, and fighed-out his soule :  
 For all thy land, said he, by this diuorce  
 Receiue thy length ; and left his bloudlesse corse.  
 The Speare, reuengefull *Abantis*'s drew  
 From his warm wound ; and at the Thrower threw :  
 Which in the middle doth his nares diuide ;  
 And, passing through, appear'd on either side.  
 Whil'st Fortune crown'd him, *Clytus* he confounds  
 And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds :  
 Through *Clytus* thighs a ready Dart he cast ;  
 An other twixt the jawes of *Danus* past.

Mindejan

Mindejan Celadon and Aster flew,  
 His Father doulfull, gotten on a lew :  
*Ecbion*, late well seene in things to come,  
 Now ouer-taken by an vndeowne doome :  
*Thoatles*, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd  
 And fell *Agyrtes*, that fould parricide.  
 Yet more remayn'd than were already spent :  
 For, all of them, to murder onc, consent.  
 The bold Conspirators on all sides fight ;  
 Impugning promise, merit, and his right.  
 The vainely-pious Father sides with th' other ;  
 With him, the frighted Bride, and penfue Mothers ;  
 Who fill the Court with out-cryes ; by the sound  
 Of clashing Armes, and dying screeches drown'd.  
*Bellona* the polluted floore imbreus  
 With streams of bloud, and horrid warre renewes.  
*False Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring  
 Begirt the Heros : who their Lances fling  
 As thick as Winters haile ; that blinde his sight,  
 Sing in his eares, and round about him light.  
 His guarded back he to a pillar sets ;  
 And with vndaunted force confronts their threase.  
*Chaonian Molpeus* prest to his left side :  
 The right, *Nabatbean Elbemon* ply'd.  
 As when a Tyger, piught with famine, heares  
 Two bellowing Herde within one Vale ; forbeareas,  
 Nor knowes on which to rush, as being both  
 To leaue the other, and would fall on both :  
 So *Perses*, which to strike, vncertayne proves ;  
 Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound remoues ;  
 Contented with his flight, in that the rage.  
 Of fierce *Elbemon* did his force ingage :  
 G 3.

Who

Who at his neck vncircumspectly stroke,  
And his keene sword against the pillar broke.  
The blade from varelenting stone rebounds ;  
And in his throte th' vnhappy owner wounds.  
Yet was not that enough to work his end ;  
Who fearfully doth now his armes extend  
For pitty vnto *Perseus*, all in vaine ;  
Who thrust him through with his *Cykenian* skeine.  
But, when he saw his valour ouer-sway'd  
By multitude: I must, said he, seek ayd  
(Since you your selues compell me) from my foe;  
Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgon's* head doth show.  
Some others seek, said *Theffalus*, to fright  
With this thy Monster; and with all his might  
A deadly dart indauour'd to haue throwne:  
But in that posture became a stone.  
Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest ;  
And thrust his sword at bold *Lynxides* brest :  
When, in the pasie, his fingers stupid grow ;  
Nor had the power of moving to or fro.  
But *Niles* (he who with a forged stile  
Vanted to be the sonne of seuen-fold *Nile*,  
And bare seuen siluer Rivers in his shield,  
Distinctly wauing through a golden field )  
To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung  
To euer-silent shadowes bearne a-long  
This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die  
By such a braue and high-borne enemie.  
His viterance faultred in the latter clause :  
The yet vnsinift found stuck in his iawes ;  
Who gaping stood as he would something say:  
And so had done, if words had found a way.

These

These *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint faultes that dead  
Your powres, said he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.  
Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds  
This Youth, who thus with Magick Armes confoundes.  
Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd ;  
Now mutely fixt: an arthid Statue made.  
These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight  
For *Perseus*, bold *Aconius*, at the sight  
Of *Gorgon's* snakes abortiuue marble grew.  
On whom *Astyages* in fury flew,  
As if aliue, with his two-handed blade ;  
Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made :  
Who, whil'st he wonders, the same nature tookes,  
And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.  
It were too tedious for me to report  
Their names, who perisht of the vulgar sore.  
Two hundred scap't the furie of the bight:  
Two hundred turne to stone at *Gorgon's* fighe.  
Now *Phineus* his vnjust contention rewes ;  
What should he doe ? the senselesse shapes he views  
Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore,  
And doth by name their seuerall ayd implore.  
And yet not truliting to his eyes alone,  
The next he toucht ; and found it to be stone.  
Then turns aside: and now, a Penitent,  
With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent,  
O *Perseus*, thine said he, thine is the day !  
Remoue this Monster. Hence, O hence conuay  
*Medusa's* ugly looks, or what more strange,  
Which humane bodyes into marble change !  
Not hate, nor thirst of rule begot this strife :  
I onely fought to re-obtaine my Wife.

G 4

These

Thine is the plea of Merit ; mine, of Time:  
 Yet, in contending I confess my crime.  
 For life (O chief of men !) I onely sew :  
 Afford me that : the rest I yeeld to you.  
 Thus he ; not daring to revert his eyes  
 On him whom he intreats : who thus replies.  
 Faint-hearted I binous, what I can afford,  
 (A gift of worth to such a fearefull Lord)  
 Take courage, and perswade thy selfe I will :  
 No wounding sword thy bloud shall euer spill.  
 Moreouer, that I may thy wish preuent,  
 Here will I fix thy lasting monument :  
 That thou by her thou lou'st maist still be seene ;  
 And with her Spouse's image cheare our Queen.  
 Then, on that fide Phorcynis head doth place,  
 To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face  
 And as from thence his eyes he would haue throwne,  
 His neck grew stiffe : his teares congeale to stoe.  
 With fearefull suppliant looks, submissiue hands,  
 And guiltie countenance, the Statue stands.

Victorous Abantia des now byes  
 T' his natiue Cittie, with the rescu'd prize :  
 There, vengeance takes on Pætus, and restor'd  
 His Grand-father ; whose wrongs redresse implor'd  
 For Pætus had by force of Armes expell'd  
 His brother ; and usurped Argos held.  
 But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protec<sup>t</sup>  
 Against the snaky Monsters grim aspect.  
 Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone  
 Through so great toyle, nor sorrowes vnder-gone ;  
 With thee, O Polydette, King of small  
 Sea-girt Seriphus, could preuale at all.

Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable :  
 Detracting ; and condemning for a fable  
 Medusa's death. The moued Youth replies :  
 The truth your selfe shall see ; Friends, shut your ey's.  
 Then, represents Medusa to his view :  
 Who presently a bloudlesse Statue grew.

Thus long Tritonia to her brother cleaver :  
 Then in a hollow cloud Seriphus leaues  
 (Scyros and Gyaros on the right-hand side) :  
 And o're the toyling Seas her course apply'd :  
 To Thebes, and Virgin Helicon ; there stay'd :  
 And thus vnto the learned Sisters said.

The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force :  
 Of that swift-winged Medusa's horfe,  
 Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood :  
 Who saw him issue from his Mothers blode...

Goddesse, Vrania answered, what cause :  
 So-euer you to this our Mansion drawes :  
 You are most wel-come. What you heard is true :  
 And from that Pegasus this Fountaine grew.

Then Pallas to the sacred Spring conuay'd,  
 Shec admires the waters by the horse-boofe made ;  
 Suruay's their high-grown groues, coole caues, fresh bowrs,  
 And meadowes painted with all sorts of flowers :  
 Then happy stiles shec the Meanderides,  
 Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.

O heauenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,  
 Most worthy our Societie to guide,  
 If so your active vertue did not moue  
 To greater deeds : deseru'dly you approue  
 Our studies, pleasant seat, and happie state,  
 Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.

Venus a Fish, a Stork did Hermes hide:  
 And still her voyce vnto her Harp apply'd:  
 Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,  
 Nor leisure serues you, nor is't worth your care.  
 Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat  
 Your long'd-for Verse; and takes a shady seat.  
 Then shee; On one we did the taske impose:  
*Calliope*, with Iuy crown'd, vp-rose;  
 Who with her thumb first tun'd the quauering strings,  
 And then this. Dirty to the nauis que fings.

The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent;  
 First gaue vs corne, a better nourishment;  
 First Lawes presrib'd: all from her bountie sprung.  
 By me, the Goddess's *Ceres* shall be sung.  
 Would We could Verses, worthy her, rehersse:  
 For thee is more than worthy of our Verse.  
*Trinacria* was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;  
 Who underneath the Ilands waighe doth grone;  
 That durst affect the Empire of the skyes:  
 Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to rike.  
*Aesonias Pelorus*, his right hand.  
 Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;  
 His legs are vnder *Lilybeus* spred;  
 And *Aetna*'s baske charge his horrid head:  
 Where, lying on his back, his iawes expire  
 Thick cloudes of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.  
 Oft times he struggles with his load below:  
 And Townes, and Mountaynes labours to ore-throw.  
 Earth-quakes therewith, the King of shadowes dreads,  
 For feare the ground should split aboue their heads,  
 And let-in Day t'affright the trembling Ghosts.  
 For this, he from his w<sup>th</sup> Empire posts,

Drawne

Drawne by black horses; tracing all the Round  
 Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.  
 Him *Erycina* from her Mount suruay'd.  
 ( Now fearelesse ) and, her sonne imbracing, said.

My Armes, my strength, my glorie; for my sake,  
*O Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;  
 And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,  
 Who rules the triple world's inferior part.  
 The Gods, euen *Love* himselfe; the God of waues;  
 And who illustrates earth haue beene thy slaves.  
 Shall Hell bo free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway.  
 Inlarge, and make th' internall Powr's oocye,  
 Yet we ( such is our patience! ) are dispis'd.  
 In our owne heaven; and all our force vnprix'd.  
 Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,  
 Far-darting *Diana*; how my worth they slight?  
 And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide.  
 If we permit; for slice affects their pride.  
 But, if thou fauour our ioynt Monarchy,  
 Thy Vnkle to the Virgin-Goddess tie.

Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth vnclose;  
 And one, out of a thousand arrowes, chose.  
 At her Arbitriment; a sharper head  
 None had; more ready, or that surer sped.  
 Then bends his Bowe: the string this eare arrives,  
 And through the heart of *Europa* the arrow driuic.

Not far remou'd from *Europa*'s high-built wall,  
 A Lake there is, which men *Pergusa* call.  
*Cayster*'s slowly-gliding waters beare.  
 Far fewer singing Swans than are heard thier.  
 Woods crown the Lake, and clothe it round about.  
 With leauy veils, which *Pebbles* beames keep-ost.

The

The trees create fresh ayr, th' Earth various flowres:  
 Where heat nor cold th' eternall Spring deuoures,  
 Whil'st in this groue *l' serpina* disports,  
 Or Violets pulls, or Lyllyes of all sorts;  
 And while she stroue with childish care and speed  
 To fill her lap, and others to exceed;  
 L's saw, affected, carryed her away,  
 Almost at once. Loue could not brooke delay.  
 The sad-fac't Goddess cryes ( with feare appall'd )  
 To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.  
 And as she tore th' adornment of her haire,  
 Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap shee bare.  
 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicitie,  
 That their losse also made the Virgin crye.  
 The Rausher flies on swift wheeles; his horses  
 Excites by name, and their full speed inforces:  
 Shaking for haste the rust-obscured raignes  
 Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy maines.  
 Through Lakes, through *Palicin*, which expires  
 A sulphurous breath, through earth ingendring fires,  
 They passe to where *Corinbian Bacchides*  
 Their Citie built betweene vinequall Seas.

The Land twixt *Aretusa* and *Cyane*  
 With stretcht-out hornes begirts th' included Sea.  
 Here *Cyane* who gave the Lake a name,  
 Amongst Sicilian Nymphs of speciall fame,  
 Her head aduanc't: who did the Goddess know?  
 And boldly said, You shall no farther goe;  
 Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* son:  
 What you compell, perswasion should haue won.  
 If humble things I may compare with great;  
*Anapis* lou'd me: yet did he intreas,

And

And me, not frigheed thus, espous'd. This said,  
 With out-stretcht armes his farther passage staid.  
 His wrath no longer *Plus* could restraine;  
 But giues his terror-striking steeds the raigne;  
 And with his Regall mace, through the profound  
 And ycelding water, cleaves the solid ground:  
 The breath t' infernall *Tartarus* extends:  
 At whose darke iawes the Chariot descends.  
 But *Cyane* the Goddess Rape laments;  
 And her owne iniur'd Spring; whose discouerers  
 Admit no comfort: in her heart shee beares  
 Her silent sorrow: now, resolues to teares;  
 And with that Fountayne doth incorporate,  
 Whereof th'immortall *Deric* but late.  
 Her softned members thaw into a dow:  
 Her nailes lessie hard, her bones now limber grew.  
 The stendrest parts first melt away: her haire,  
 Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that soone impaire,  
 And drop to stremes: then, arms, back, shoulders, side,  
 And bosom, into little Currents glide.  
 Water, in stead of blood, fils her pale veines:  
 And nothing now, that may be graupt, remainsse.  
 Meane-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine,  
 The fearfull Mother sought her childe in vain.  
 Not dewy-hayr'd *Aurora*, when shee rose,  
 Nor *Hesperus*, could wite neare her repose.  
 Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Aenia* lights;  
 And restlesse, carries them through frezzing Nights:  
 Againe, when Day the vanquish't Starres supprest,  
 Her vaniht comfort seeks from East to West.  
 Thirly with trauell, and no Fountayne nyc,  
 A cottage thatcht with straw, invites her eye.

Ae

At th' humble gate shee knocks : An old wife shewes  
 Her selfe thereat ; and seeing her, bestowes  
 The water so desir'd ; which shee before  
 Had boyld with barley. Drinking at the doore,  
 A rude hard-fauour'd Boy beside her stood,  
 Who laught, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood  
 Inflam'd with anger, what remayn'd shee threw  
 Full in his face ; which forthwith speckled grew.  
 His armes conuert to legs ; a taile withall  
 Spines from his changed shape: of body small,  
 Lest he might proue too great a foe to life:  
 Though leſſe, yet like a Lizard: th'aged wife  
 ( That wonders, weeps, and feares to touch it ) shuns,  
 And presently into a creuise runs.  
 Fit to his colour they a name elect,  
 With sundry little stars all-overspeckt.

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddess wandred through,  
 Were long to tell : Earth had not roome enough.  
 To Sicil shee returns : where ere shee goes,  
 Inquires ; and came where Cyane now flowes.  
 Shee, had shee not beeene changed, all had told,  
 Now, wants a tonguc her knowledge to vnfold:  
 Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gaue  
 A ſure oſtent : who bore vpon a waue  
 Perſepronē's rich zone ; that from her fell,  
 When, through the ſacred Spring, ſhe funke to hell.  
 This ſeen, and knowne ; as but then lost, ſhee tare,  
 Without ſelfe-pitty, her diſ-ſhued haire,  
 And with redoubled blowes her breſt invades:  
 Nor knowes what Land t'accufe, yet all vpbraids ;  
 Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t'abound :  
 Trinacria cluctly ; where the ſteps ſhee found.

Or

Of her misfortunes. Therefore there ſhee brake  
 The furrowing plough ; the Ox and owner ſtrake  
 Both with one death ; then, bade the fields beguile  
 The truſt impos'd, ſhrunk ſeed corrupts. That ſoile,  
 So celebrated for fertilitie,  
 Now barren grew: corne in the blade doth die.  
 Now, too much drouth annoys ; now, lodging showeres  
 Stars ſmitch, winds blaſt. The greedy fowle devoures  
 The new ſownē graine : Kintare, and Darnell tire  
 The ſetter'd Wheat ; and weeds that through it ſpice.  
 In Eliaſ waues Alpheus Loue appeard ;  
 And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd :  
 O Mother of that far ſought Maid, thou friend.  
 To life, ſaid ſhe ; herc let thy labour end :  
 Nor be offendēd with thy faithfull Land ;  
 That blameleſſe is, nor could her rape with-ſtand.  
 I, here a guest, not for my Country plead :  
 My Country Pisa is, in Elia bred ;  
 And, as an Alien, in Sicilia dwell :  
 But yet no Country pleaſeth me ſo well.  
 I, arethusa, now theſe Springs poſſeſſe :  
 This is my ſeat : which, courteous Goddess, bleſſe.  
 Why I affect this place, t'Ortigia came  
 Through ſuch vnf Seas ; I ſhall impart the ſame  
 To your deſire ; when you, more fit to heare,  
 Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.  
 Earth giues me way : through wholc darkē cauerns roll'd,  
 I here ascend ; and vnlawning stars behold,  
 While vnder ground by Styx my waters glide,  
 Your ſweet Proſerpine I there eſpy'd.  
 Full ſad ſhee was : euen then you might haue ſeen  
 Feare in her face : and yet ſhee is a Queen ;

And

And yet shee in that gloomy Empire swayes;  
And yet her will th' infernall King obayes.  
Stone-like stood Ceres at this heauy newes;  
And, staring, long continued in a muse.  
When griefe had quickned her stupiditie,  
Shee tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:  
There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,  
Shee kneeles to Iupiter, and made this pray'r.  
Both for my blood and thine, & sonne, I sew:  
If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you  
A Father to your Daughter proue; nor be  
Your care the lesse, because shee sprung from me.  
Lo, shee at length is found, long sought through all  
The spacious World; if you a Finding call  
What more the lesse assyres: but if, to know  
Her being, be to Finde, I haue found her so.  
And yet I would the iniurie remit,  
So he the stolne restore: 'Twere most vnfit  
That holy Hymen should thy daughter ioyne  
To such a Thief; although shee were not mine.

Then Ione: The pledge is mutuall, and these cares  
To either equall: Yet this deed declares  
Much loue, mis-called Wrong: nor should we shams  
Of such a sonne, could you but thinke the same.  
All wants suppose, can he be lesse than great,  
And be Ione's brother? What, when all compleat?  
I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burne  
In endlesse spleen; Let Proserpine returne:  
On this condition, That shee yet haue ta're  
No sustenance: so Destinies ordaine.  
To fetch her daughter, Ceres postes in haste:  
But, Faces with-blood: the Maid had broke her fast.

For,

For, wandring in the Ore-yard, simply shee  
Pluckt a Pomegranet from the Stooping Tree;  
Thence tooke leuen grains and eats them one by one:  
Obserued by Ascalaphus alone;  
Whom Aetheron on Orphee erst begot  
In pitchy Caues: a Dame of speciall note  
Amongst th' Auernal Nymphs. This vtter'd, stayd  
The sighing Queenie of Erebus; who madc  
The Blab a Bird: with wauers of Pblegeton  
His face besprinkles; plume apperaes thereon,  
Crooke beake, and broader eyes: the shape he had  
He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.  
His head or'e-siz'd, his long nailes talons proue;  
His winged armes for laziesse scarce moue:  
A filthy, euer ill-presaging Fowle,  
To Mortals ominous: a screeching Owle.  
Yet was the punishment no more than due  
To his offence. But how offended you  
Acheloides, that wings and clawes disgrace?  
Your goodly formes, yet keeps your Virgin-face?  
Was it, you Siron, that your deathlesse Powers  
Were with the Goddesse when shee gatherd flowers?  
Whom when through all the Earth you sought in raine,  
You wist for wings to swim vpon the Maines,  
That pathlesse Seas might testifie your care:  
The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.  
Streight, golden feathers on your backs appaere:  
But, left that musick, fram'd to enchant the eare,  
And so great gifts of speech should be prophan'd;  
Your Virgin-looks, and humane voyce remayn'd.

But Ione, his sister's discontent to cheare,  
Between her and her Brother pares the yare,

The

The Goddess now in either Empire swayes:  
Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* stayes.  
*Proserpina* then chang'd her minde, and looke  
( Late such as sullen *Dis* could hardly brooke )  
And clear'd her browes; as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds.  
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquish't clowds.

Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Aretbusa* tell  
Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well.  
Th' obsequious waters left their murmuring:  
The Goddess then aboue the Crystall Spring  
Her head advanc't; and, wringing her grea' haire,  
Shee thus *Alpheus* ancient loue declares.

I, of *Acbeia* once a Nympli: none more.  
The chace affected, or t' intoyle the Bore.  
By beautie though I neuer sought for fame;  
Though iuasculine; offaire I bare the name,  
Nor tooke I pleasure in any praysed face,  
Which others valew as their only grace:  
But, simple, was ashamed to excell;  
And thought it infamy to please too-well;  
As from *Sympbalian* woods I made retreat  
( Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat )  
When well-nigh tyrd; a silent stremme I found,  
All eddiesse, perspicuous to the ground:  
Through which you every pebble might haue seen;  
And ran, as if it had no Riuver been.  
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed  
By bordering stremmes, their gratafull shadow spread.  
In this coole Rivulet my foot I dipt;  
And by and by into the middle skipt:  
Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro  
A thousand wayes, with armes that swiftly row,

I from the bottom heard an vndeclared tonguc;  
And frighted, to the hither margent sprung.  
Whither so fast, & *Aretbusa* twice  
Out cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voyce.  
Vnclothed as I was, I ran away  
( For, on the other syde my garments lay )  
The faster followed he, the more did burne;  
Who naked, seeme the readier for his turne.  
As trembling Doves the eger Hawkes eschew;  
As eger Hawkes the trembling Doves pursw;  
I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,  
*Paphis*, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Menalans*,  
*Cold Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I  
My flight maintayned; nor could he come ny:  
But, far vnable to hold out so long;  
He, patient of much labour, and more strong.  
And yet o're Plaines, o're woody hills I fled,  
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.  
The Suane was at our backs: before my feet  
I saw his shadow; or my feare did see't.  
How-ere his sounding steps, and thick drawne breath  
That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.  
Starke tyrd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help ( & forlornd! )  
*Diana* helpe thy Squire, who oft haue borne  
Thy Bowe and Quiver! Mou'd at my request,  
With muffling clowds she couer'd the distrest.  
The Riuver seekes me in that pitchy shrowd,  
And searches round about the hollow clowd:  
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;  
And twice he is *Aretbusa* cry'd.  
Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so feares  
When howling Wolves about the Fold she beares?

So heartlesse Hare, when trayling Hounds draw aye  
 Her scented forte; nor dares to moue an eye.  
 Nor went he on, in that he could not trace  
 My further steps; but guards the clowd and place.  
 Cold sweats my then-besieged lims possest:  
 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.  
 Where-ere I step, stremes run; my haire now fell  
 In trickling deaw; and, sooner than I tell  
 My destinie, into a Flood I grew.  
 The Riuers his beloued waters knew;  
 And, putting off th'assumed shape of man,  
 Resumes his owne; and in my Current ran.  
 Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind cauge,  
 To lou'd *Ortygia* she conducts my waues;  
 Affected for her name: where first I take  
 Reciuue of day. This, *Aretbusa* spake.

The fertill Goddess to her Chariot chaines  
 Her yoked Dragons, chekct with stubborn raignes:  
 Her course, 'twixt heauen and earth, to *Athens* bends;  
 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.  
 Part of the seed shee gaue, shee bade him throw  
 On vntill'd earth; part on the till'd to sow.  
 O're *Europe*, and the *Asian* soyle conuay'd,  
 The Youth to *Scythia* turnes; where *Lynxus* sway'd.  
 His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,  
 His cause of comming, Countrie, and his Name:  
*Triptolemus* men call me, he reply'd;  
 And in renowned *Athens* I reside.  
 No ship through toylng Seas me bithier bare;  
 Nor ouer-land came I; but through the ayre.  
 I bring you *Ceres* gift: which sowne in fields,  
 Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yelds.

The

The barbarous King enuies it: and, that he  
 The Author of so great a good might be;  
 Giues entertainment: but, when sleep opprest  
 His heavy eyes, with steele attempts his brest.  
 Whom *Ceres* turn's t'a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes  
 The young *Mopsopian* drue her sacred Snakes.

Our Chiese concluded here her learned Layes.  
 The Nymphs, with one consent, giue vs the Bayes:  
 The vanquisht railc. To whom the Muse: Since you  
 Esteeme it nothing to deserue the due

To your contention, but must adde foule words  
 To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords  
 Our patience roome: we'll wreak it on your heads,  
 And tread the path which Indignation leads.  
 The *Peons* laugh, and our sharp threats despise.  
 About to scould, and with disgracefull noysie  
 To clap their hands; they saw the feathers sprout  
 Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes through.  
 Hard nebs in one another's faces spic;  
 And now, new birds, into the Forrest flie.  
 These Syluan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare  
 To beat their bosoms; mount, and hang in ayre.  
 Who yet retayne their ancient eloquence;  
 Full of harsh chat, and prating without sense.

OVID'S

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The sixth Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

¶ *Allas, an old-wife. Hamo's thoughts distract  
Hemus and Rhodope; who Mountains now grow.  
The Pigmy, a Crane. Antigone becomes  
A Stork. Deianeira Cyaneus transforms.  
His impious daughters, Junes. In various shapes  
The Gods commit adultery, and rape.  
Arachne, a Spider. Niobe yet drowned  
Her marble cheekes in tears. Uncall'd Cleonnes  
Are curs'd to Frogs. From roses danc'd Myrsyns flower.  
His iury shoulder new-made Pelops forswore.  
P. oene, a Swallow; sign'd with murder'd Asina.  
Sad Philomel to secret nighte complaint.  
Rape is a Lapping turns th' Odrysian king.  
Calais and Zetes marines feathers wove.*

**T**ritonia to the Muse attention lends:  
Who both her Verse, and iust revenges commends.  
Then said t'her selfe: To praise is of no words.  
Let our revenged Powre our praise set forth.  
Intends Araneas ruine. She, she heard,  
Before her curious webs, her owne prefer'd.  
Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impare  
Vnto the Damself, but excelling Art.

H

Deriv'd

Deriu'd from *Colephenian Idmons* side ;  
 Who thirstie Wooll in *Phocian* purple adide.  
 Her mother ( who had pay'd her debt to fate )  
 Was also meane, and equall to her mate.  
 Yet through the *Lydian* townes her prale was spred ;  
 Though poore her birth, in poore *Hypaea* bred.  
 The Nymphs of *Timolus* oft their Vines forsooke ;  
 The sleeke *Pactolian* Nymphs their stremes ; to looke  
 On her rare workes : nor more delight in viewing  
 The don ( don with such grace ) than when a doing.  
 Whether she orbe-like roule the ruder wooll ;  
 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull :  
 Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes ;  
 Or equall twine with swift-tura'd spindle makes ;  
 Or with her lucly-painting needle wrought :  
 You might perceiue she was by *Pallas* taught.  
 Yet such a Mistresse her prouid thoughts dislame :  
 Let her with me contend ; if soyl'd, no shame  
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.  
*Pallas*, forth-with, an old-wives shape indus :  
 Her haire all white ; her lyme, appearing weake,  
 A staffe supports : who thus began to speake.

Old Age hath somthing which we need not shun :  
 Experience by long tract of time is won.  
 Scorne not aduico, with dames of humane race  
 Content-for fame, but give a Goddesse place.  
 Craue pardon, and she will thy crime remit.

With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knir,  
 ( Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes )  
 She, masked *Pallas* with these words peouokes.

Old foole, that do'st with age ; to whom long-life  
 Is now a curse : thy daughter, or sons wife,

( If thou hast cide ) caught be they by this :  
 My wisdom, for my selfe, sufficient is.  
 And least thy counsell should an interest clame  
 In my diuersion, I abide the same.  
 Why comes she now ? why tryall thus delayes ?  
 She comes, said *Pallas*, and her selfe displayes  
 Nymphs, and *Mugdonian* dames, the Powre adores  
 Only the maid-here selfe yndaunted bore :  
 And yet she blushe ; against her will the red  
 Flush in her cheeks, and shence as swiftly fled.  
 Euen so the purple Morning paints the skyes :  
 And so they whiten at the Sunne vprise.  
 Who now, as desperately obstinate,  
 Praise ill, affording, runs on her evill fate,  
 No more Ioxes daughter labours to diswade,  
 No more refudeth, nor the strife delayde.  
 Both settle to their tasks apart : both spread  
 At once their warps, expulsing of fine thred,  
 Ty'd to their heames ; a reed the dired diuides,  
 Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,  
 Shot by swift hands. The comb, inserced tooth  
 Between the warp supprest the rising woofe :  
 Strife lef'sting toyle. With skirts tuck to their waists,  
 Both strode their cunning armes with nimble hast.  
 Here crimson, dyde in Tyr as brasse, they weare :  
 The scarce distinguishe shadowes fight deceave.  
 So watry cloudes, that by *Apelles*, shewe ;  
 The vast sky painted with a mightie Bowe :  
 Where, though a thousand seuerall colours shine,  
 No eye their close transition can define :  
 What touch, the same so nearely represents ;  
 And by degrees, scarce sensible, dissent.

Through-out imbellished with ductil gold :  
And both reuiu'd antiquities vnfold.

Pallas, in *Athens*, Marpe's Rock doth frame :  
And that old strife about the Citties name :  
Twice six Cœlestials sit iu thron'd on high,  
Replete with awe-insuling gravities :  
*Love* in the midst. The stately figures tooke  
Their liuely formes: *Love* had a regall looke.  
The Sea-god stood, and with his Trident stroke  
The cleaving rock, from whence a fountain ne brake :  
Whereon he grounde his clasp: With speare and shield  
Her selfe she armes: her head a Nutrition held :  
Her brest her *Aegis* guards. Her lance the grounde  
Appeares to strike; and from that pregnante sound  
The hoary olive, charg'd with fruit, ascends.  
The Gods admire! with victory she ends.  
Yet she, to shew the Riuall of her prayse  
What hopes to cherish for such bold asayes,  
Add's soure contentionis in the ventail-bounds  
Of cuety angle, wrought in little Rounds.  
One, *Thracian Rhoade* and *Horus* shewes,  
Now mountaines, top'd with never-yielding flowers,  
Once humane bodyes: who durst emulate  
The blest Cœlestials both in stile and state.  
The next containes the amissable drome  
Of that *Pygmean* marron, *Outer-cothe*  
By *Inno*; made a Crane, and sort'd to farre  
With her ownç nation in perpetuall war.  
A third preschets *Antigone*, who strode  
For vnmacth beautie with the wife of *Iulus*.  
Not *Ilium*, nor *Lannedon* her site,  
Preuail'd with violent *Saxonia*'s ire.

Turn'd

Turn'd to a Stork; who, with white pinions rais'd,  
Is cuer by her creaking bill selfo-prais'd.  
In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;  
Who, on the temples staires, the foras embrac't  
Of his late daughters, by their pride o're-throwne:  
And seemes himselfe to be a weeping stone.  
The web a wreath of peacefull olive bounds:  
And her owne tree her work both ends and crownes.  
*Arachne weates Europa's* rape by *Taur*:  
The Bull appeares to liue, the Sea to moue.  
Back to the shore she cast a heauy eye;  
To her distracted damsel scemes to cry:  
And from the sprinkling waues, that skip to meet,  
With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.  
*Aeria* there a strugling Eagle prest:  
A Swan here spreads his wings o're *Leda*'s brest.  
*Love*, *Satyr*-like, *Antipe* compels:  
Whose fruitfull womb with double issue swels:  
*Amphytrio* for *Aleuena*'s love became:  
A shoure for *Dazal*; for *Aegina* flame:  
For beautifull *Mnemosyne* he takes:  
A pastors forme; for *Deoii*, *ulnakes*:  
Thce also, *Neptune*, like a lustfull Deere:  
She makes the faire *Aslian* Virgin boare:  
To get th' *Aloides* in *Enope*'s shape:  
Now turn'd r'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.  
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening Scodes:  
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steede,  
Found thec a Scalion; thec *Malen* he findes  
A Delphin. She to every forme affignes  
Life-equald looks; to euery place their fire.  
Here *Phebus* in a Hounds-mans shape delights;

H 3

A Lyon's now; now falcons wings displayes:  
 Macarian Iſſa borpheard-like betrays.  
 Liber, a grape, Eri gone comprest:  
 And Saturne, horse-like, Cbiron gets, halfe-beast.  
 A slender wreath her finisht web confines;  
 Lowres intermixt with clasping ivy twines.  
 Not Pallas this, nor Envy this reproves:  
 Her faire successe the vex'd Virago moves;  
 Who teares the web, with crimes coelestiall fraught:  
 With shurle from cytorian mountaines brought,  
 Arachne thrice vpon the fore-head hies.  
 Her great heart brooks it not. A cord she knites  
 About her neck. Remorsefull Pallas stay'd  
 Her falling waight: Live wretch, yet hang, she said.  
 This curse ( least after times thy pride secure )  
 Still to thy issue, and their race, indure.  
 Sprinkled with Hecat's banefull weeds, her haire  
 She forthwith sheds: her nose and ears impaire;  
 Her head growes little; her whole body so;  
 Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow:  
 The rest all belly. Whence a thred she sends:  
 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.  
 All Lydia storms; the same through Phrygia rung:  
 And gaue an argument to every tongue.  
 Her, Niobe had knowne; when she, a maid,  
 In Sipylus, and in Maenia staid.  
 Yet slightes that home example: still rebels  
 Against the Gods; and with proud language swells.  
 Many things swelld her. Yet Amphiion's towne,  
 Their high descentes; nor glory of a crowne,  
 So pleas'd her ( though she pleas'd her selfe in all )  
 As her faire race. We Niobe might call.

The happiest mother that yet euer brought  
 Life vnto light; had not her selfe so thought.  
 Tiresias Manto, in presages skild,  
 The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, fill  
 With these exorts: Ismenides, prepare:  
 To great Letona, and her Twins; with prayer  
 Mix sweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind:  
 By me Letona bids. The Theban wind  
 About their temples the commandued Bay:  
 And sacred fires, with incense feeding, pray.  
 Behold, the Queene in height of state appears:  
 A Phrygian mantle, weau'd with gold, she weares:  
 Her face, as much as rage would luffer, faire:  
 She stops; and shaking her disheueld haire,  
 The godly troope with hauy eyes suruayes.  
 What madnesse is it Here-say Gods ( the sayes )  
 Before the scene Coelestials to prefer?  
 Or while I Altars want, to worship her?  
 Me Tantalus begot, alowd to feast  
 In heauenly bowres; my mother not the least  
 Pleias; greatest at/er fire to those,  
 On whose high shoulders all the stars repose:  
 Ione is my other Grandfather; and he  
 My father in law: a double grace to me.  
 Me Phrygia, Cadmus kingdomes me obay:  
 My husbands harp-rais'd walls we ioyntly sway.  
 Through-out my Court behold in every place  
 Infinite riches! adde to this, a face  
 Worthy a Goddess. Then, to crowne my ioyes;  
 Seuen beauteous daughters, and as many boyes:  
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.  
 Say now, haue we not reason for our pride?  
 H. 4.

How dare you then *Latona*, caws birth  
 Before me place ? to whom the ample Earth  
 Deny'd a little spot t'vnlaide her wombe ?  
 Heauen, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddesses roome :  
 A Vagabond, till *Deles* harbor gaue.  
 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wawe,  
 It said ; and granted an vnstable place.  
 She brought forth two ; the seventh part of my race :  
 Happy ! who doubts ? I happy will abide :  
 Or who doubts that ? with plentie fortifi'd.  
 My state too great for fortune to borneue :  
 Though much she raunish, she much more must leue.  
 My blessings are aboue low feare. Suppose  
 Some of my hopefull sons this people lose,  
 They cannot be reduc't so such a few.  
 Off with your bayes ; these idle Rites eschew.  
 They put them off ; the sacrifice forbore :  
 And yet *Latona* silently adore.

As far as free from barrenesse, so much  
 Disdaine and griefe th'ingred Goddesse couch.  
 Who on the top of *Cynibus* thus begins  
 To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.  
 Lo ! your mother, proud in you alone ;  
 ( Excepting *Iuno*, second unto none )  
 Am question'd if a Goddess : and must loose,  
 If you assist not, all religious dews.  
 Nor is this all : that curst *Tantalian* Seede  
 Adds soule reproches to her impious deede.  
 She dares her children before you prefer ;  
 And calls me chidless : may it light on her !  
 Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.  
 About to second her report with prayer ;

Peace,

Peace, *Phœbus* said, complaint too long delayes  
 Conceau'd reuenge: the same next *Phœbus* sayes.  
 Then swiftly through the yeilding ayre they glide  
 To *Cadmus* towres ; whom thickned vapors hide.  
 A spacious plaine before the city lieth,  
 Made dusty with the daily exercize  
 Of trampling hooues ; by strifefull charions tracke,  
 Part of *Amphions* active sons here backt.  
 High-bounding steeds ; whose rich caparison  
 With scarlet blushe, with gold their bridles shone.  
*Ismenus* loe, her pregnant womb's first spring,  
 As with his ready horse he beates a Ring,  
 And checks his fomy iawes ; ay me the cryes !  
 While through his groaning brest an arrow flyes.  
 His bridle slackning with haning force,  
 He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.  
 Next, *Siphilus* from clashing quivere flies  
 With slackned raaignes : as when a Pilot spies  
 A growing storme ; and, least the gentle gale  
 Should scape besides him, claps on all his sail.  
 His haste th'inevitabile bowe o're-cook,  
 And through his throe the deadly arrow strook.  
 Who, by the horses mane and speedy thighes  
 Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dyes.  
 Now *Phædimus* ; and *Tantalus*, the heire  
 This Grand-fires name ; that labour done, prepare  
 To wrastle. Whilſt with oyled Jims they preſt  
 Each others power, close grasping brest to brest ;  
 A shaft, which from th'impulsive bow-string flew,  
 Them, in that sad Coniunction ioyntly flew.  
 Both groane at once, at once their bodyes bend  
 With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend :

H 5

Their

Her tongue, and pallor rob'd of inward heat  
 At once congeal'd: her pulse forbears to beat:  
 Her neck want's power to turne, her feet to goe,  
 Her armes to moue: her very bowels grow  
 Into a stone. She yet retaines her teares.  
 Whom straight a hurle-wind to her Countrie beares;  
 And fixes on the summit of a hill.  
 Now from that moaning marble teares distill.

Th'exemplary reuenge struck all with feare:  
 Who offerings to *Larone's* altars beare  
 With doubled zeale. When, one as oft befalls,  
 By present accidents the past recalls.

In fruitfull *Lycia* once, said he, there dwelt  
 A sort of Peasants, who her vengeance felt.  
 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base:  
 Yet wonderfull I saw the poole, and place, . . .  
 Sign'd with the prodigie. My father, spent  
 Almost with age, ill brooking trauell, sent  
 Me thither for choice Steeres: and for my guide,  
 A native gaue. Those pastures searcht, we spy'd  
 An ancient Altar, black with cinders; plac't  
 Amidst a Lake, with shivering reeds imbrac't.  
 O favour me! he, softly mourturing, said:  
 O favour me! I, softly murmuring, praid:  
 Then aske, if Nymph, or Faune th'rein reside,  
 Or rurall God. The stranger thus reply'd.

O youth, no mountaine Powres this altar hold:  
 Shee calls it hers, to whom *loves* wife, of old,  
 Earth interdicted: till that floating Isle,  
 Waue-wandering *Delo*, furiht her exile.  
 Where, coucht on palmes and olives, she in spights  
 Of heaufull Iuno, brought her Twins to light.

Thene.

Thence also, frighted from her painfull bed,  
 With her two infants Deictis she fled.  
 Now in *Cbimera*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd  
 By burning beames) and with long trauell tyr'd,  
 Heat-raised thirst the Goddess sore opprest:  
 By their exhausting of her milk increast.  
 By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes.  
 A Lake of shallow water she descries:  
 Where Clowns were then a gathering picked weeds,  
 With shrubby osiers, and plash-louing reedes.  
 Approacht; *Titanis* knees vpon the brink:  
 And of the cooling liquor stoops to drinke.  
 The Clowns withstood. Why hinder you, said she,  
 The vse of water, that to all is free?  
 The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame:  
 Peculiar; a publick gift *Iclame*.  
 Yet humbly I intreat, ite not to drench  
 My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.  
 My tongue wastes my sture, & my iawes are dry:  
 Scarce is there way for speach. For drink I dye.  
 Water to me, were Nectar. If I live,  
 'Tis by your fauour: life with water giue.  
 Pitty these babes; for pitry they advance  
 Their little armes; their armes they stretcht by chanes.  
 With whom would not such gentle words preuale?  
 But they, perciuering to prohibe, raile:  
 The place with threats command her to forfase.  
 Then with their hands and feet disturbe the lake:  
 And leaping with malicious motion, moue  
 The troubled mud; which rising, floes aboue.  
 Rage quenches her thirst: no more *Larone* suue.  
 To such base slaves; but Goddess-like dash vse.

Hc.

Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd :  
 May you for euer in this lake reside !  
 Her wish succeeds. In loued lakes they stiue ;  
 Now sprawle aboue, now vnder water drie ;  
 Oft hop vpon the banke, as oft againe.  
 Back to the water: nor can yet restraine  
 Their brawling tongues; but setting shame aside,  
 Though hid in water, vnder water chide.  
 Their voyces still are hoarce: the breath they fetch  
 Swels their wide throates; their iawes with railing stretch.  
 Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck betwene,  
 As intercepted. All the back is greene :  
 Their bellies (every part o're-sizing) white.  
 Who now, new Frogs, in sluy poodes delight.  
 Thus much, I know not by what Lycian, said :  
 An other mention of a Satyre made,  
 By *Pbaebus*, with *Tritona*'s rede, o're-come :  
 Who for presuming felte a heauy doome.  
 Why doe you (oh!) me from my selfe distract ?  
 (Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact  
 Deserves not such a vengeance! Whilste he cry'd,  
*Apollo* from his body stript his hide.  
 His body was one wound, bloud cryny way  
 Streames from all parts: his sinewes naked lay.  
 His bare veines, paire; his heart you might behold,  
 And all the fracs in his brest haue told.  
 For him the Faunes, that in the forrests keepe ;  
 For him the Nymphs, and german Satyres weep :  
 His end, *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes ;  
 With all the shepheards of thos hills and dales.  
 The pregnant Earth conciueth with their teares ;  
 Which in her penetrated womb she beares,

Till

Till big with waters: then discharg'd her fraught.  
 This purest Phrygian Sire came a way out sought.  
 By down-falls, till to toylng seas he came :  
 Now called *Merfys* of the Satyres name.  
 The Vulgar, these examples told, returne.  
 Vnto the present: for *Ampbion* mourne,  
 And his poore issue. All the mother hate.  
*Pelops* alone lamentis his sisters fate.  
 While with coigne garments he presents his woes,  
 The iuory pece on his left shoulder shewes.  
 This fleshy was, and coloured like the right.  
 Slaine by his firc, the Gods his lims vntie :  
 His scattered parts all found; save that alues  
 Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.  
 They then with iuory supply'd th' vnsound :  
 And thus restored *Pelops* was made sound.  
 The neighboring princes meet; the Cities neare :  
 Intreat their kings, the desolate to cheare.  
*Pelops* Mycene, Sparsa, th' Argive State ;  
 And *Calydon*, not yet in *Diana*'s hate ;  
 Fertill *Orebawenos*; *Coriambus* fam'd  
 For high-priz'd brasie; *Messene*, never tam'd;  
*Cleone*; *Patra*; *Pylas*, *Nelius* crowne,  
 And *Tarzen*, not then knowne for *Prius* his towne :  
 With all that two-sea'd Ifibros Streights include :  
 And all without, by two-sea'd Ifibros view'd.  
*Aibens* alone (who would belieu't) with-held :  
 Thee, from that ciuill office, war compeld.  
 Th' inhabitants about the Ioneick coast  
 Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous host :  
 Whom *Tbracian* *Tereus*, with his Aids, o'rethrew;  
 And by that victorie renowned grew.

Forest

Potent in wealth, and people ; from the loynes  
 Of Mars deriu'd: Pandion Progne ioynes  
 To him in marriage. This, nor Inno blest ;  
 Nor Hymen, nor the Graces grac't that feast.  
 Eumenides the nuptiall tapers light  
 At funerall fires ; and made the bed that Night.  
 Th' ill-boading Owle vpon the roofe was set.  
 Progne and Tereus with these omens met :  
 Thus parents grew. The Thracians yet rejoyce ;  
 And thanke the Gods with harmonic of voyce.  
 The marriage day, and that of llys birth,  
 They consecrate to viuuersall mirth.  
 So lycs the good vnseene. By this the Sun,  
 Conducting Time, had through fve Autumns run :  
 When flattering Progne thus allures her Lord.  
 If I haue any grace with thee, afford.  
 This fauour, that I may my sister see :  
 Send me to her, or bring thou her to me.  
 Promise my father that with swiftest spedde  
 She shall retурne. If this attempt succeede,  
 The summe of all my wishes I obtaine.  
 He bids them lanch his shipp into the maine :  
 Then makes th' Athenian port with sailes and oares ;  
 And lands vpon the wiskt Pyrean shores.  
 Brought to Pandion's presence, they salute.  
 The King with bad prefige begins his lute.  
 For loe, as he his wifes command recites,  
 And for her quick retурne his promise plights,  
 Comes Phi'omela; clad in rich array ;  
 More rich in beauty. So they vse to say  
 The stately Naiades, and Dryad's goe  
 In Sylvan shades ; were they apparel'd so.

This

This sight in Tereus such a burning breeds,  
 As when we fire a heape of hoary reeds ;  
 Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrift.  
 Her face was excellent : but in-bred lust  
 Inrag'd his bloud, to which those Climes are prone :  
 Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.  
 He streight intends her womento intice,  
 And bribe her Nurse to prosecute his vice ;  
 Her selfe to tempt with gifts ; his crowne to spende.  
 Or rauish, and by warre his rape defend.  
 What dares he not, thrust on by wilde desire ?  
 Nor can his brest containe so great a fire.  
 Racket with delay, he Progne's late renewes :  
 And for himselfe in that pretention lyses.  
 Loue made him eloquent. As oft as he  
 Exceeded, he would say, Thus charged she.  
 And mouing reares (as she had sent them) sheds.  
 O Gods ! how dark a blindnesse over-sprede  
 The soules of men ! whilst to his sin he climes,  
 They think him good ; and praise him for his crimes.  
 Even Philomela wist it ! with soft armes  
 She hugges her father, and with winning charmes  
 Of her liues safety, her destruction prest :  
 While Tereus, by beholding pre-posset.  
 Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood ;  
 And all afford his fire and fury food.  
 And wist, as oft as she her fire imbrae't,  
 He were her fire : nor would haue beene more chaff.  
 He, by their importunitie is wrought.  
 She, ouer-joy'd, her father thanks ; and thought  
 Her selfe and sister in that fortunate,  
 Which drew on both a lamentable face.

The

The labour of the Day now neare an end,  
From steep Olympus Phœbus Steeds descend.  
The boards are princely scrud: *Lysias* flowes  
In burnisht gold. Then eake their soft repose,  
And yet th' *Odryssian* King, though parted, fires:  
Her face and graces euer in his eyes.  
Who parts vnseene vnto his fancy faines;  
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled braines.  
Day vp: *Pandion* his departing son.  
Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun.

Deare Son, since Pietie this dew requires;  
With her, receiue both your and their desires.  
By faith, alliance, by the Gods aboue,  
I charge you guard her with a fathers loue:  
And suddenly send back (for all delay  
To me is death) my ages onely stay.  
And daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)  
For pitty leaue me not too long alone.  
As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all:  
And drops of teares at euery accent fall.  
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands  
(Which mutually they giue) their plighted bands.  
To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,  
My loue remember, and salute from me.  
Scarce could he bid farewell: sobs so ingage  
His troubled speech; who dreads his soules presage.  
As soone as shipt; as soone as a gree ores.  
Had mou'd the surges, and remou'd the shores;  
Shee's ours! with me my with I beare! he cryes.  
Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his joyes:  
His eyes fast fixt. As when *Io*'s eagle beares  
A Hare t'her ayent, trust in rapfull scarce;

And

And to the trembling prisoner leaues no way  
For hoped flight; but still beholds her pray.  
The Voyage made; on his owne land he treads:  
And to a Lodge *Pandion* daughter leads;  
Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of feares;  
And for her sister asking now with teares.  
There innes her vp; his foulc intent makes knowne:  
Inforc't her; a weake Virgin, and but one.  
Helpe father! sister helpe! in her distresse  
She cries; and on the Gods, with like successe.  
She trembles like a lamb, snatched from the phangs  
Of some fell wolfe; that dreads her former pangs:  
Or as a dove, who on her gorget beares  
Her bloudis fresh staines, and late-fek talentes scars.  
Restor'd vnto her mind, her ruffled haire,  
As at a wofull funerall the care;  
Her armes with her owne fury bloudy made:  
Who, wringing her vp-heaved hands, thus said:  
O monstre! barbarous in thy horrid lust!  
Trecherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trast,  
Impos'd with holy teares; my sisters loue;  
My virgin state; nor nuptiall vies, could moue!  
O what a wild confusio[n] haft thou bred!  
I, an adulteresse to my sisters bed;  
Thou husband to vs both; to me a foe;  
To all a punishment; and justly so.  
Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;  
By forcing life from her abhorred seat?  
O wouldest thou hadst, 'e're I my honour lost!  
Then had I parted with a spackle ghoſt.  
Yet, if the Gods haue eyes; if their Powers be  
Of any powre; nor all decay with me;

Thou

Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame  
I will abandon; and thy crime proclaim:—  
To men, if free; if not, my voice shall break:  
Through these thick walls; and teach the woods to speak:  
Hard rockes resolute to ruth. Let heauest this heart;  
And Heauen-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!

These words the salvage Tyrant moues to wroch:  
Nor lesse his feare: a like prouok't by both.  
Who drawes his sword: his cruell hands he winds  
In her loose haire: her armes behind her binds.  
Her throte glad *Philomela* ready made:  
Conceiuing hope of death from his drawne blade.  
Whilst she reuiles, invokes her father; sought  
To vent her spleene; her tongue in pincers caught.  
His sword deuideth from the panting root:  
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.  
And as a serpents taile, diffuer'd, skips:  
Euen so her tongue: and dying sought her lips.  
After this fact (if we may Runior trust)  
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.  
Yet honie to *Progne*, in the end, retires:  
Who for her sister hastily inquires.  
He funeralls belyes, with fained griefe:  
And by instructed teares begers beliefe.  
*Progne* her royall ornaments reiects;  
And puts on black: an emptie tombe erects;  
To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burns:  
Her sisters fate, not as she should, she mournes.  
Now through twelue Signes the yeere his period drew,  
What should distressed *Philomela* doe?  
A guard restrain her flight; the walls were strong;  
Her mouth had lost the index of her tongue.

The

The wit that miserie begots is great:  
Great sorrow addes a quicknesse to conceit.  
A woofe vpon a *Tibracian* loome she spredes;  
And inter-weaves the white with crimson thredes;  
That characterber wrong: The closely wrought,  
As closely to a scrutant gauie; besought  
To beare it to her Mistresse: who presents  
The Queene therewith; nor knowing the contents.  
The wife to that dire Tyrant this vnfolds:  
And in a wofull verse her state beholds.  
Sic held her peace: 'twas strange! griefe struck her mute.  
No language could with such a passion sure.  
Nor had she time to weepe: Right, wrong, were mixt:  
In her fell thoughts her soule on vengeance fixt.  
It was that time; when, in a wilde disguise,  
Sithonian matrons vse to solentise  
Lyens three-yeares Feast. Night spreeds her wings:  
By night high *Kheope* with timbrels rings.  
By night th' impatient Queene a iaelia takes,  
And now a Bacchanal, etc. Court forlakes.  
Vines shade her brows: the rough hide of a Deare  
Shogs at her sides her shoulder bare a speare.  
Hurried through woods, with her attendant fros,  
Terrible *Progne*, franticke with her woes,  
Thy milderfull y, Bacchus, countefets.  
At length vnto the defart cottage gets:  
Howles; *Embla*, cries: breakes ope the doores, and looks  
Her sister thence: with ivy hides her looke:  
In habit of a Bacchanal arrayd:  
And to her sister amaz'd doowyd:  
That hated roote when it bries fauour;  
The poore soule thooke; her visage bloodlesse grew.

*Progne*

Progne with-drawes; the sacred weeds vnlod's;  
 Her wofull sister's bashfull face disclos'd :  
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise  
 Her down-cast eyes: her sisters wrong suruayes  
 In her dishonour. As she stroue t'haue sworne  
 With vp-rais'd lookes; and call the Gods t' haue borne  
 Her pure thoughts witnesse, how she was compeld  
 To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, vpheld.  
 Sterne Troyne broiles; her bosom hardly beares  
 So vast a rage: who chides her sisters teares.

No teares, said she, our lost condition needs:  
 But steele; or if thou haft what steele exceeds.  
 I, for all horrid practices, am fit:  
 To wrap this roose in flame, and him in ire:  
 His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,  
 T' extirp; or with a thousand wounds, diuorce  
 His guiltie soule? The deed I intend, is great:  
 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat  
 Came Iys in, and taught her what to doe.  
 Beheld with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view  
 In thce, said she, thy father! and began  
 Her tragick Scene: with silent anger wan.  
 But when her sonne saluted her, and clung  
 Vnto her neck; mixt kisses, as he hung,  
 With childish blandishments; her high-wrought blood  
 Began to calme, and rage distracted stood.  
 Teares trickl'd from her eyes by strong constraint.  
 But when she found her resolution faint  
 With too much pittie, her sad sister viewes,  
 And said, while both, her eyes by turves peruse.  
 Why flatters he? why tonguelesse weepes the other?  
 Why sister calls not she, whom he calls mother?

Degene-

Degenerate! thinke whose daughter; to whom wed:  
 All pictic is finne to Tereus bed.  
 Then Iys trailes: as when by Ganges floods  
 A Tigresse drags a Fawne through silent woods.  
 Retiring to the most sequestred roome:  
 While he, with hands vp-heav'd, fore-sees his doome,  
 Clings to her bosom; mother! mother! cry'd;  
 She stabs him: nor once turn'd her face aside.  
 His throte was cut by Phileome la's knife:  
 Although one wound suffiz'd to vanquish life.  
 His yet quick lims, ere all his soule could passe,  
 Slice piece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow braise,  
 Some hisse on spits. The pavements bluith with blood.  
 Progne invites her husband to this food:  
 And faines her Countries Rite, which would afford  
 No attendant, nor companion, but her Lord.  
 Now Tereus, mounted on his Grand-fires throne,  
 With his sons carued entrailes stuffes his owne:  
 And bids her (so Soule-blinded!) call his boy.  
 Progne could not disguise her cruell ioy:  
 In full fruition of her horrid ire,  
 Thou hast, said she, within thce thy desire.  
 He looks about: asks where. And while againe  
 He asks, and calls: all bloody with the flaine,  
 Forth, like a Fury, Philomela flew;  
 And at his face the head of Iys threw.  
 Nor euer more than now desir'd a tongue;  
 To exprefse the ioy of her revenged wrong.  
 He, with lowd out-cries, doth the boord repell;  
 And cites the Furies from the depth of hell.  
 Now from his rising stomack strives to cast  
 Th' abhorred food; now weeps, with grise against:

And

And calls himselfe his sons vnhappy tombe,  
Then drawes his sword ; and through the guilty rooms  
Pursues the Sisters ; who appeare with wings  
To cut the ayre : and so they did. One sings  
In woods, the other neare the house remaines  
And on her brest yet beares her murders staines.  
He, swift with grise and fury, in that space  
His person chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace  
His shining crowne ; his sword a bill became ;  
His face all arm'd : whom we a Lapwing name.  
This killing newes, ere halfe his age was spent,  
Pandion to th' infernall Shadowes sent.

Erichtheus his th'one and scepter held :  
Who, both in iustice, and bold armes exceld.  
To him his wife fourre sons, all hopefull, bare :  
As many daughters : two, surpassing faire.  
These, Cephalus, thy Provis happy made :  
But Thrace and Tereus, Boreas nuptiall stayed.  
The God belou'd Oribyna wanted long ;  
While he put off his powre, to vse his tongue.  
His sute reiected ; horridly inclind  
To anger (too familiar with that Wind. )

I iustly suffer this indignity :  
For why, said he, haue I my armes laid by ?  
Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.  
'Tis my dishonour to haue vs'd intreats.  
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I driue ;  
Tosse the blew billowes, knotty Okes vp-riue ;  
Congeale soft snow, and beat the earth with haile.  
When I my brethren in the ayre assaile,  
(For that's our field) we meet with such a shocke,  
I hat thundring skyes with our encounters rock,

And

And cloud-struck lightning flashes from on high.  
When through the crannies of the earth I flye,  
And force her in her hollow caues, I make  
The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.  
Thus should I haue wood; with these my match haue made  
Erichtheus should haue been compeld, not pray'd.  
Thus Boreas chaf'd, or no lessc storming, shooke  
His horrid wings, whose ayery motion strooke  
The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean rore,  
Trayling his dusky mantie on the flore,  
He hid himselfe in clouds of dust, and caughte  
Belou'd Oribya, with her feare distraught.  
Flying, his agitated fires increast :  
Nor of his ayerie race the raignes supprest  
Till to the walled Cicones he came.  
Two goodly Twins th' espous'd Athenian Dame  
Gau to the Icie author of her rape :  
Who had their fathers wings and mothers shap,  
Yet not so borne. Before their faces bare  
The manly ensignes of their yellow haire,  
Calais and Zetes both vnplumed were.  
But as the downe did on their chins appearc ;  
So, foulc-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.  
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood ;  
In the first vessel, with the flowre of Greece,  
Through vnownc seas, they sought the Golden Fleet.

OVID'S

OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSIS.  
The seventh Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Men, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their yearnes  
By odors cast. A faire branch Oliveres beares.  
Drops sprouts to Flowers. Old Aeson yong became,  
So Libers Nurses. An old Sheepe a Lambe.  
Cerambus flies. A Snake, a snake-like Stone.  
An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Meta barks unknowne.  
Hornes from the Coddamers. The Telchines  
All change. A Dons-wond Maid, the hard trooper  
Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie weepes  
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe keepes  
Her son-sight Life. A King and Queen estrang'd  
To sightfull Foule. Cephalus Neptunes changed  
Into a Seal. Eumelus daughter flies  
Through tracelesse regions. Men from Musormps rise  
Phinius and Periphas light wings affume.  
So Polyphemous nece. From Cerberus sprouts  
Springs Aconite. Iust Earth a grave denies  
To Scyrons bones; which now in rocks arise.  
Arne a Cough. Snow Myrmidons are borne  
Of scyling Ants. The last reietted Morne  
Marks Cephalus. The Dog, has did purst,  
And Beast pust'd; two marble Seasues grew.

VVith Pegasan keele the Minye plow  
The curling waues; and Pb:neus sec; who now  
In

In endlesse night his needy age consumes.  
The youthfull sons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,  
Those greedy *Harpies*, with the virgin face,  
Far-off from his polluted table chace.  
They, vnder *Iason*, hauing suffer'd much ;  
At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch.  
Now *Phryxus* fleecce the hardy *Minye* aske :  
And from the King receiue a dreadfull taske.

Meane-while *Aetas* tries in secret fires :  
Who strugling long with ouer-strong desires,  
When reason could not such a rage restraine ;  
She said : *Medea*, thou resists in vaine.  
Some God, vnyknownc, with-stands. What will this proue ?  
Or is it such as others fancie, loue ?  
Why seeme the Kings commands so too seuer ?  
And so, in truth they be. Why should I fearc  
A strangers ruine, neuer seene before ?  
Whence spring these cares ? Why fearc I more and more ?  
These furies from thy virgin brest repell,  
Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.  
A new-felt force my strivng powers invades :  
Affection this, discretion that, perswades.  
I see the better, I approue it too :  
The worse I follow. Why shouldest thou pursue  
A husband of an other world ; that art  
Of royll birth ? Our country may impart  
A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate ;  
Or liue, or dye ; 't is in the hands of fate.  
Yet, may he liue ! I such a sute might moue  
To equall Gods, although I did not loue.  
For what hath *Iason* done ? his hopefull Youth  
Would moue all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth ;

His birth, his valour. Set all these apart ;  
His person would : I am sure it moues my heart.  
Yet shouldest not I assist, the flaming breath  
Of Bulls would blast him ; or, assaults of death  
Spring vp in armes from *Tellus* hostill womb :  
Or else the greedie *Dragon* proues his tomb.  
This suffer, and thou haft a heart of stone ;  
Born of a *Tygress*, and more sauage growne.  
Yet why stand I not by ? behold him slaine ?  
And with that spectacle my cyes profane ?  
Adde fury to the Bulls ? to th' Earth-borne ire ?  
And sleeplesse *Dragon* with more spleene inspire ?  
The Gods forbid ! yet rather helpe, than pray.  
My fathers kingdome shall I then betray ?  
And sauue this fellow, whom I hardly know,  
That sau'd by me, he should without me goe,  
Marry an other, and leaue me behind.  
To punishment ? could he proue so vntkind,  
Or for an other my deserts neglect ?  
Then should he dye. Such is noe his aspect ;  
The clearnesse of his mind ; his euery grace ;  
To scarre deceit, or censure him so base.  
Besides, before hand he shall plight his troth :  
And bind the contract by a solemnne oath.  
What need thou doubt ? goe on ; delay decline :  
Obliged *Iason* will be euer thine.  
*Hymen* shall crowne, and mothers celebrate  
Their sons Protectress through th' *Achaian State*.  
My sister, brother, father, country, Gods ;  
Shall I abandon for vnyknownc abodes ?  
Austere my father, barbarous my land,  
My brother, a child, my sisters wishes stand

With my desires; the greatest God of all  
 My brest inshires. What I forsake, is small :  
 Great hopes I follow. To receiue the grace  
 For Argo's safetie: know a better place  
 And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,  
 Are famous; with ciuitie, and arts:  
 And Aeson, son, whom I more dearely prize  
 Than wealthy Earth and all her Monarchies.  
 In him most happy, and affected by  
 The bounteous gods, my crown shall reach the sky.  
 They tell of Rocks that iustle in the maine :  
 Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts againe  
 The wrackfull waues: how rau'ous Scylla waies  
 With barking dogs in rough Sicilian straits.  
 My loue possest; in Iason's bosome laid;  
 Let seas swell high: I cannot be disnaid  
 While I infold my husband in my armes.  
 Or should I feare, I should but feare his harmes.  
 Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame  
 Medea, varnish with an honest name?  
 Consider well what thou intendst to doe;  
 And, while thou maist, so foule a crime eschue.  
 Thus she. When honour, pictie, the right,  
 Before her stood; and Cupid put to flight.  
 Then goes where Heracles old Altar stood;  
 O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.  
 Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd :  
 Which Iason's presence forth-with re-inflam'd.  
 Her checks bluith fire: her face with fetuor flashes.  
 And as a dying cinder, rak't in ashes,  
 Fed by reviving windes, augmenting, glowes;  
 And told, to accustom'd fury growes:

So sickly Louc, which late appear'd to dye;  
 New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.  
 Whose looks by chance more beauty now discouer  
 Than heretofore: you might forgiue the louer.  
 Her eager eyes she riuets on his face;  
 And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race :  
 Nor could diuert her looks. As he his tongue  
 Began t'vnloose, her faire hand softly wrung.  
 Implor'd her aide, and promis'd her his bed :  
 She answer made, with teareys profusely shed.  
 I see to what cuents m' intentions moue :  
 Nor ignorance deceiues me thus; but loue.  
 You, by the vertue of my art, shall liue :  
 In recompence, your faithfull promise giue.  
 He, by the Altar of the Triple Powre,  
 The groues which that great Deity imbowre,  
 Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appears,  
 His owne successe, and so great danger, sweares.  
 Beleev'd: from her th' enchanted herbs receives :  
 With them, their vse: and his Protectrele leaues.  
 The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac't :  
 When all in Marse's field assemble; plac't  
 On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,  
 The iuory-scepter'd King in scarlet shone.  
 From adamant nostrils bras-hou'd Buls now call  
 Hot Vulcan, and the graffe with vapors blast.  
 And as full forges, blowne by art, resound;  
 As puluer'd flints, infurnest vnder ground;  
 By sprinkled water fire conceiue: so they  
 Pent flames, inuolu'd in noysefull brests, betray;  
 So rumble their scorcht throtes. Yet Aeson's Heire  
 Came brauely on: on whom they turne, and stare

With terrible aspects; his ruine th' eat  
 With Steele-tipt horns. Inrag'd, th'ir cleft hooues beat  
 The thundring ground; whence clouds of dust arise;  
 And with their smoaky bellowings rend the skies.  
 The *Mina* freeze with feare; but he remaines  
 Vntoucht: such vertue Sorcery containes.  
 Their dew-lips boldly with his hand he strokes.  
 Inforc't to draw the plough with heauy yokes.  
 The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire:  
 The *Minotaur* shott, and set his powres on fire.  
 Then, in his caske, the vipers teeth assumes:  
 Those in the turnd-yv furrowes he inhumes.  
 Earth mollifies the poys'rous seeds, which spring;  
 And forth a haruest of new People bring.  
 And as an Embrion, in the womb inclos'd,  
 Assumes the forme of man; within compos'd,  
 Through all accomplitht numbers; nor comes forth  
 To breathe in ayre, till his maturer growth:  
 So when the bowels of the teeming Earth  
 Grew great, she gaue mens perfect shapes their birth.  
 And, what's more strange; with them, their armes ascend:  
 Who at th' *Aesonian* Youth their lances bend.  
 When this th' *Achilian* saw, they hung the head:  
 And all their courages for terror fled.  
 Euen she, who had secur'd him was afraid,  
 When she beheld so many one inuade.  
 A chil cold checks her bloud; death looks lesse pale.  
 And lefft the hearbs she gaue should chance to fail;  
 Unheard auxiliarie charmes imparts:  
 And calls th' assistance of her secret Arts.  
 He hurles a mastic stome among his foes:  
 Who on themselues conuert their deadly blowes.

The Earth-borne brothers mutall wounds destroy,  
 And ciuill warre. The *Achilles* skip for joy,  
 And throng t' imbrace the Victor. Her the same  
 Affection spurd, but was with-held by shame.  
 Yet that too weake if none had lookt vpon her:  
 Not vertue chekkt her, but the wrack of honor.  
 Now, in conceit, she hugs him in her armes;  
 Applauds th' inuentive Gods; with them, her charmes,  
 To make the Dragon sleepe that never slept,  
 Remaines; whose care the golden purchace kept.  
 Bright crested, triple tongu'd; his cruell iawes  
 Arm'd with sharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes.  
 When once besprinkled with *Lethean* iuyce,  
 And words repeated thrice; which sleepe produce,  
 Calme the rough seas, and make swift riuers stand:  
 His eye-lids vail'd to sleepes vnowne command.  
 The Heros, of the Golden Fleece possest,  
 Proud of the spoyle, with her whole fauour blest.  
 His enterprize, an other Spoyle, now bore  
 To sea; and lands on safe *Lochia* shore.  
*Aemonian* parents, for their sons returne,  
 Bring gratefull gifts, coniefted incense burne,  
 And chearfully with horne-gilt offrings pay  
 Religious vowed. But *Aeson* was away;  
 Opprest with tedious age, now neare his tomb.  
 When thus *Aesonides*: O wife, to whom  
 My life I owe: though all I hold in chiefe  
 From thy deserts, which far surpasse belies;  
 If magick can (what cannot magick do?)  
 Take yeres from me; and his with mine renue.  
 Then wept. His pietie her passion stirs:  
 Who sighs to thinke how unlike she had beeue to her.

Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime  
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time  
I can, or will, another's life inuest?

*Hecat'* fore-fend! nor is't a just request.

Yet *Isas*, we a greater gift will give:  
Thy father, by our art renew'd, shall liue,  
Without thy losse; if so the triple Powre  
Assist me with her presence in that howre.

Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could ioyne  
Her growing horns. When with replenisht shinc  
She fac't the earth; the Court she leaues; her haire  
Untrest, her garments loose, her ankles bare:  
And wanders through the dead of drowsie Night  
With vnseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,  
Deepe Rest had bound in humid gyues; who crept  
So silently, as if her selfe had slept.  
No Aspen wags, moyst ayre no sound receiuies;  
Stars onely shine: to which her armes she heauies:  
Thrice turnes about; besprinkles thrice her crowne  
With gather'd dcau; thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe.

O Night, thou fiend to Secrets; you cleare fires,  
That, with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:  
Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts  
To our designes: you Charmes, and magick Arts:  
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yeelds  
Thy powerfull simples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields.  
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and riuers cleare:  
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appearre!  
By you, at will, I make swift stremes retire  
To their first fountaynes, whilst their banks admire;  
Seas tossie, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deform'd;  
Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Stoome.

With

With spels and charmes I breake the Vipers iaw,  
Cleauing solid rocks, okes from their seafures draw,  
Wholc Woods remoue, the ayrie mountaines shakes,  
Earth grone, and ghosts from beds of death awake.  
And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale:  
Though ringing Cymballs thy extremes auailc.  
Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poy's nouis weeds,  
The frightened Morne; though drawne by rosie Steeds.  
Flame-breathing buls you tam'd; you made them bous  
Their stubborne necks vnto the seruill plow;  
The Serpents brood by you selfe-slaughtred lyes;  
Your slumbers clos'd the wakefull Dragons eyes,  
At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece  
(The guard deluded) to the towres of Greece.  
Now need I drags, that may old age induc  
With vigour, and the flowre of youth renue.  
Which you shall give. Nor blaze these stars in vaines  
Nor Dragous vainly through the ayrie maine  
This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot rests  
Mounting, she strokes the bridled dragons crests;  
And shakes the raignes. Rapt vp, beneath her spes  
The sallian Tempe; and her snakes applies  
To parts retir'd. The hearbs that Uffa beare,  
Steepe Pelian, Othrys, Pindus; cuer-clearc  
Olym'pus, who the loftie Pindus tops;  
Vp-roots, or with her brazen Cycle crops.  
Much gathers on the bank of Apidae;  
By Amphy'rus much; and where Enipeus ran  
Nor Sperch'ius, nor Penec, barren found:  
Nor thee smoothe Ræ's with sharpe rushes crown'd.  
And rauisht from Enbo: an Antib' don,  
That heath, as yet by Glancus change vnowne.

By

By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,  
 About the romes; and euery field suruayes.  
 Return'd: her Snakes, that did but onely smell  
 The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.  
 Her feete to enter her owne roofer refuse.  
 Roof by the sky: she touch of man eschies,  
 Two Altars builds of liuing turfe: the right  
 To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight  
 With Vertin and greene boughs; hard by, two pits.  
 She forthwith digs: and sacrificing, slits  
 The throates of black-blest rams. With reaking blood  
 The ditches fils; and powres thereon a flood  
 Of honey, and new milke, from turn'd-vp bowles;  
 Repeating powerfull words. The King of Soules,  
 His rauisht Queene, iauokes; and Powers bencath,  
 Not to preuent her by old *Aeson*'s death.  
 With pray'rs, and long-breath'd murmurings appeas'd:  
 She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.  
 Her sleepe-producing charme his spirits deads:  
 Who on the grasse his senselesse body spreads.  
 Charg'd iaspis, and the rest, far-off with-drew:  
 Unhallowed eyes might not such secrets view.  
 Furious *Medea*, with her haire vnbound,  
 About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.  
 The brands dips in the ditchies, black with bloods:  
*Medea* on the Altar stires th'infected wood.  
 Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,  
 And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.  
 Meane while, in hollow brasse the med'cine boyles:  
 And swelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.  
 There feethes she what th' *Aenonian* vales produce;  
 Roots, iuyces, flowers, and seeds of soueraigne vse.

Addes.

Addes precious stones, from farthest Orient rest:  
 And pibles, by the ebbing Ocean left.  
 The dew collected ere the Dawning springs:  
 A Screech-owles flesh, with her infamous wings.  
 The entrailes of ambiguous Wolues; that can  
 Take, and forsake the figure of a man.  
 The liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes  
 The scaly skins of small *cymphaeas* snakes.  
 A Crowes black head, and poynited boake, was cast:  
 Among the rest; which had nine ages past.  
 These, and a thousand more; without a name,  
 Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame  
 For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now  
 She mingles with a wither'd olive bough.  
 Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receuies  
 First virdure; and a little after, leaues;  
 Forth-with, with ouer-burnding Olives deckt.  
 The skipping spume which vnder flames eieft,  
 Upon the ground descended in a dew:  
 Whence vernall flowres, and springing pasture grew.  
 This scene, she cuts the old mans throte; oat-scrus'd.  
 His scarce-warne blood, and her receipt infus'd.  
 Suckt in at mouth or wound, his beard and head  
 Black haire forth-with adorne, the hoary shed.  
 Pale colour, morphue, meger looks remoue:  
 And vnder-rising flesh his wrinkles smoothe.  
 His limmes wax strong and lustie. *Aeson* much  
 Admires his change: himselfe remembers such  
 Twice twenty summers past. With all, indu'd.  
 A youthfull mind: and both at once renew'd.  
 This wonder from on high *Lyans* viuens:  
 By *Coelcis* gift his nurses daies renewes.

Lealt

Least fraud should faile; she, with her bed's Confort  
 Discretion faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.  
 His daughters ( for sad Age the King arrests )  
 Her entartarie. Who soone with fly protests  
 Offorged loue allures their quick beliefe.  
 Among her m<sup>l</sup>ies mentions the reprise  
 Of *Aeson* years; insisting on that part.  
 This hope ingenders, that her able Art  
 Might so their father's vanisht youth restore :  
 Whom they, with infinite rewards imple: c.  
 She, musing, seemes to doubt : and, with pretence  
 Of difficultie, holds them in suspence.  
 But when she had a tardy promise made ;  
 To win your stedfast confidence ( she said )  
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram ;  
 And suddenly he shall become a Lamb.  
 Streight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew  
 A sunk-cy'd Ram; whose youth none liuing knew.  
 Now, at his riuled throte, out-lanching life  
 ( Whose little blood could hardly staine her knife )  
 His carcase she into a caldron throwes:  
 With it, her drugs. Each limb more slender growes ;  
 He casts his hornes, and with his hornes his yeares :  
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their eares.  
 While they admire, out skips a frisking Lamb ;  
 That spouts, and seckes the vdder of his dam.  
 Fixt with amaze: they, strongly now possist,  
 Her promise more importunately prest.  
 Thrice *Phaebus* had vnyok't his panting Steeds,  
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whist Night succeeds,  
 Studded with stars : when false *Medea* tooke,  
 With vseleſſe herbs, mere water of the brooke.

On

On *Pelias*, and his drowsie Guard, she hung  
 A death-like sleepe with her enchanting tongue.  
 Whom now the lo-instructed sisters led  
 Into his chairber ; and besiege his bed.  
 Why pause you thus, said she, o slow to good !  
 Unsheath your swords, and shed his aged blood ;  
 That I his veines with sprightly iuyce may fill :  
 His life and youth depend vpon your will.  
 If you haue any vertue, nor pursue  
 Unfruitfull hopes, performe this filiall due.  
 With Steele your fathers age expulc, and purge  
 His dreggs through wounds. Their zeale her speeches vrge.  
 Who were most pious, impious first became :  
 And, by auoyding, perpetrate the same.  
 Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow :  
 But, with auerted lookes, blind wounds bestow.  
 He, blood-inbrewd, his hoary head aduanc't :  
 Halfe-mangled, stroue to rise. Who now intranc't  
 Amidst so many sworde, his armes vp-held ;  
 And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you ! what compeld  
 Those cruell hands t'inuade your fathers life !  
 Downe sunke their hands and hearts. *Medea*'s knife,  
 With following speech his throte asunder cuts :  
 And his hackett limmes in seething liquor puts.  
 And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,  
 Reuenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she lies  
 Ore shady *Pelion*, god-like *Ubirion* Den,  
 Aspiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men  
 For old *Cerambus* safety : who, by aide  
 Of fauouring Nymphs, reliefull wings displaide ;  
 While swallowing waues the waigthy earth iuornde :  
 And swolne *Leucanions* surges scap't vndrown'd.

Ælian

Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaues;  
 That marble which the Serpents shape receives;  
 Idean groves, where Iber turn'd a Steere  
 (To cloke his sons flye theft) into a Deere;  
 The sand-heape which Corythus Sire containes;  
 And where new-barking Mer, frights the plaines:  
 Euryphylus towne, where hornes the Matrons sham'd.  
 Of so, when Hercules the Coans tam'd;  
 Phœbeian abode; Iasian Telebines,  
 Drencht by Ioue's vengeance in his brothers seas,  
 For all transforming with their vitiuous eyes:  
 By Cœa's old Cantharian turrets flies,  
 Where fates Acidamas with wonder moue,  
 To thinke his daughter could become a Doue.  
 Then Hyries lake, Cycneian Temp'le view'd,  
 Grac't by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.  
 For Phyllus there, had, at a Boyes command,  
 Wild birds, and saluage Lyons, brought to hand.  
 Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;  
 Yet at so sterne a loue not seldome storn'd,  
 And his last purchase to the boy deny'd.  
 Pouting, You'l wish you had giuen it me, he cry'd;  
 And iumpt from downe-right cliff's. All held him bain'd;  
 When spredding wings a siluer Swan sustain'd  
 His Mother ( ignorant thereof) became  
 A Lake with weeping: which they Hyrie name.  
 Next Phearon lies; where Ophian Combe shuns,  
 With trembling wings, her life pursuing sons.  
 Then neare Latona-lou'd Calyria rang'd;  
 In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd  
 (if it be on the right hand ( where the beast  
 Metamorphosis would his mother haue comprest.)

cep:is:is:

cepis:is spies ( who for his nephew mourn'd;  
 Into a Sea-calf by Apollo turn'd).  
 Eumeus Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,  
 With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,  
 To Piren, Ephy: men, if Famic say true,  
 Here at the first from shower-ray'd mushrumps grew.  
 But after Colchis had the new-wed Dame,  
 And Creons Pallace, wrapt in Magick flame;  
 When impious Steele her childrens bloud had shed,  
 The ill-reueng'd from Iason's fury fled.  
 Whom now the swift Titanian Dragons draw  
 To Pallas towres. Those thee, iust Phineus, saw;  
 And thee, old Periphas, at once to flic:  
 Where Polyphemons Neece new wings supply.  
 Egæus entertaines her ( of his life  
 The onely staine ) and took her for his wife.  
 Herc Theseus maskt vnown: who, great in Deed  
 Had two-sea'd Ithmos from oppression freed.  
 Whose vaderseru'd ruin Phæbas sought  
 By mortall Aconite, from Scythia brought.  
 This from Ecbida's hel-hound essence drawes  
 There is a blind steepēe caue with foggy iawes,  
 Through which the bold Trynebian Heros strain'd  
 Drag'd Cerberus, with adamant inchain'd.  
 Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt a-skew  
 On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew:  
 Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;  
 And on the grafie his spurny poyson bleds.  
 This sprung; attracting from the fruitfull soyle  
 Dire nourishment, and powre of deathfull spoyle.  
 The rurall Swaines, because it takes delight  
 In living rocks, surname'd it Aconite.

Egæus,

Ægeus, by her fly perswasions wonne ;  
 As to a foe, presents it to his sonne.  
 He took the cup: when by the iuory hilt  
 Of Theseus sword, Ægeus found her guilt ;  
 And struck the potion from his lips. With charmes  
 Ingendring clouds, she scapes his lengthlesse armes.

Though glad of his sons safetie, a chill feare  
 Shooke all his powers, that danger was so neere.  
 With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts  
 The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts  
 (Their hornes with ribands wreath'd) imbrew the ground.  
 No day, they say, was euer so renown'd  
 Amongst th' Athenians. Noble, vulgar, all,  
 Together celebrate that Festiuall.  
 And sing, when flowing bowles their spirits raise:

Great Theseus, Marathon resounds thy praise  
 For slaughter of the Cretan Bull. Secure  
 They liue, who Cremyons wasted fields manure,  
 By thy exploit and bountie. Vulcan's Seed  
 By thee glad Epidau're beheld to bleed.  
 Immanc Protrutes death Cephissa view'd:  
 Elusis, Cercyon's. Scinis ill indu'de  
 With strength so much abus'd; who Beeches bent,  
 And tortur'd bodyes 'twixt their branches rent,  
 Thou slew'st. The way which to Alcathue led  
 Is now secure, inhumane Scyon dead.  
 The Earth his scatter'd bones a graue deny'd;  
 Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide :  
 Which tossed to and fro, in time became  
 A solid rock: the rock we Syron name.  
 If we thy yeares should number with thy acts;  
 Thy yeares would proue a cypher to thy factis.

Great

Great soule ! for thee, as for our publique wealth,  
 We pray ; and quaffe Lycaus to thy health.

The Pallace with the peoples praises rings :

And sacred loy in euery bosome springs.

Ægeus yet ( no pleasure is compleat :

Griefe twins with ioy.) for Theseus safe receit

Reapes little comfort. Minos makcs a war :

Though strong in men and shippes, yet stronger far

Through vengeance of a father : who, his harmes

In slaine Androgeus, scourgeth with iust armes.

Yet wisely first endeuours forrainc aid :

And all the Ilands of that Sea suruaid.

Who Anaphe and Astripalea gain'd ;

The one by gifts, the other war constrain'd:

Low Alycone, Cimolus chalkie fields,

High Scyros, Siphnus, which rich metals yeelds,

Champion Seriphos, Paros far display'd

With marble browes, and Cythnos il-betray'd

By impious Arne for yet-loued gold ;

Turn'd to a Chough, whom sable plumes infold.

Uliaros, Didyme the Sea-lou'd soyle

Of Tenos, l'parethos fat with oyle,

Andros, and Gyaros; these their aid deny'd.

The Gnosian fleet from thence their sailes apply'd

Vnto Oenopia, for her children fam'd.

Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd:

But Æacus, there raigning, call'd the same.

Ægina, of his honour'd mothers name.

All throng to see a Prince of so great worth.

Straight Icamon and Peleus, illwing forth,

With Phœbus, youngest of that royll race,

Make haste to meet him. With a tardie pace

Cantic

Came aged *Aeacus*, and askt the cause  
 Of his repaire. At those sad thoughts he drawes  
 His breath in sighs: some intermission made,  
 The Ruler of the hundred Cities said.  
 Assit our armes, borne for my murdr'd son;  
 And in this pious war our fortunes run:  
 Giue comfort to his graue. The King reply'd:  
 In vaine you aske what needs must be deny'd.  
 No Citie is in stricter league than ours  
 Conioyn'd to *Athens*: mucuall are our powres.  
 He, parting, said: Your league shall cost you deare.  
 And held it better far, to threat, than beare  
 An accidentall warre; whereby he might  
 Consume his force before he came to fight.

Yet might they see the *Cretans* vnder saile  
 From high built walls: when, with a leading gale,  
 The *Attack* ship attain'd their friendly shore:  
 Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore.  
 Th*Aeacides* him knew ( though many a day  
 Vnseene ) imbrace, and to the Court conuay.  
 The goodly Prince, who yet the pledges held  
 Of those perfections, which in youth exceld,  
 Enters the Pallace; bearing in his hand  
 A brancht of *Olive*. At his elbowes stand  
*Clytus*, and *Butes*; valorous and young:  
 Who from the loynes of high-borne *Pallas* sprung.  
 First *Cephalus* his full oration made;  
 Which shew'd his natiage, and demanded aid:  
 Their leagues, an ancient loues to mind recalls;  
 And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:  
 With eloquence inforc't his embassie.  
 When God-like *Aeacus* made this replie

(His

( His royll scepter shining in his hand )  
*Athenians*, craue not succour, but command:  
 This Ilands forces yours vouchsafe to call;  
 For in your ayde I will aduenture all.  
 Souldiers I haue enow, at once t'oppose  
 My enemis, and to repell your foes.  
 The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will  
 Secke no excuses. May your Citie still  
 Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.  
 At my approch I not a little ioy'd  
 To meet so many yoults of equall yeares,  
 So fresh and lustie. Yet not one appeares  
 Of those who heretofore your towne potest;  
 When first you entartayn'd me for a Guest.

Then *Aeacus*, ( in sighs his words ascend )  
 A sad beginning had a better end.  
 Would I could vter all: Day would expire  
 Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.  
 Their bones, and ashes, silent graues inclose:  
 And what a treasure perished with those!  
 By *Juno*'s wrath, a dreadfull pestilence  
 Deuour'd our liues: who tooke vniust offencce,  
 In that this Ile her Riuals name profest.  
 While it seem'd humane, and the cause vnghest;  
 So long we death-repelling Phylick try'd:  
 But those diseases vanquisht Art deride.  
 Heauen first, the earth with thickned vapors shrouds;  
 And lazie heat inuolues in sullen clouds.  
 Foure pallid moones their growing horns vniue,  
 And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light;  
 Yet still the death-producing *Aster* blew.  
 Sunke springs, and standing lakes infected' grew;

Serpents

Serpents in vntild fields by millions creepe ;  
 And in the stremes their tainting poysons steepe.  
 First, dogs, sheepe, oxen, fowle that flagging fly,  
 And saluage beasts, the swift infection try.  
 Sad Swaines, amazed, see their oxen shrink  
 Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes sink.  
 The fleecie flocks with anguish faintly bleat ;  
 Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat,  
 The generous Horse that from th' Olympicks late  
 Return'd with honour, now degenerate,  
 Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize ;  
 Grones at his manger, and there deedlesse dyes.  
 The Bore forgets his rage : swift feet now faile  
 The Hart: nor Beares the horned Herd assaile.  
 All languith. Woods, fields, paths ( no longer bare )  
 Are fil'd with carkasses, that stench the aire.  
 Which neither dogs, nor greedy fowle ( how much  
 To be admir'd ! ) nor hoary wolues would touch.  
 Falling, they rot: which deadly Odors breare,  
 That round about their dire contagion spred.  
 Now raues among the wretched country Swaines :  
 Now in our large and populous Citie raignes.  
 At first, their bowels broyle, with feruor stretcht :  
 The symptoms ; rednesse, hot wind hardly fetcht.  
 Their furd tongs swell ; their drie iawes gasp for breath ;  
 And with the ayre inhale a swifter death.  
 None could endure or couerture, or bed :  
 But on the stones their panting bosoms spred.  
 Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat :  
 Euen they beneath those burning burdens sweat.  
 None cure attempt : the sterne Disease invades  
 The heartlesse Leech ; nor Aither author aids.

The neere ally'd, whose care the sick attends,  
 Sicken themselves, and dye before their friends.  
 Of remedy they see no hope at all,  
 But onely in approaching funerall.  
 All cherith their desires : for helpe none care :  
 Help was there none. In shamelss' throns repaire  
 To springs and wells : there cleave, in bitter strife  
 T'extinguish thirst ; but first extinguish life.  
 Nor could th'o're-charg'd arise ; but dying, sink :  
 And of those tainted waters, others drink.  
 The wretches lothe their tedious beds : thence breake  
 With giddy steps. Or, if now growne too weake,  
 Roule on the floore : there quitted houses hate,  
 As guilty of their miserable fate ;  
 And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse :  
 Halfe-ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could vse.  
 You might see others on the earth lye mourning,  
 Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning :  
 Stretching their armes to heauen, where euer death  
 Surpris'd them, parting with their sight-out breath.  
 O what a heart had I ! or ought to haue !  
 I loth'd my life, and wisht with them a graue.  
 Which way loeuer I conuert my eye,  
 The breathlesse multitude dispersed lye.  
 Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes  
 Of rocking windes ; or acornes from broad okes.  
 See you yon Temple, mounted on high staires ?  
 'Tis I upl're. Who hath not offer'd praits,  
 And slighted incense there I husbands for wiues,  
 Fathers for sons : and while they pray, their liues  
 Before th'inexorable altars vent ;  
 With incense in their hand, halfe yet vnspent !

How oft the oxe, vnto the temple brought,  
While yet the Priest the angry Powres belought,  
And pour'd pure wine betweene his hornes ; fell downe  
Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne !

To *Jupiter* aboue to sacrifice,  
For me, my country, sons ; with horrid noyse  
Th'vnwounded Offring fell: the blood that life  
Bore into exile, hardly staint the knife.  
The Inwards lost their signes of heauens presage;  
Out-raized by the sterne Diseases rage.  
The dead before the sacred doores were laid:  
Before the Altars too ; the Gods t'vpbraid.  
Some choke:themselues with cords: by death eschue  
The feare of death ; and following Fates pursue.  
Dead corps, without the Dues of funerall,  
They weakly beare: the ports are now too small.  
Or vn-inhum'd they lye : or else are throwne  
On wealthlesse pyls. Respect is giuen to none.  
For Pyles they striue : on those their kinsfolke burne,  
That flame for others. None are left to mourne.  
Ghosts wander vndeplor'd by sons or fires:  
Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonisht with these tempests of extremes :  
O *loue*, said I, if they be more than dreames  
That wrapt thee in *Ægina*'s armes; nor shame  
That I, thy son, should thee my father name:  
Render me mine, or render me a graue!  
With prosperous thunder-claps a signe be gau.  
I take it, said I; let this Omen be  
A happy pledge of thy intents to me;  
Hard by, a goodly Oke, by fortune, stoo'd,  
Sacred to *loue*; of *Dodoneian* wood :

Graine.

Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,  
Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthen draw;  
Keeping their paths along the rugged tinc.  
While I admire their number: O diuine,  
And cuer helpfull ! giue to me, said I,  
As many men ; who may the dead supply.  
The tremblung oke his loftie top declin'd:  
And mutmured without a breath of wind.  
I hooke with feare: my tressles stood an end:  
Yet on the earth and oke I kisses spend.  
I durst not seeme to hope ; yet hope I did:  
And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.  
Night came ; and Sleepe care-wasted bodies clear'd:  
Before my eyes the selfe-same Oke appear'd;  
So many branches, as before, there were ;  
So many busie Ants those branches beare ;  
So hooke the Oke, and with that motion threw  
To vnder-earth the graine-supporting crew.  
Greater and greater straight they seeme to sight:  
To raise themselues from earth, and stand vp-right.  
Whom numerous feet, black colour, lanknese leauet  
And instantly a humane shape receiue.  
Now Sleep with-drew. My dreame I waking blames  
And on the small-performing Gods exclaime.  
Yet heard a mightie noyse ; and seem'd to heare  
Almost forgotten voyces : yet I feare  
That this a dreame was also. Whereupon,  
The doore thrust open, in rusht *Telamon* ;  
Come forth, said he, O father ; and behold  
What hope transcends ; nor can with faith be told!  
Forth went I ; and beheld the men which late  
My dreame presented: such in euery state

K

I saw ; and knew them. They salute their King.  
 loue prais'd : a partie to the towne I bring ;  
 Among the rest I share the fields : and call  
 Them *Atymidons* of their originall.  
 You see their persons : such their manners are  
 As formerly. A people giuen to spare,  
 Patient of labour ; what they get, preserue.  
 They, like in yeares and mindes, these wars shall serue,  
 And follow your conduct ; when first this wind  
 (The wind blew Easterly ) that was so kind  
 To bring you hither, will to your auaile  
 Conuert it selte into a Southerne gale.

Discourse thus entertain'd the day ; with feasts  
 They crowne the euening : Sleep the Night inuests  
 The morning Sun projects his golden rayes :  
 Still *Furnus* blew ; and their departure stayes.  
 Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* before,  
 And *Cephalus*, with *Pallas* sons, to Court,  
 With early visits : ( sleepe the King inchaines ).  
 Whom *Phoebus* in the Presence entertaines.  
 For *Peteus*, with his brother *Telamon*,  
 To raise an army were already gone.  
 Meane-while th' *Atbenians* *Phobus* leads into  
 The Priuy chamber, beautifull to view.  
 Talking ; his eyes vpon the iauelin seaze,  
 Which grac't theingers of *Aeolides*.  
 I haunt, said he, the woods; delight in blood  
 Of salvage beasts ; yet know not of what wood  
 Your dart is made of. If of ash it were  
 'Tould look more brown ; if Cornel, 'twould appeare  
 More knotty : on what tree so'ere it grew,  
 My eyes did never such another view.

One of th' *Aetean* brethren made reply :  
 You would more wonder at the quality.  
 It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led ;  
 And of it selfe returnes with slaughter red.  
*Phoebus* the cause desireth much to know :  
 From whence it came ; and who did it bestow.  
 He yeelds to his request ; yet things well knowne,  
 Restrain'd by modesty, he lets alone.  
 Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds  
 In his remembrance ; thus with teares proceeds.

This Dart, ô Goddesse-borne, prouokes these teares.  
 And euer would, if endlesse were my yeares.  
 This me, in my vnhappy wife, destroy'd :  
 This gift I would I never had inioy'd !  
*Proteris* *Orithya*'s sister was ; if Fame  
 Haue more inform'd you of *Orithya*'s name.  
 Yet the ( should you their minds and formes confer )  
 More worth the rape. *Erechtheus*, mee to her,  
 And loue, vnite. Then happy ! happy, I  
 Might yet haue beeene. But ô, the Gods enuy !  
 Two months were now consum'd in chaste delights.  
 When gray *Aurora*, hauing vanquisht Night,  
 Beheld me on the euer-fragrant hill  
 Of steepe *Hymettus* : and, against my will,  
 As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.  
 I may the truth declare without offence :  
 Though rosie be her cheeks ; although she sway  
 The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,  
 And Nectar drink ; my *Procris* all possest.  
 My heart was hers ; my tongue her prayse profest.  
 I told her of our holy nuptiall ties ;  
 Of wedlocks breach ; and yet scarce tasted ioyes.

Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbear: Pollesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare; Thou'lt with th' hadst never knowne her, if I know Infewing fate: and angry, lets me goe. Her words I ponder as I went along: And gan to doubt she might my honour wrong. Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust: Her vertue checks those feares, as most vnjust. But I was absent: but example fed My icalousie: but louers all things dread. I seeke my sorrowes; and with gifts intend To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proues a friend To this suspition; and my forme translates. Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates; And then my owne. The house from blame was free: In decent order, and perplext for me. Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view: View'd with astonishment, I scarce pursue My first intent: scarce coul'd I but reveale The truth; and pardon with due kisles seal. She was full sad: yet louelier none than she, Euen in that sadness: sorrowfull for me. How excellent, o *Phœbus*, was that face, Which could in griefe retaine so sweet a grace? What need I tell how often I affayl'd Her vexed chasticie! how often fail'd! How often said the! One I onely serue: For him, where euer, I my ioyes preferue. What mad man would such faith haue farther prest, But i? indiuitious in my owne vnrest. With deep e proiects, and gifts still multiply'd, At length the waters Falle of faith, I cry'd,

Thou

Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer, But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this tryall erre. She made no answ'r, prest with silent shame. Th' insidious house, and me, far more in blame, Forsaking man-kind for my sake eschues: And *Dian* like the mountaine chace pursues. Abandon'd; hotter flames my blood incense. I beg'd her pardon, and confess'd m' offence: And said, *Aurora* might haue me subdue With such inticements, had but she so woo'd. My fault confess'd, her wrong revenged, wee Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree. Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small, A Dog she gaue: which *Cynbia* giuing; All, Said she, surpasst in swiftnesse: and this Speare You so commend, which in my hand I beare. Doe you the fortune of the first inquire? Recciu a wonder: and the fact admire.

Dark prophesies, not vnderstood of old, The *Naiades* with searching wits vnfold. When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure, Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure. A cruell Beast infests th' *Asian* plaines; To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines, Both for their cattle, and themselues. We met And with our toyles the ample fields beset. He nimblly skips aboue the vpper lines: And mounting ouer, frustrates our designes. Their dogs the'vn couple; whose pursuit he out-springes. With no lesse speed, than if supply'd by wings. All bid me let my *Lalaps* slip ( for so My dog was call'd) who strugling long agoe,

K 3

Hali-

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K 3

Halo.

Ifuse-thy otled, straing the leash. No sooner gone,  
Than out of sight; his foot-steps left vpon  
The burning land: v. ho vanish't from our eyes  
As swiftly as a well-driuen iuelin flyes;  
Or as a singing pellet from a sling;  
Or as an arrow from a *cretan* string.  
I mount a hill which ouer-topt the place;  
From thence beholding this admired chace.  
The Beast now pincht appears, now shuns by flight  
His catching iawes. Nor ( crafty ) runs out-right;  
Nor trusts his hiecles: with nimble turnings shunning  
His vrgent foe; cast back by ouer-running.  
Who p'cest, what onely might in speed compare;  
Appeares to catch th'vnaught; and mouthes the aire.  
My dart I take to aide; which, while I shooke,  
And on the thong direct my hastic looke  
To fit my fingers; looking vp againe,  
I saw two marble statu's on the plaine.  
Had you these seene, you could not chuse but say  
That this appear'd to run, and that to bay.  
That neither should each other ouer-goe  
The Gods dectee'd: if Gods descend so low.  
Thus he: here paus'd. Then *l'hoc'm*; Pray'vnfold  
Your darts offence. Which *cei b.ulus* thus told.  
Ioy grieve fore-runs: that ioy we first recite.  
For o, those times I mention with delight,  
Wher y. auth and ymen crown'd our happy life:  
She, in her husband blest; I in my wife.  
In both one care, and one affection moues.  
She would not haue exchang'd my bed for *loues*;  
Nor I, I could haue tempted my desire:  
Our boles haue'd with such an equall fire.

When

When *Sol* had rais'd his beames aboue the floods;  
My custome was to trace the leauy woods;  
Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went,  
Without horse, huntmen, toyles, or dogs of sent.  
Much kild; I to the cooler shades repaire:  
And where the vallic breathes a fresher aire.  
Coole aire I seeke, while all with feruor gloes:  
Coole aire expect, my trauels sweet repose.  
Come aire, I wont to sing, relieue th'opp'ret;  
Come, ô most welcome, glide into my brest:  
Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.  
By chance I other blandishments repeat;  
( So Fates inforce ) as, ô my soules delight!  
By thee I am fed and clear'd: thy sweets excite  
My affections to these woods: ô life of death!  
May euer I inhale thy quickning breath!  
A busie care these doublfull speeches caught;  
Who oft-nam'd aire some much-lou'd *Dryad* thought,  
And told to *Procris*, with a leuder tongue,  
His false furnisles; with the song I sung.  
*Loue* is too credulous. With grieve she faints;  
And scarce reuiving, bursts into complaints:  
My spotleſſe faith with furie execrates.  
Woe's me, she cryes, produc't to cruell fates!  
Transported with imaginarie blame,  
What is not, feares: an vnsubstantiall name.  
Yet grieues ( poore soule! ) as if in truth abus'd:  
Yet often doubts; and her distrust accus'd.  
Now holds the information for a lye:  
Nor will trust other witnessse than her eye.  
*Aurora* re-inthron'd th'insuing Day:  
I hunt, and speed. As on the grasse I lay,

K 4

Cesa

Come aire, said I, my tyred spirits cheare.  
 At this an vndeowne sighe invades my care.  
 Yet I ; O come, before all joyes prefer'd.  
 Among the withered leaues a rustling heard,  
 I threw my dart ; supposing it some beast :  
 But ô, 'twas *Procris* ! wounded on the brest,  
 Shee shreckt, ay me ! Her voyce too well I knew :  
 And thither, with my grieve distractred, flew.  
 Halfe dead, all blood-imbrew'd, my wife I founds :  
 Her gife (alas ! ) exhaling from her wound.  
 I rais'd her body, than my owne more deare:  
 To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare;  
 And striue to stench the blood. O pity take,  
 Said I, not thus a guilty soule forsake !  
 She, weake, and now a dying, thus applies  
 Her tonges forc't motion : By our nuptiall ties ;  
 By heauen-imbowred Gods ; by those below,  
 To whose infernall monarchy I goe :  
 By that, if euer I deserued well ;  
 By this ill-fated loue, for which I fell,  
 Yet now in death most constantly retaine ;  
 O, let not Ayre our chaster bed prophane.  
 This said ; I show'd, and shee perceived how  
 That error grew : but what auail'd it now ?  
 She sinkes ; her blood along her spirits tooke :  
 Who looks on me as long as she could looke.  
 My lips her soule receiue, with her last breath :  
 Who, now resolu'd, sweetly smiles in death.  
 The weeping Hero's told this tragedy  
 To thole that wept as fast. The King drew nyc  
 And his two sons, with wel-arm'd Regiments,  
 New-rais'd ; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The Eighth Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**Armonious walls. Lend Scylla new despaire ;  
 With Nisus, chang'd : the Lark the Hobby dare.  
 Ariadnes Crown a Constellation made.  
 Th'inuntine youth a Partridge ; still affraid  
 Of mounting. Meleagers Sisters mourne  
 His tragedie : to Foule, so named, turne.  
 Fine water Nymphs the fine Echianades :  
 'Desigre. Perimole, neare to those,  
 Becomes an Island. Iolle and Hermes take  
 The forthes of men. A Cittie turn'd a Lake  
 A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare  
 Old Baucis and Philemon, changed are.  
 At once to sacred Trees in various shapes  
 Blew Proteus spouts. Of fofse, chang'd Metra shapes :  
 Scorn'd seruitude. The Streames of Calydon  
 Forsake his owne, and other shapes puss on.

**N**ow Lucifer exalts the Day : to hell  
 Old Night descends. The Easterne winds now fell :  
 Moyst clouds arose : when gentle Southerne gales  
 Befriend returning Cephalus. Full sailies  
 Wing his successefull course : who, long before  
 All expection, toucht the wilhed shore.

For no heart is so hard, that did but know,  
And would a lance against his bosom throw.  
It takes : with me, my country I intend  
To tender vp ; and giue these warres an end.  
What is t to intend ? Each passage hath a guard ;  
My father keepes the keyes, and sees them bard.  
'Tis he defeis my joyes ; 'tis he I dread :  
Would I were not, or he were with the dead !  
I thinke, we are our owne Gods. They thriue, that dare :  
And fortune is a foe to slothfull pteare.  
Long since, an other, scorcht with such a fire,  
By death had forst a way to her desire.  
Yet why should any more aduenturous proue ?  
I dare through sword and fire make way to Loue.  
And yet here is no vse of fire nor sword ;  
But of my fathers haire. This must afford  
What so mucht affect, and make me blest :  
Richer than all the treasure of the East.

This said, Night, nurse of cares, her curtaines diew.  
When in the dark the more audacious grew.  
In plume of test, when tyd with day-bred cares  
Sleepe all inuests ; the silently repaires  
Into her fathers bed-chamber, and thereto  
Extracts (a horrid act !) his fatall haire.  
She casid of her wicked prey ; with her she bore  
The guilty spoyle ; yvlocks a Poster ie doore :  
That past the loc (bold by her merite made)  
Went the King ; not vn-alterable, said.  
But by Loue, I say, at a Seconde,  
Yeld vnto my Country, and my Gods : no meede,  
But that I receiue, I say ; stately haire receiue,  
My loue then vndge, not thinke a haire I giue,

But

Put my old fathers head. With that, presents  
The gift with wicked hand, and bad ostents.  
*Mirros* rejects it : and mucht terrifide  
With horror of so foule a deede, replide :  
The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord !)  
Their world ; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.  
How-ere *Loue* Crete, the world wherein I raigne,  
Shall such a Monster neuuer entartaine.  
This said : the most iust Victor doth impose  
Lawes, no less iust, vpon his vanquisht foes.  
Then orders, that they forth with ores conuay  
Abord the brasse-beakt ships, and anchors waye.

When *Scylla* saw the *Gnossian* nauy swim ;  
And that her treason was abhor'd by him :  
To violent anger she conuerts her prayers,  
And Furie-like, with stretcht armes and spred haire ;  
Cry'd ; Whither fly'st thou ? leauing me for-lore,  
That conquest-crown'd thee ? o preferd before  
My Country ! Father ! 't was not thou didst win ;  
But I that gave : my inerrit, and my sin.  
Not this ; not such affection, could perswade :  
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had layd.  
For whither should I goe, thus left alone ?  
What ? to my Country ? that's by me o're-thrown'e.  
Wer't not ? my treason doomes me to exile.  
Or to my father ; giuen vnto thy spoyle ?  
Me worthily the Citizens will hate :  
And neighbours feare th'example in their State.  
I, out of all the world my selfe have throwne,  
To purchase an accessie to *Crete* alone.  
Which if deny'd ; and left to such despaire'd  
*Europa* ne'r onc so vngratefull bate :

But

But swallowing *Syri's, Charybdis* chaste with wind;  
 Or some fell Tygres of th' *Amenian* kind.  
*Iove* (no) thy father; nor with forged shape  
 Of Bull beguyl, thy mother culd her rape.  
 That stoy of thy glorious race is taide:  
 For thee a wild and louelesse Bull sustaide.  
 O father *Niwo*, thy reuenge behold!  
 Reioyce, O Cite, by my treason sold!  
 Death, I confesse, I merit. Yet would I  
 Might, by their hands whom I haue iniur'd, dye.  
 For why shouldest thou, who onely didst subdue  
 By my offendynge, my offence pursue?  
 My Country and my father fel this sinne:  
 Which vnto thee a courtesie hath beene.  
 Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood  
 A Bull's hot incest in a Cow of wood;  
 Whose shameleſſe womb a monſtuous burthen bare.  
 Ah! doe my torrowes to thy eares repaire?  
 Or are my fruitleſſe wrods borne by that wind  
 That brayes thee hence, and leaues a wretch behind?  
 What though *Pasiphae* a Bull preferd?  
 Thou far more brutiſh than the ſaluge Herd.  
 Woe ſine, I make haſt I muſt: the waues with ore  
 Reflaid, his ſhip for ſakes, with vs, our ſhores.  
 In vaine I le follow thee vngratefull King:  
 And while I to thy crooked vefell cling  
 Be drag'd through drenching ſeas. This hauing ſaid,  
 Attemptis the waues, by *Cupido* strengthning aid,  
 And cleaues th' ſhip. Her father, now high-flowne  
 Strikes a ring (a red-maide Hobbie growne)  
 And ſteppes to cut her with his golden ſcaynes.  
 She ſays her hande ſmeble by her ſcaynes.

While

While yet a falling, that ſhe might eſchue  
 The threatening ſea, light wings t' her ſhoulders grew.  
 Now changed to a bird in ſight of all:  
 This, of her tufted crown e we *Ciris* call.

No ſooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,  
 But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd.  
 His vowes to conqueſt-giuing *time* he payd:  
 And all his pallace with the ſpoyle arrayd.  
 And now his families reproch increaſt.  
 That vncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beaſt,  
 His mothers dire adulterie deſcryd.

*Minos* refolues his marriage ſhame to hide  
 In multitude of roomes, perplext and blind  
 The work t' excelling *Dedalus* affignd.  
 Who ſenſe diſtructs, and error leadeſ a maze  
 Through ſubtill ambages of ſundry wayes.  
 As *Phrygian Meander* ſports about  
 The flowrie vales; now winding in, now out;  
 Himselue incounteres, ſees his following floods,  
 His ſtreames leadeſ to their ſprings; and, doubling, ſcuds  
 To long mockt ſeas; ſo *Dedalus* compit'd  
 Innumerabie by-wayes, which beguyl  
 The ſenſes conduct; that himſelue with much  
 Adoe returns: the fallacieſ were ſuch.  
 When in this fabrick *Minos* had incloſ'd  
 This double forme, of man and beaſt compos'd;  
 The Monſter, with *Athenian* blood twice fed,  
 His owne, the third *Lot*, in the ninth yecre, ſhed  
 Then by a Clew reguided to the doore  
 (A virgins counſel) neuer found before;  
*Egiades*, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes  
 For *Dia*: on the naked ſhore for ſakes.

His

His confident and sleepe-oppisced Mate,  
Now spinng in complaints, the desolate  
Fare and marriage, comforts: and that she  
Might gloriouſ by a Conſtellation be;  
Her head viburthens of her crowne, and threw  
Leaſt to heauen; through thinner ayre it flew.  
Flyng, the jewelſ that the verge inchaſe  
Comet to fire; taſt-fixd in one place;  
By old time retaining. They their ſtation take,  
Twixt him that Kneeleſ, and him who holds the Snake.  
The ſea impriuined *teſtus*, meane-while,  
Weary of ſeat, and of his long exile;  
Toucht with his counteys loue, and place of birth;  
Thus laid: Though *Minor* bar both ſea and earth;  
Yet heauen is free. That courſe attempt I dare:  
Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.  
Thus laid: to arts vñknowne he bends his wits  
In nature's change. The quills in order knits,  
Beginning with the leaſt: the longer ſtill  
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing hill.  
Their in all pipes, the thepheards, long agoe,  
(I am d of vñcq tall reeds) contriued ſo,  
With diſeds the midſt, with wax he ioynes the ends;  
And theſe, as nature ill wings, a little bends.  
Young, as he stood by, who little thought  
That with his death he playd; and imiling, caught  
The feather, that lay hulling in the ayre:  
Now chaſes the yellw waxe with buſie care,  
And interruſts his ſire. When his laſt hand  
He had in poſd; with new-made wings he fand  
The ayre that bare them. Then inſtructs his ſon:  
Before that in the middle courſe thou run.

Dank

Dank ſeas will clog the wings that lowly flye:  
The Sun will burne them if thou for it too high.  
Twixt either keepe. Nor on *Baotes* gaze,  
Nor *Helice*, nor ſterne *Orions* rayes:  
But follow me. At once, he doth aduife;  
And vñknowne pinions to his ſhoulders ties,  
Amid his work and words a tyde of teares  
Fret his old checks, who trembling fingers reares.  
Then kift him, neuer to be kiffed more:  
And rais'd on lightsome feathers flies before;  
His feare behind: as birds through boundleſſe ſky  
From ayerie nests produce their yong to fly;  
Exhorts to follow: taught his banckfull ſkill;  
Waues his owne wings, his ſons obſeruing ſtill.  
Theſe, while ſome Angler, fiſhing with a cane;  
Or ſhepheard, leaning on his ſtaſſe; or Swaine;  
With wonder viewes: he thinks them Gods that glide  
Through ayerie regions. Now on the left ſide  
Leauies *Luno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,  
*Lebynthos*, and *Calydon* on the right,  
Flowing with hony. When the boy, much tooke  
With pleasure of his wings, his Guide forſooke:  
And rauisht with deſire of heauen, aloft  
Ascends. The odor-yeelding wax more ſoft  
By the ſwift Suns vicinitie now grew:  
Which late his feathers did together glew.  
That thaw'd; he ſhakes his naked armeſ, that bare,  
As then no ſaile, nor could containe the ayre.  
When crying, *Helpe, o father!* his exclame  
Blew ſeas ſuppreſt, which tooke from him their name.  
His father, now no father, left alone,  
Cryde *Icarus!* where art thou? which way flowne?

What

What region, *Laur*, doth thee contraine.  
Then spies the feathers floting on the Maine.  
Hee curst his arts, interties th' co:psē, that gaue  
The land a name, which gaue his sonne a graue.  
The Partridge from a thicket him suruayd;  
As in a tombe his wretched son he layd;  
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd  
To expesse his toy: as then an onely bird.  
So made of late (ynknownne in former daie, e.)  
O *Perseus*, by thy eternall crime,  
To thee thy Sister gaue him to be taught;  
Who little of his deitie fore-thought:  
The boy then twelve yeare aged; of a mind  
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclind.  
He sawes inuented, by the bones that grow  
In fishes backs; the steele indenting so.  
And two-thankt Compasses with riuet bound;  
Th' one to stand still, the other turning round  
In egyptian distaunce. *Perseus* this stung:  
Who from *Minerva*'s sacred turret flung  
The caud head-long; and his falling faines.  
Him *Pallas*, sautor of good wits, sustaines:  
Who straight the figure of a foule assumes;  
Clad in the midst of ayre with freckled plun. e.  
The vigor of his late twist wit now came  
Into his feet, and wings: he keepes his name.  
They never mount alote, nor trust their birth  
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth,  
And lay their egs in tufts. In mind they beare  
Their ancient fall, and haughtie places feare.  
I yd *Perseus* now in *Sicilia* lights:  
In whole derence hospitious *Cocytus* lights.

Now

Now *Athens* by *Aegeus* glorious Seed  
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.  
They crowne their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, *Ione*,  
Inuoke; with all the Deities aboue.  
Whom now they honour with the large expence  
Of bloud, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.  
Vast fanatic through all th' Argolian cities spred  
His praise: and all that rich *Aeolia* fed  
His aid in their extremities intreat,  
His aid afflicted *Calydon* (though great  
In *Meleager*) sought. The caule a Bore:  
*Diana*'s reuenge, and horrid Seruatore.  
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous haruest blest;  
To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne addrest,  
To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyca* wine.  
Ambitious honours all the Powres diuine  
Reape from the rurals; yet neglect to pay  
*Diana* dues; her Altars empty lay.  
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we,  
Vnpunisht beare: nor vnreuenge'd, said she,  
Though vn-adored, shall they vant we be.  
With that she sent into *Oenian* fields  
A vengefull Bore. Rank-graft *Epirus* yeelds  
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:  
But those are leſſe which in *Sicilia* feed.  
His eyes blaze bloud and fire: his stiffe neck beares  
Horrible bristles, like a groue of speares.  
A boyling fome vpon his shoulders flowes  
From grinding iawes: his tushes equall those  
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth casts  
Hot lightning; and his breath the virdure blasts.  
He tramples vnder foot the growing corne;

And

And leaues the sighng husband-man for lorne;  
Reuyng the iuper eates. Their viall graine  
The barnes and the iching flooies expect in vaine.  
Broad-spreading vines he with their burden,shetes:  
And boughs from euer-leaue olives teates.  
Then falls on beasts: the Hiddimen,now vnfearde;  
Nor dogs, nor raging Buls, defend their Herd.  
The people flye; nor are secure of mind  
In walled townes, till *Meleager*,ioyn'd  
With youths of choycest worth, inflam'd with praise,  
Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;  
One for his horsemanship, the other fam'd  
For hurele-bats; *Iason*, who the first ship fram'd;  
*Abeus* with his *Irathous*, a paire  
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar*'s heire;  
The two *Theissade*, *Leucippus* crownd  
For strength; *Acastus* for his dart renouwd;  
Swift *Idas*, *Cœnus*, not a maiden then;  
*Hippoboscus*, *Iryas*; *Phoenix* (best of men,)  
*Anaxotus* illue; both th' *Aetorides*,  
And *Poylen* sent from *Ely*, came with these:  
There to hope; aduenturous *Elamion*;  
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* son;  
*Hector*, *Asa*, the quick gracie  
*Evagoras*; and *Kriox*, who surpast  
In running, *Lelex* the *Nereian*,  
With *Laonian*, *Hylas*, *Hippofaun*,  
Now youthfull N. for: tons to that inceut  
*Hippofaun*: old *Amyn*, his sent:  
These, for rather in law, fairer bred  
These, were: many rales well read  
In fates, but as, not as yet betrayd

B' his

By his wife; *Tegean*, *Atalant*', a maide  
Of passing beaute, sprung from *Saturnus* race:  
Of high *Lycean* woods the onely grace.  
A polisht Zone her vpper garment bound;:  
And in one knot her artleste haire was wound:  
Her arrowes iuory guardian clattering hung  
On her left shoulder; and a bow well strung  
Her left hand held. Her lookes a wench displayd  
In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maide.  
The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld  
And wist at once: his wilhes fate repeld.  
Who lurking flames attracts; and laid, O blest  
Is he, whom thou shalt with thy ioyes inuest!  
But time, and shame, with further speech dispence:  
Vrg'd by a work of greater con'quence.  
A Wood o're-grownne with trees, yet neufer feld,  
Mounts from a Plaine, that all beneath beheld.  
The glory-thirsting Gallants thus ascend;  
Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend;  
Some hounds vncouple; some the tract of feet  
Together trace: and danger long to meet.  
A Dale there was, through which the raine-rais'd flood  
Oft tumbled downe, and in the bottom stood:  
Replete with plyant willowes, mirth weeds,  
Sharpe tuthes, oliers, and long slender reeds.  
The boere from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht  
Through iustling clouds, among the hunters riught:  
Beares downe the obuious trees; the crashing woods  
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods  
With high-rais'd thoots inflame; who keepe their stands:  
And shake their broad-tipt speare, with threatening hands.  
The dogs he scatters; thole that daile oppole  
His

His horrid furie, wounds with ganching blowes.  
*Faeron* first his iuelin vainly cast,  
 Which struck a beech. The next his sides had past,  
 But that with too much strength it ouer-flew:  
 The weapon *Pagasan Iason* threw.  
*O Iubis*, said *Ampycides*, If I  
 Haue honour, and doe honour thee, apply  
 Thy succour in successe of my intents.  
 The God, as much as lay in him, assents:  
 But from the dart the head *Diana* took;  
 Which gaue no wound, although the Bore it strook.  
 The beast like lightning burns, thus chafit with ire:  
 His grim eyes thine, his brest breaths flames of fire.  
 And as a stone which some huge engine throwes  
 Against a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:  
 The deadly Bore with such sure violence  
 Assalts their forces. The right wings defence;  
*Faeron*, and *Teagonus*, cast  
 On a unding earth: drawne off with timely hast.  
*Faeron*, great *Hippocoon* son,  
 Could not to well his slaughtring tushes shun:  
 Which cut the shinking hincwes in his thigh,  
 Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to fye.  
 And *Ner* so long had perisched, perchance,  
 Before *Faeron* warre; but, vaulting on a lance,  
 He strooke a tree, which there his branches spred;  
 And lately saw the foe from whom h'had fled.  
 Who, full of rage, his vengefull tushes whets  
 Upon an Oke; and dire destruction threats.  
 When, turning to his new-edg'd armes, the Bore  
 The manly thigh of great *Grihyus* tore.  
 The brother Twins, not yet celestiall Starres;

Conspi-

Conspicuous both, both terrible in warres;  
 Both mounted on white Steeds, a loft both bare  
 Their glittering speares, which trembled in the aire:  
 And both had sped; but that the Swine with-drew  
 Where neither horse nor iuelin could pursue.  
 In followes *Telamon*, hot of the chace;  
 And stumbling at a roote, fell on his face.  
 While *Pelcus* lifts him vp, a winged flight  
*Tegia* drew, which flew as swift as sight:  
 Below his eare the fixed arrow stood,  
 And staind his bristles with a little blood.  
 The Virgin lesse rejoyced in the blow  
 Than *Meleager*: who first saw it flow,  
 First shew'd his mates the blood: O most renoumd  
 Said he, thy vertue hath thy honour crownd.  
 The men, they blush for shame; each other cheare;  
 And high-rais'd soules, with clamors higher reare:  
 Their speares in clusters fling; which make no breach  
 Through idle store: and throwes their throwes impeach.  
 Behold, *Anceus* with a polax sterte  
 To his owne fate; who said, By me O learne  
 You youths, how much a mans sharpe steele exceeds  
 A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.  
 I though *Dian* should take armes, and in this strife  
 Protect her beast, she should not saue his life.  
 Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands  
 Aduanc't his polax, and on tip-toes stands.  
 Whom, ere his armes descend, the furious Swine  
 Preuents, and sheathes his tushes in his groyne.  
 Downe fell *Anceus*, out of his bowels guylt,  
 All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blude  
*Ixion* son *Pirithous* forward prest:

And

And with an able arme his lance addrest.  
 To whom: Alizides; O to me more deare  
 Than my owne life! my better halfe, forbeare.  
 The wite in valour should aloofe contend:  
 Poole hardy courage was *Anteas* end.  
 This laid his heavy cornell; with a head  
 Of bridle, he hurles: which sure had struck him dead  
 (It was deliuering with so true an aim)  
 But that a Medlar interpos'd the same.  
 A *son* then threw his thrilling lance;  
 Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)  
 A dog betweene his baying iawes: the wound  
 Rush't through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground.  
*Ened* vaying hand discharged two speares:  
 The earth the one, the beast the other beates.  
 While now he raves, grunts, turnes his body round,  
 Casts bloud and fome; the author of his wound  
 Reui't in; pronokes his greater wrath; and where  
 His shieldis disauer, thrusts his deadly speare.  
 They all with chearfull shouts their ioyes vafold;  
 Shake his victorious hands; the Beast behold  
 With wonder, whose huge bulk posset so much:  
 And hardly thinke it safe the slaine to touch:  
 Yet with his bloud they die their iauelins red.  
 He sets his foot vpon his horrid head;  
 My right, said he, receive rare *Nonacris*,  
 And let my glory euer share with thine.  
 Then gaue the bristled poyle, in terror charm'd;  
 And gasti head with monstrous tushes arm'd.  
 She in the Gart and Garter picture tooke.  
 All iuant, with prepostous vny, strooke.  
 On whom the violent *Nonacris* frowne;

And

And cry aloud with stretcht-out armes; Lay downe:  
 Nor, Woman, of our titles vs bereave,  
 Lest thee thy beauties confidence deceave;  
 His aid to weake whom loue hath rest of sight:  
 And snatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.  
 O: nides swels; his lookes with anger sterne:  
 You rauishers of others honours, learne  
 ( Said he ) the distance betweene words and deeds.  
 With wicked steele secure *Plexippus* speeds.  
 While *Toxens*, whether <sup>to</sup> reuenge his bloud,  
 Or shun his brothers fortune, wauering stood;  
 He cleares the doubt: the weapon, hot before  
 By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.

Gifts to the holy Gods *Althea* brings  
 For her sons victorie; and *Leaas* sings,  
 When back she saw her slaughtered brothers brought:  
 At that sad obieet screecht; and grieve-distraught,  
 The Citie sils with out-cries: off she teares  
 Her royll robes, and funerall garments weares.  
 But told by whom they fell; no longer mournes:  
 Rage dries her eyes; her teares to vengeance turns.  
 The triple Sisters earst a brand conuaid  
 Into the fire; her belly newly laid;  
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatall twine:  
 O lately borne, one period we assigne  
 To thee and to this brand. The charme they weare  
 Into his fate; and then the chamber leue.  
 His mother snatcht it with an hostie hand  
 Out of the fire; and quencht the flagrant brand.  
 This in an inward cloister closely layes:  
 And by preseruing it, preserues his dayes.  
 Which now produc't; a pyle of wood she rais'd,

L

Th

That by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.  
 Four times she proffers to the greedy flame  
 The fatall brand : as oft with-drew the same.  
 A Mother, and a Sister, now contend :  
 And two-diuided names, one bosome rend.  
 O! feare of future crimes a palenesse bred :  
 O! burning Furie gave her eyes his red.  
 Now seemes to threaten with a cruell looke :  
 And now appeares like one that pitie tooke.  
 Her teares the feruor of her anger dryes :  
 Yet found she teares againe to drowne her eyes.  
 Even as a ship, when wind and tyde contends,  
 Beates both their furies, and with either bends :  
 So *Thetis*, whom vnsteddie passion drives ;  
 By changes, calmes her rage, and rage revives.  
 A Sisters loue at length subdues a mothers :  
 That bloud may appease the ghosts of bleeding brothers,  
 Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne  
 This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burne.  
 Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood ;  
 As she before the funerall altar stood :  
 You triple Powers, who guiltie Soules pursue ;  
*Funerides* ; these Rites of vengeance view.  
 I ait the crime I punish. Death must be  
 By death attor'd. On murder, murder we  
 Accumulate ; redoubling funerall.  
 Due lineage, by congested sorrowes fall,  
 Shall *Orcus* joy in his victorious son ?  
 Dad *Thetis* rob'd of his? be both vndone.  
 Ie kevp, o you my brothers ghosts ; you late  
 Ie flodged soules ; see how I fight your fate.  
 Accept o! this infernall sacrifice,

Of

Of high esteeme : my wombs accursed prize.  
 Ay me ! o whither am I rapt ! excuse  
 A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse  
 Their fainting aid. He merits death : yet by  
 A mothers rage me thankes he shoul not dye.  
 Then shall hee scape ? aliue, a victor, feast  
 In proud successe ; of *Calydon* possesse ?  
 You, little ashes, and chill Shades, forlorne ?  
 Ile not indure it. Perish Villaine, borne  
 To our immortall ruine. Ruinate  
 With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state.  
 Where is a mothers heart ? a parents praiser ?  
 Th'vnthought-of burden which I ten months bare ?  
 O would, while yet an infant, the first flame  
 Had thee devour'd ; nor I oppos'd the same !  
 Thy life, my gift ; by thine owne merit dye :  
 A iust reward for thy impiety.  
 Thy twice-giuен life restore ; first by my womb,  
 Last by this rauisht brand ; or me a tomb  
 With my poore brothers. Faine I would persue  
 Reuenge ; yet would not. O, what shall I doe !  
 Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed :  
 And the sad image of so soule a deed.  
 Now pittie, and a mothers name controul  
 My sterne intention. o distracte soule !  
 You haue won, my brothers ; but, alas, ill won :  
 So that, while thus I comfort you, I run  
 Your fate. With oyes reuerst, her quaking hand  
 To trembling flames expos'd the funerall brand.  
 The Brand appears to sigh, or sighes expires :  
 Wrapt in th'embracements of vnwilling fires,  
 Unknowing Meleager, absent broyles

K 2

Eden

Burn in these flames ; his blood, thick-panting, boyles  
 I anteene fire. Who such tormenting paines  
 With more then manly fortitude sustaines.  
 Yet grieues that by a flothfull death he falleth  
 Without a wound : *Aeneas* happy calls.  
 His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,  
 Now groming names, with his last words of life :  
 Perhaps his mother. Flaine and paines increase :  
 A gome they languish ; and together cease.  
 The liquid are his vaniit spirits turne.  
 And table coles in shrouds of ashes mourne.  
 Low lies high *Calydon* : the yongue, the old,  
 Ignoble, noble, all their grieves vntold.  
 The *Calydonian* matrons cut their haire ;  
 Utterie then beauties: cry, woe and despaire !  
 His heare head with dust his father hides ;  
 Eyes grouchng on the ground ; and old age chides.  
 For now has another, by her guilt persude,  
 Lettenging stecle in her owne brest imbrude :  
 Though *lae* an hundred ale tongues bestow,  
 A woe that shold with full inuention flow,  
 All *Hecuba* rotule into my brest ;  
 His effers sorrowes could not be exprest.  
 Incertitudes forgetting decency, deface :  
 As long as he a bodie, it imbrace ;  
 Kille his pale lips : when turn'd to ashes, they  
 The ashes in their bluted bosoms lay :  
 Full on his tomb ; his name, that there appears,  
 Infold, and fill the characters with teares.  
 But when *Danae*'s wrath was satisfide  
 With *Oenomaus* cry : they all ( beside  
 Fair Gorge and the lonely *Danae* )

On

On plumy pinions, by her powre, aspire ;  
 With long-extended wings, and beakes of horne :  
 Who through the ayre in varied shapes are borne.

Meane while to *Pallas* towres *Aegides* hyes

( His part performid in that ioynt enterpris )

Whose hast raine-raised *Achelous* staid.

Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the Riuver said,

Veuchsafe my roose, ne to th' impetuous flood

Commit thy person: Oft huge logs of wood,

And broken rocks, downe-tumbling, lowdly roar.

Houses and Herds not seldom heretofore

Hurried away : nor was the Ox of force

To keepe his stand ; nor swiftnesse sau'd the Horse.

And when dissolved snow from mountaines pour'd,

The turning eddies many haue deuour'd.

More safe to stay vntill the current run

Within his bounds. To whom *Aegeus* son :

Twere folly, if not madnesse, to refuse

Thy house and counsell : both I meane to vse.

Then exters his large caue, where Nature plaid

The *Artisan* ; of hollow Pumice made,

And rugged *Tophas* ; flood with humid mistic :

The roote pure white and purple shels imbolic.

Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day :

When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,

*Pirithous*, and *Lelex* the renowne

Of *Taizen*, now appearing gray ; sat downe :

And whom the Riuver glad of such a guest,

Preferd vnto the honour of his feast.

With-*with*, bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat :

That tane away, vpon the table set

Crown'd cups of winc. When *Theseus* turnd his face

L3

To

To vnder seas ; and poynting, said ; What place  
Is yon', and of what name, that stands alone ?  
And yet me thinks it should be more then one.

It is not one, the courteous Flood replies,  
Put five ; their neighbourhood deceives your eyes ;  
The lesser I admire Diana, late despis'd,  
Five Nymphs they were : who hauing sacrificis'd  
Ten beeuves, invited to their festiuall  
The rurall Gods ; my selfe forgot by all.  
At this my surges swell. I, then as great  
As euer, with enraged waters fret.  
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare  
With them, the Nymphs ( now mindfull of me ) beare  
In exile to the Deep : whose waues, with mine,  
That then ymited masse of earth dis-joyne  
Into as many peeces as in seas  
Aye of the flood imbrac't ~~Exhinaudes~~.

Yet see one Ile, far, & far off remou'd !  
Call'd a Perimile ; once by me belou'd.  
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke  
It, as his daughter could not brooke :  
I excolf her from a rock into the Deepe.  
Whom, while my thickned stremes from sinking keepes ;  
I land : O Neptune, thou that do'st command  
The wandering waues that beat vpon the land ;  
To whom we Riuers run, in whom we end ;  
Incline a gentle eare. I did offend ;  
In wronging whom I beare : if pious ; he  
Would both haue pitied her, and pardon'd me.  
Ile, whom his furie hath from earth exil'd,  
And in the strangling waters drencht his child ;  
A place afford : or let her be a place

Which

Which I may euer with my stremes imbrace.  
His head the King of Surges forward shooke :  
And, in ascerting, all the Ocean strooke.  
The Nymph yet swims ; although with feare opprest.  
I laid my hand vpon her panting breast :  
While thus I handled her, I might perceiue  
The earth about her stisning body cleaue.  
Now, with a masse infolded, as the swims,  
An Iland rose from her transformed lims.

He held his peace. This admiration won  
In all : derided by Ixions son :  
By nature rough, and one who did despise  
All-able Gods : who said ; Thou tel'st vs lies,  
And thinkst the Gods too potent : as if they  
Could giue new shapes, or take our old awaie.  
His saying all amaz'd and none approu'd :  
Most Lelex, ripe in age and wisdome, nau'd.

Heauens power immense and endless, none can shun ;  
Said he ; and what the Gods would doe, is done . . .  
To check your doubt ; on Phrygian hills there growes  
An Oke <sup>bv</sup> a Line-tree, which old wals inclose.  
My selfe this saw, while I in Phrygia staid ;  
By Pittibens sent : where erst his father swaid.  
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground ;  
Where Coots and fishing Cormorants abound.  
Joue, in a humane shape ; with Mercurie ;  
( His heeles vning'd ) that way their steps apply.  
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses craue,  
A thousand shut their doores : One only gaue.  
A small thatch't Cottage : where, a pious wife  
Old Bancis, and Philemon, led their life.  
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent ;

K 4

In

In this, grew old : rich onely in content.  
 Who pouertie, by bearing it, declind :  
 And made it easie with a chearefull mind.  
 None Master, nor none Servant, could you call :  
 They who command, obey ; for two were all.  
*Lucifer* came, with his *Cyberian* mate ;  
 And stooping, enters at the humble gate.  
 Sit downe, and take your ease, *Philemon* said :  
 While busie *Baucis* straw-stuffe cushions layd :  
 Who stid abroad the glowing coles, that lay  
 In smothering ashes ; tak't vp yester-day.  
 Dry barke, and withered leaues, thereon she throwes :  
 Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.  
 Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets :  
 And ouer all a little kettle sets.  
*Her* husband gathers cole-flowers, with their leaues ;  
 Which from his gratefull garden he receives :  
 Tooke downe a fitch of bacon with a prung,  
 That long had in the smoky chimney hung :  
 Wherof a litte quantitie he cuts :  
 And it into the boylng liquor puts.  
 This seething ; they the time beguile with speech :  
 Vnseuerable of day. A bowle of beech,  
 There, by the handle hung vpon a pin :  
 Thustis he with wame water ; and therein  
 Washeth their feet. A straw-stuffe bed and pillow  
 Lay on a homely bed-steed made of willow :  
 A couerlet, onely vs'd at feastes, they spied :  
 Though couerte, and old ; yet fit for such a bed.  
 Downe lie the Gods. The palme-shaken Dame  
 Sets forth a table with threelenge ; one lame,  
 And therer then the rest, a pot shalre reares :

This

This, now made leuell, with greene mint the cleares.  
 Whereon they party-colour'd olives set,  
 Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet ;  
 Coole endiffe, radish, new eggs rosted rare,  
 And late-prest cheese ; which earthen dishes beare.  
 A goblet, of the selfe same siluer wrought ;  
 And bowles of beech, with wax well varnished, brought.  
 Hot vintals from the fire were forthwith sent :  
 Then wine, nor yet of perfect age, present.  
 This tane away ; the second Course now comes :  
 Philbeets, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,  
 Sweet smelling apples, dish'd in osier twines ;  
 And purple grapes new gatherd from their vines :  
 I'th' inidst, a hony combe. Aboue all these ;  
 A chearefull looke, and ready will to please.  
 Meane-while, the Maple cup it selfe doth fill :  
 And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.  
 Astonisht at the miracle ; with feare  
*Philemon*, and the aged *Baucis*, rare  
 Their trembling hands in prayre : and pardon crave,  
 For that poore entertainment which they gaue.  
 One Goose they had, their cottages chiefe guard ;  
 Which they to hospitable Gods award :  
 Who long their slow persuit deluding, flies  
 To *Jupiter* ; so sau'd from sacrifice.  
 Ware Gods, said they ; Reuenge shall all vadoe :  
 Alone immunitie we grant to you.  
 Together leaue your house ; and to yon hill  
 Follow our steps. They both obey their will ;  
 The Gods conducting : feebly both ascend ;  
 Their staves, with theirs ; they, with times burden bend.  
 A flight-shot from the top, review they take ;

L 5

And

Thus staruing: Not the Goddesse lou'd alone ;  
 But though this were the Goddesse, shew should downe :  
 And steepe the earth with her aspiting crowne.  
 A he aduanc't his armes to strike ; the Oke  
 For a shd and trembled at the threatening stroke.  
 His leaues and acornes pale together grew :  
 And colour-changing branches sweat cold deaw.  
 Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood  
 Gout from th' incision in a purple flood.  
 Much like a mighty oxe, that falls before  
 The sacred altar ; spouting streames of gore.  
 On all amazement seaz'd : when One of all  
 The crime deterres ; not would his axe let fall.  
 Contracting his sterne browes ; Receiue, said he,  
 Thy piety's reward ; and from the tree  
 The stroke conuerting, lops his head ; then strake  
 The Oke againe : from whence a voice thus spake ;  
 A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrin'd,  
 Belou'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,  
 Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath  
 I prophetic : a comfort to my death.  
 He still his guilt persues : who ouerthrowes  
 With cables, and innumerable blowes,  
 The sturdy Oke : which, nodding long, downe rusht ;  
 And in his louty fall his fellowes crusht.  
 Their sister, and their groue, the Nymphs lament ;  
 Who bid in sable stoles, to *Ceres* went ;  
 On *Eris* b*on* iust reuenge require.  
 Who readly consents to their desire.  
 The faire-brow'd Goddesse shakes her shining haire:  
 With that, the fields shooke all their golden carcs,  
 Who to apteous punishment proceeds,

(Hed)

( Had he had any pitty in his deeds )  
 By staruing. But since not by fatal doome,  
*Ceres* and *Famine* might together come :  
 A mountaine Faery of th' *Oreades*  
 Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these :  
 In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne  
 And barren ; bearing neither fruit nor corne.  
 Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide ;  
 And tasting *Famine*. Bid the Fury glide  
 Into his cursed entrailes, and deuoure  
 All plenty : let her rage subdue my powre.  
 But lest long wayes thy journy tedious make :  
 My chariot and my yoked dragons take.  
 Taking her chariot ; through the empty skies  
 To *Sythia* and rough *Caucasus* she flies.  
 There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found ;  
 Tearing with teeth and nailes the foodlesse ground :  
 With snarled haire, sunke eyes, lookes pale and dead,  
 Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust ore-sprede ;  
 Hide-bound, through which her clinged guts appeare ;  
 Dry bones, in spare and crooked hips, vp-beare ;  
 Her belly bellylesse : low hang her brest ;  
 So lank, as if her bosom had no chest :  
 The rising knuckles falling flesh augment ;  
 Round knees and ankles leanely eminent,  
 Espide far off ( she durst not be so hold  
 To come toonecre ) the Nymph her message told.  
 After a little stay, although she were  
 Farre off, although but now arrived there ;  
 She famine felt. Who wheelles about her Snakes  
 And her high passage to *Amonia* takes.  
*Famine* obeyes the Goddesse command ;

Though

Though their endevours still opposed stand.  
 Who, by a tempest hurried through the skies,  
 Enters the wretches roose : besides him lyes,  
 Then fast asleepe : ( for now Nights heauy charmes  
 All eyes had clos'd ) imbra'st him in her armes ;  
 Her selfe infus'd ; breathes on his face and brest :  
 And empie veines with hungers rage possest.  
 This thus perform'd for sakes the fruitfull earth :  
 And back returns to her abodes of death.

Sound Sleepe as yet with pleasurable wings  
 On Frieslkb. n gentle slumber flings.  
 Who dreames of feasts, extends his idle iawes ;  
 With labouring teeth fantastically chawes.  
 Deludes his throte by swallowing empie fare :  
 And for affected food devoures the aire.  
 Awak't ; hot famine raues through all his veines :  
 And in his guts, and greedie pallat raignes.  
 I forth-with ; what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,  
 Acquires : complaines of statuing at full bord.  
 In banquets, banquets seekes. What might alone  
 Huue Townes and Nations fed ; suffize not one.  
 Hunger increaseth with increast repast.  
 And as all turnes to the Ocean halfe ;  
 Who thirstly still, drinks vp the stranger floods :  
 As ravenous fires refuse no profferd foods ;  
 Huge pyles receiue ; the more they haue, the more  
 By much desire ; made hungry with their store.  
 So i rafelton, of a mind prophane,  
 Full dishes empties, and demands againe.  
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat ;  
 Who euie empie, still prepares to eat.  
 His bellies gulf; his patriciotic waſts ;

Consuming

Consuming famine yet vnlesned lasts ;  
 And his insatiable throtes extent  
 Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent :  
 A daughter left, vnworthy such a Sire,  
 The beggar sold to feed his hungers fire.  
 Her noble thoughts base seruitude disdaine :  
 Who now her hands extending to the Maine ;  
 O thou that hadſt my mayden-head, said ſhe,  
 Thy ranſit spoyle from hated bondage free !  
 Neptune had this : who to her prayer conſents.  
 And, though then by her master ſcene, prevents  
 His following ſearch : transforming of his Raſe  
 Into a man ; maskt in a fishers ſhape.  
 Angler, her master ſaid, that with thy bait  
 Concealſt thy hooke ; ſo proſper thy deceit,  
 So reſt the ſea compos'd ; ſo may the fish  
 Be credulous, and taken at thy wiſh ;  
 As thou reuealſt her, who in garnement, poore,  
 And ruffled haire, late ſtood vpon this ſhore.  
 For here, but very now, I ſaw her ſtand :  
 Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the ſand.  
 She, Neptunes bountie finding ; well apaid  
 To be inquir'd for of her ſelfe ; thus ſaid.  
 Pardon me Sir, who e're you are ; my eyes  
 Haue beene attentive on this exercise.  
 To win beleefe ; ſo may the God of Seas  
 Assist my cunning in ſuch arts as theſe :  
 As late nor man nor maid I ſaw befo'e  
 Your ſelfe, my ſelfe excepted, on this ſhore.  
 He credits, and beguyl'd, the ſhore for ſooke :  
 When ſhe againe her former figure tooke,  
 Her father, ſeeing ſhe could change her ſhape,

Oit

Oft told her ; who as often made a scape.  
 Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare :  
 And fed his hunger with ill-purchast fare.  
 But when his maladie all meanes had spent,  
 He gaue the mischiefe a new nourishment.  
 Now to deuoure his proper flesh proceeds :  
 And by diminishing, his body feeds.

What need I dwell on forrein facts ? euen we  
 Can vary shapes, though limited they be.  
 Now seeme I as I am ; oft like a Snake :  
 And many times a Buls hornd figure take.  
 But while I hornes assum'd, one thus was broke,  
 As you behold. Thus, with a sigh, he spoke.

## OVID'S

OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSIS.

## The ninth Booke.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*A Serpents Achelous : now a Bull :  
 His scoured Horne with plenty overfull.  
 Lichas a Rocke. Alcides sunke in flame,  
 Ascends a God. The labour-biiping Damo  
 A Weſſell. Lotis, flying luff, becomes  
 A Tree : the like ſad Dryope incumbis  
 Oldoldus maxib young agen.  
 Callinches Infants ſuddenly grow Men.  
 Byblis a weeping Fonsaere. Iphis now  
 A Boy, to Iphis payes his maiden Vow.*

**H**ec, who his high descent from Neptune drawes,  
 Of his ſo ſad a ſigh demands the caufe,  
 And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds ;  
 His dangling curles impaled with quivering reeds.  
 A heauie taske you impole : his owne diſgrace  
 Who would reuiue ? yet was it not ſo base  
 To be ſubdue, as noble to contend :  
 And ſuch a Victor doth my foile defend.  
 Haue you not heard of faire-cheekt *Deiaſire* ?  
 The enui'd hope of many ; the deſire  
 Of all that knew her. We, with others went  
 To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his conſent.

More strongly twinning heirs. This death-borne crue  
Growing in wond'rs; I tam'd: and twice subdue.  
What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape?  
That fieldest with others armes; and begst thy shape.

This said; my necke his grasping fingers clincht;  
And I raz'd my thicke; as if with pincers wrincht;  
While from his gripes I stroue my lawes to pull.  
Twice euer come; now, like a furious Bull,  
Once more his terrible afflaults oppose.

His armes about my swelling chest he throwes,  
And following, backward hales: my foreheads bi th  
Ixit in the ground; and threw me on the earth.  
My brow (that not sufficing) disadornes:  
By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.  
The Nereides with fruits and flowres this fill:  
Good Plenty, in my Horne aboundeth still.

Here *Aclides* ends. One louely-faire,  
Girt like Diana's Nymph, with flowing haire,  
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horne; replete  
With Autumnes store, and apples after meat.

Day springs, and mountaines shine with early beames.  
His Guests depart: nor stay till peacefull stremes  
Gyde gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.  
When *Aclides*, his age stick face  
And mayned head within the current shrowds.  
This bleu in much his former beauty clouds:  
All the compleat. The rupture of his browes  
He shades with flagge wreathes, and fallow boughes.

So *D. Lethus*, *Aclides*, was thy wrack:  
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.  
I axton, with his new wife; to Thebes his course  
Drewe: *S. sanct Lethus*; apd soule.

The

The big-swolne Streames increast with winters raine,  
And full of turning gulfes, his Passe restraine.  
For her he feares: though he selfe-fearc abhord.  
When strong-lim'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford;  
And said; I safely will transport thy Bride:  
Meane-while swim thou vnto the other side.

To him *Aclides* his pale wife betakes:  
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Nessus*, quakes.  
Charg'd with his quiuers, and his Lyons skin  
( His club and bow before thowne ouer ) in  
The Heros leapes, and said; How euer vast,  
These waues, since vndertaken, shall be past.  
And confident, nor seekes the smoothest wayes:  
Nor dy declining his transcendent delayes.

Now ouer; stooping for his bow, he heard  
His wiues shrill shrecke; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd  
To violate his trust. Thou rauisher,  
What hope, said he, can thy vaine speed confer?  
Holla, thou halfe a beast; with-hold thy flight:  
I pray thee heare; nor intercept my right.  
It no respect of me can fix thy trust:  
Yet, let thy Fathers wheelie restraine thy lust.

Nor shalt thou scape reuenge; how euer fleet,  
Wounds shall o're-take thy speed, though not my feet.  
The last, his deeds confirme; for as he fled,  
An arrow struck his back: the barbed head  
Past through his brest. Tug'd out, both vents extinde  
Hot spinning gore, with *Hydras* blood imbrude.  
Thus *Nessus*ooke: and softly laid: yet I,  
*Aclides*, will not vnreuenged dy.  
And gaue his Rape a vest, dipt in that gore:  
This will ( said he ) the heat of loue restore.

Long

Lone after ( all the ample world possest  
 With his great acts, and *Inos* hate increast )  
 From raz'd *Oeckhalia* hastning his remoue,  
 To sacrifice vnto *Cenean Ioue* :  
 Fames bablings; *Dianira*'s care surprize  
 ( Who falsehood ads to truth, and growes by lies )  
 How *Io'e*, *Amphytrionades*  
 With loue inthraul'd. Stung with this strong disease.  
 The troubled louer credits what she f:ares.  
 At first she nourisheth her griefe with teares :  
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then sayd; But why  
 Weepe we ? the Strumpet in these teares will ioy.  
 Since come she will, some change attempt I must ;  
 Before my bed be stained with her lust.  
 Shall I complaine ? be mute ? shift houses ? stay ?  
 Returne to *Calydon*, and giue her way ?  
 Or call to mind that I am fister to  
 Great *Meleager*, and some mischiefe doe ?  
 What iniur'd woman ; what the sploenefull woe  
 Of celousie ; or harlots death, can shew ?  
 Her thoughts, long toyl'd with change, now fixed stood  
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood ;  
 To quicken fainting loue. The Present she  
 To *Lycas* gaue ( as ignorant as he )  
 And her owne sorrow. Who, with kind commends,  
 The robe to her suspe&ctif husband sendes.  
 Which now the sacrificing Heros wore :  
 Wrapt in the poyson of *Echidna*'s gore.  
 Who praying, new-borne flames with incense fed :  
 And bowles of wine on marble altars shed.  
 The spreading mischiefe works : with heat dissolu'd,  
 The manly limmes of *Hercules* inuolu'd,

Who;

Who, whilst he could, with vsuall fortitude  
 His grones sapprest. All patience now subdew'd  
 With such extremes ; the altar downe he flings :  
 And shady *Oete* with his clamour rings.  
 Forth-with to teare the torture off, he striues.  
 The riuen robe, his skin that lines it, rives ;  
 Or to his limmes vnseparable cleaves ;  
 Or his huge bones and sinewes naked leaues.  
 As fire-red Steele in water drencht ; so toyles  
 His hissing blood, and with hot poyson boyles.  
 No meane ! the greedy flames his bowels fret ;  
 And all his body flowes with purple sweat :  
 His scorched sinewes crack, his marrow fries.  
 Then, to the stars his hands aduancing, eries.

Feast, *Ino*, on our harmes. O from on high  
 Behold this plague ! thy cruell stomach cloy.  
 If foes may pitry purchase ( such are we )  
 This life, with torments cras'd, long sought by thee ;  
 And borne to toyle, depriue. For death would proue  
 To me a blessing : and a Step-dames loue  
 May such a blessing giue. Haue I this gain'd  
 For slaine *Busiris* ; who *Jones* temple stain'd  
 With strangers blood ? That from *Aeneus* tooke  
 His mothers aid ? Whom *Geryon* triple lecke,  
 Nor thine, ô *Cerberus*, could once dismay ?  
 These hands, these made the *Cretas* Bull obey.  
 Your labors, *Elis* ; smooth *Sympthian* floods,  
 Confesse with praises ; and *Parthenian* woods.  
 You got the golden belt of *Thermes* :  
 And apples from the sleepletic Dragon won.  
 Nor Cloud-borne *Cenareus*, nor th' *Arcadian* Bore,  
 Could me resist : nor *Hydra* with her store

or

Offright full heads; which by their losse increast.  
 I, when I saw the *Titanian* Horsesfeast  
 With humane flesh, their mangersouer-threw :  
 And with his steeds, their wicked Master flew.  
 These hands the *Nemean* Lyon choakt; these queld  
 Hung *Tacus*; and these shoulders heauen vpheld.  
*Lycas* cruell wife grew weary to impole ;  
 Incuer to perisome. But o these woes,  
 This new found plague, no vertue can repell ;  
 Nor armes, nor weapons ! Hungry flames of hell  
 Shoot through my veines, and on my liuer prey.  
 And yet *Enythus* thiuies : and some will say  
 That there be Gods ! Here his complaints he ends,  
 And high-raid steps o're lofty *Oeta* bents,  
 Blanched with anguish; lik a Bull that beares  
 A wounding iauelin; whom the wounder seares.  
 Or if you see him quake, oft grone, oft striuing  
 To tear his garments; solid trees vp-riuing,  
 Infaged with the mountaines, and to reare  
 His scorched ames vnto his fathers sphere.  
 Had in a hollow rocke, he *Lycas* spies :  
 When torture had poestest his faculties  
 With all her furies. *Lycas* didst thou giue  
 This horrid gift, said he ? Thinkst thou to liue ;  
 And I die by thy treason ? While he quakes,  
 Looks gasty pale, vnheard excuses makes ;  
 While yet he speake, while to his knees he clung  
 Caught by the beecles, abut his head thrice swong,  
 Humin to deepe *Eubean* surges threw  
 ( As engines stones ) who hardned as he flew.  
 As falling thunders congeald with freezing winds  
 Conuer to snow, as snow together binds,

And

And rouling round in solid haile descends :  
 So while the aire his forced body rends,  
 Bloodlesse with terror, all his moisture gone ;  
 Those times his change produc't onigid stone.  
 And still within *Eubean* gulphs depp're  
 A short rock lies, which mans proportion keepes.  
 Whereon the mariners forbear to sail,  
 As sensitue. And this they *Lycas* .

But thou, *Lycas* God-like son of *Zeus* with store  
 Of trees aduanc't, which lofty *Lebanon*  
 Thy bow and ample *Quintus* ( which alway  
 Those arrowes that assaile *Troy* )  
 Bequeath't to *Peleus* : who catching fire  
 Puts to the Pyle. While greedy *Hector* aspire ;  
 Thou on the top thy Lyon siluer shield spread :  
 And by thereon ( thy chaine by thy head )  
 With such a looke ; as *Zeus* by *Phoebe*  
 Amidst full goblets, and *Hebe* by *Hebe*.  
 Now all imbracing, and *Zeus* by *Hebe* made :  
 And their Contentment, *Zeus* by *Hebe* made.  
 The Gods much thought of *Zeus* the *Defendartooke* :  
 When thus *Saturnus*, with a stony *full* looke,

This grife, you Gods, is amiss with all  
 Our soule we joy, than *Zeus* by *Hebe* :  
 Vs King and Father, and *Zeus* by *Hebe* ;  
 And of our progeny these *facta* care,  
 For though his *notitia* deffire as much,  
 You vs oblige. So when *Zeus* by *Hebe* :  
 Your loyal heartes let mortall flames displeas ;  
 Who conquer will, shall conquer *Zeus* :  
*Vulcan* his mother, you shall but subdue :  
 For that's immortal, which from vs he drew ;

M.

An

Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade :  
 And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd,  
 This lefant from his dying mother beare  
 To son e kinde Nurse : and often let him here  
 Be fed with milke ; oft in my shadow play.  
 Let him salute my tree ; and sadly say.  
 (When he can speake) This *Leda* doth containe  
 My dearest morher; Yet let him restraine  
 All lakes ; nor euer dare to touch a flowre :  
 But think that every tree inshrinest a Powre.  
 Deare Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.  
 Since you I know in pietie excell,  
 Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes ;  
 Nor on my leaues let hungry carraile brouse.  
 And since I cannot vnto you decline,  
 Ascend to me ; and ioyne your lips to mine.  
 My little son, while I can kisse, aduance.  
 But fate cuts off my failing vterance.  
 For now the softer rine my neck ascends :  
 And round about my leany top extends.  
 Remove your bands : without the helpe of those,  
 The w<sup>l</sup>apping barke my dying eyes will close.  
 So left to speake, and be. Yet humane heat  
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a scar.  
 While I die this story told ; her eyes,  
 Claz'd with her teares, the kinde *Aleuena* dryes ;  
 And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change  
 With ioy deserts their sorrow : nor lesse strange.  
 For *Iolanthe*, twice a youth, came in :  
 The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.  
 Fair *Hete*, at her husbands lute, on thee  
 This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she

Would

Would neuer giue the like ; w<sup>l</sup>sc *Themis* said,  
 Forbeare ; Warre raues in *Tubbes* by Discords wayd :  
 And *Capaneus* but by *Love* alone  
 Can be subdue. The brothers then shall grone  
 With mutuall wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost  
 In swallowing earth, alieue shall see his Ghost.  
 His Sons red hands his Mothers life extract  
 To appease his Sire ; a just and wicked fact.  
 Rapt from his home and senes, with th' affright  
 Of staring Furies, and his mothers Sprite,  
 Vntill his w<sup>l</sup>sc the fatal gold demands :  
 The kinsman murder'd by *Pb:g:ds* hands.  
 Then *Abelioian Callirhoe*  
 Shall *Love* importune, that her infants may  
 Be turn'd to men : and due revenge require  
 (As he, for his) of those who slew their sire ;  
 Her prayers shall win consent from *Iaua* : who then  
 Will bid thee make *Callirhoe*'s children men.

This, *Themis* with propheticke rapture sung,  
 Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,  
 Why she this gift should now to others give.  
*Aurora* for her husbands daye doth grieve,  
*Ceres* complaines of loss by helpe ;  
*Vulcan* would *Brichesimus* yound son bereve,  
 And care of time to come in *Amor* abgives,  
 That her *Amor*es might war upon *Time*,  
 All sue for some : seditions, frauds, and troug  
 In hight of tumult ; thus opprest by *Love*.

What mutter you ? Or where is your respect ?  
 Think you, you can the powre of fate subiect ?  
 Old *Iolanthe* was by fate renew'd :  
 By fate *Callirhoe*'s babes shall be indew'd

M.4

With

What will become of me (she weeping said)  
 Whom new, unknown, prodigious loves invade !  
 If pittifull, the Gods should haue destroy'd :  
 Or else haue giuen what might haue beene injoy'd.  
 No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare persues :  
 But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes.  
 So Birds together paire. Of all that mone,  
 No Female stfers for a Fem:le loue.  
 O would I had no being ! Yet, that all  
 Abhord by Nature should in creet befall ;  
 Sol's lust-incensed daughter lou'd a Bull :  
 They male and female. Mine, & farre more full  
 Of vncouth fury ! for she pleas'd her bloud ;  
 And stood his errour in a Cow of wood :  
 She, to deceiue, had an adulterer.  
 Should all the world their daring wits confer :  
 Should ~~De~~dales his waxen wings renue,  
 And bither flye ; what could his cunning doe !  
 Can art conuert a virgin to a boy ?  
 Or sic ~~læs~~ be for a maidens ioy ?  
 No, fix thy mind ; compose thy vast desirer :  
 O quench these ill-advis'd and foolish fires !  
 Or know thy selfe, or Selfe-deceit accuse :  
 What may be, seeke ; and loue as virgins vse.  
 Hope wings Desire ; hope Cupids flight sustaines :  
 In thee thy Sex this deads. No watch restraines  
 Out deare imbrace, nor husbands iealousies,  
 Nor rigorous Sires ; nor she her selfe denies :  
 Yet not to be injoy'd. Nor canst thou be  
 Happy in her, though men and Gods agree !  
 Now also all to my desires accord :  
 What they can giue, the easie Gods afford ;

What

What me, my Father deis, her selfe would please,  
 Displeaseth Nature ; stronger than all these.  
 She, she forbids. That day begins to thine ;  
 Long wisht I wherein I the must be mine :  
 And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst !  
 I starue at feasts, and in the river thirst.  
 Juno, ô Hymen, where are you come ?  
 We both are Brides : but where is the Bride-groome ?  
 Here ended. Nor leis burnes the other Maid ;  
 Who, Hymen, for thy swift appearance praid.  
 Yet Telethus feares whar thou affests ;  
 Protracting time : by want of health obiects ;  
 Ill-boading dreames, and auguries oft faines :  
 But now no colour for excuse remaines.  
 Their nuptiall rites, put off with such delay,  
 Were to be solemnis'd the following day.  
 When she vnbindid were, and her damper haire,  
 And holding by the hand, foun'd dispaire,  
 Ifis ; who Parades with Phœbus May.  
 Smooth Marem, and seven-channeld Nile,  
 Chearst with thy presence : thy poore supplicants heare :  
 O helpe in these extremities, and cure our feare !  
 Thee Goddesse, thee of old ; thalc ensignes, I  
 Haue seene, and knowe thy lampes, attendancie,  
 And sounding Timbrels : and haue thee obaid.  
 To me, impunity life, to this maid,  
 Thy sauing counsell gave : to both cause  
 Thy timely pittie. Teares her words persue.  
 The Goddesse shakes her Altars, when the gate  
 Shooke on the hinges : hornes that imitate  
 The waxing Moone, through all the Temple flung  
 A sacred splendor : noyse-full Timbrels rung.

The

The Mother, glad of this successfull signe,  
Though not secure, returnes from her shrine.  
Whom *Iphis* followes with a larger pace  
Then vsuall; nor had so white a face.  
Her strength augments; her looke more bold appeares;  
Her shortning curles scarce hang beneath her eares;  
More courage hath, then, when a wench, she had:  
For thou, of late a Wench, art now a Lad.  
Gifts to the temple beare, and be sing!  
Sing Joy! Their gifts unto the Temple bring;  
And adde a title in one verse displaid:  
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy be pni'd.  
The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame:  
When *Iaso*, *Venus*, and free *Amor* come  
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts diuine,  
*Iphi* the Boy, to his *Amor* layne.

OVIDS

## OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

## The tenth Booke.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**F**EAR turns a man to Flane. Lethra's blane  
Olenus leaves: new flowers; their shapes the same.  
Vix Cybèle to Flane her Atys turns.  
Sweet Cyparissis in a Cypress bower.  
Enrueled Iosa and Euphrates draynes; draynes;  
And lastly Ganymede to Homen comaynes.  
Slaun Hyacinthus fightes in his new Flane.  
The cruel Sacrifices by the powre  
Of Venus turn'd to Bulls. The Profligate  
To Stoen. Pygmalion wins the living fruit  
Of beare Are. Erigone doth shane  
In Hesperis; consummated so the Virgin Signe.  
Myrrha, a weyng Tree. Hippomenes  
And Atalanta. Lyons. Cyprides  
( Inform'd by Menelaus charge ) her Parameare  
Turnes to a faine, her quickly faining flower.

**H**ENCE to the Cimes, through boundlesse skies,  
In saffron mantle, Hymenous flies:  
By *Orpheus* cal'd. But neither vsuall words,  
Nor chearfull lookee, nor happy signes affords.  
The torch his hand susteine'd, still spattering, rais'd  
A tearefull smoke: not yet, though shaken, blaz'd.

The event

Th' euent worse then the *Omen*. As his Bride  
 Troopes with the *Naigles* by *Hebrus* side;  
 A Serpent bit her by the heele: which forc't  
 Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes diuorc't.  
 Whom when the *Tiracian* Poet had above  
 Enough bewai'd; that his complaints might moue  
 The vnder Shades, at *Tenarus* descends  
 To *Syrian* floods; and his bold steps extends  
 By ayrie Shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boast  
 Of lepulture, throught that vnplesaunt coast  
 To *Plutos* Court. When, hauing tun'd his strings,  
 Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet singe.

You Powres that sway the world beneath the Earth,  
 The last abode of all our humane birth:  
 If we the truth without offence may tell;  
 I come not hither to discouer Hell,  
 Nor binde that scolding Curre, who barking shakes  
 About his triple browes *Medusa*'s snakes.  
 My wife this iourney vrg'd: who, by the tooth  
 Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.  
 I would, and stroue t'haue borne her losse; but Loue  
 Won in that strife. A God well knowne about:  
 Nor here, perhaps, vnknowne. If truly Fame  
 Report old rapes, you also felte his flame.  
 By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;  
 By this huge *chaos*, and deepe Silence, spread  
 Through your vast Empire; by these prayers of mine;  
*Eurydice*'s too-hasty fate *intwinc*.  
 We all are yours: and after a shott stay;  
 Early, or late; we all must runne one way.  
 Higher we throng; for our last home assynd:  
 Th' eternal habitation of man-kind.

She,

She, when her time by nature shall expire,  
 Againe is yours: I but the vse desire.  
 If Fate denie me this, my second choice  
 Is here t'abide: in both our deaths reioyce.

While thus he sung, and struck the quauering strings,  
 The bloudlesse Shadowes wept: nor flatering Springs  
 Tempt *Tantalus*; *Ixion* Wheele stood still;  
 Their Vnre the *Elides* no longer fill:  
 The Vultures feed not; *Tityus* lefts to groane:  
 And *Sisyphus* sare listning on his Stone.  
 The Furies, vanquish't by his verse, were seene  
 To weepe, that neuer wept before. *Hels* Queene,  
 The King of darknesse yeeldt his powrefull plea.  
 Among the late-come Soules, *Eurydice*  
 They call: she came; yet halting of her wound.  
 Gien *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound  
 Of pale *Avernus* passe, if back thou cast  
 Thy carefull eyes, thou lookest what thou hast.  
 A steepe ascent, darke, thicke with fogges, they clime  
 Through euerlasting Silence. By this time  
 Approach the confines of illustrious Light.  
 Doubting her losse, and longing for a sight,  
 His eyes th' impatient louer backward threw:  
 When she, back sliding, presently with-drew.  
 He catches at her, in his wits distraught;  
 And yeelding aire for her (vnhappy!) caught.  
 Nor did she, dying twice, her spoule reprocue:  
 For what could she complaine of, but his loue?  
 Who takes her last farewell: her parting breath  
 Scarce reacht his eares; and so reached her death.  
 Her double losse sad *Orpheus* stupisht;  
 With equal terror vnto his, who spide

Threes

About the pleasant fields in pleasure ride ;  
 And with a purple raigne the willing guide.  
 'Twas Summer, and high Noone : Dayes burning eye  
 Made smoking Cancers crooked clawes to fry.  
 Upon the ground the panting Hart was laide :  
 Coolle aire receiving from the syluan shade.  
 Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance :  
 And seeing him pursue his tug'd out lance,  
 Resolues to die. What did not *Phebus* say,  
 That might a grieve, so lightly caus'd, allay ?  
 He answers him in sighs : this last good-turne  
 Implores ; That he might never cease to mourne.  
 His bloud now shed in teares, a greenish hiew  
 His body dimmes : the locks that dangling grew  
 Vpon his iuery fore-head bristling risc ;  
 And pointing vpward, seeme to threat the skies.  
 When *Phebus* sighing : I for thee will mourne :  
 Mourne thou for others : Herselfe still adorne.

Such trees attracting ; and inuiron'd round  
 With birds and beasts, vpon the rising ground  
 The Poet sits : who, hauing tun'd his strings,  
 Indifferancie musicall, thus sings.

From *loue*, ô Mother Muse, deriuue my verse ;  
 All how to *loue* : *loues* power we oft rehearse.  
 And late of Giants sung, in lofty straines,  
 Fould y his thunder on *Phebus* plaines.  
 Now, in a lower key, to louely boyes  
 heluid of Gods, turne we our softer layes.  
 And sing of womens furies, who pursue  
 Forbiden lusts : perisude by Vengeance due.  
 Heavens King, young *Ganimed* inflames with loue :  
 There was what *loue* would rather be than *loue*.

Yet daines no other shap than hers, that beares  
 His awfull lightening in her golden seares.  
 Who forthwith Rooping with deceitfull wings,  
 Trust vp *Iliades* by *Ida*'s springs,  
 Who now, for *loue* (though icelous *loue* scoules,)  
 Delitious Nectar fils in flowing bowles.

And thee *Amyclides*, in azure skies  
 Had *Phebus* fixt ; if cruell Destinies  
 Had not preuented : yet in some sorte made  
 Ercinall. For, as oft as Springs inuade  
 Sharpe winters ; and to *Aries* *Pisces* yeelds :  
 So oft tenu'd, thy Flowre adorne the fields.  
 Thee lou'd my Father, best of humane births.  
 Her Guardian quits his *Delphos*, in wide Earthis  
 Round nauill seated : while the God of Beames  
 Haunts walleesse *Sparta*, and *Eratosthenes* streames.  
 Now neither for his Harpe, nor *Quiver*, cares :  
 Himselfe debasing, beares the corded snares ;  
 Or leads the doge ; or clambers mountaineis ; led  
 By Lordly *Loue*, and flames by custome fed.  
 Now *Titan* bore his equall distant Light,  
 Betweene fore-running and ensuing Night :  
 When lightened of their garments, either shone  
 With suppling Oile, in strife to throw the stone.  
 This swinging through the aire first *Phebus* threw :  
 The obuous clouds dispersing as it flew ;  
 On solid earth, though flying long, at length  
 Descends ; inforc't by art-inabling strength.  
 Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatall hast  
 To take it vp ; when Earth, by boundings, cast  
 The Globe, ô *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.  
 The Boy lockt pale ; and so the god, who bled

Their lookses jmboldned, modesty now gone,  
Conuert at length to little-differing Stone.  
Pygmalion seeing these to spend their times  
So beast-like ; frightened with the many crimes  
That rule in women ; chose a single life :  
And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.  
Meane while, in iuory with happy are  
A Statue carues ; so shapfull in each parr,  
As woman never equall'd it: who stands  
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.  
It seem'd a Virgin, full of living flame ;  
That would haue mou'd, if not withheld by shame,  
So Art it selfe conceal'd. His art admires ;  
From th'Image drawes imaginary fires :  
And often feelest it with his hands, to try  
It 'twere a body, or cold iuory.  
Not could resolute. Who killing, thought it killst :  
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist ;  
The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)  
And feares to hurt it with too rude a touch.  
Now flatters her ; now sparkling stones presents,  
And orient pearle (loues witching instruments)  
Soft-singing birds, each severall colour'd flowre,  
First Lillies, painted balls, and teares that powre  
From weeping trees. Rich Robes her person decke ;  
Her fingers, rings ; reflecting chaines her necke ;  
Pendants her eares ; a glittering zone her brest.  
In all, shew'd well ; but shew'd, when naked, best.  
Now laies he her upon a gorgeous bed :  
With carpets of Sidonian purple spred.  
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow prest  
Of pluny downe, as if with sense possit.

Now

Now came the day of Venus Festivall :  
Through wealthy Cyprus solermaniz'd by all.  
White heifers, deckt with golden hornes, by strokes  
Of axes fall : ascending incense smokes.  
He, with his gift, before the Altar stands :  
You God's, if all we craue be in your hands,  
Give me the wife I will : one like, he said,  
But durst not say, give me my iuory Maid.  
The golden Venus, present at her Feast,  
Conceives his wish ; and friendly signes exprest :  
The fire thrice blasing, sparkling thrice on high.  
He hastes to his admired Image :  
Couches besides her, rais'd her with his arme ;  
Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme.  
That lesson oft repeats ; her bosome oft  
With amorous touches feelest, and fele it soft.  
The iuory diapled with his fingers, lackes  
Accustom'd hardnesse : as Hymettian wax  
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce.  
To pliant formes, by handing fram'd for vse.  
Amaz'd with doubrfull ioy, and hope that reelest,  
Againe the Louer, what he wishes, feelest.  
The veines beneath his thumbs impression beat :  
A perfect Virgin full of iuoyce and heat.  
The Cyprian Prince with ioy-enlightned words,  
To pleasure-giving Venus thanks affords.  
His lips to hers he ioynes, which seeme to melt :  
The blushing Virgin now his kisses telts ;  
And fearfully crecking her faire eies,  
Together with the light, her Louer spies.  
Venus was present at the match she made.  
And when nine Crescents had at full displaide

N 4

The

Would I ? it will not : he too well inclin'd.  
O that like fury would inflame his mind !

Thus she. But *Cineras*, prest with the store  
Of worthy suitors who his voice implore ;  
In his owne choice irresolute, demands  
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.  
She, thoughtfull silent ; gazing on his face,  
Flusht with imbosom'd flames, and wept apace.  
He, taking this for mayden feare ; Desist  
From weeping, said : then dride her cheeks, and kist  
Too much she ioyes. Againe demanded, who  
She best could like : replyde, One, like to you.  
He still, said he, so pious. At that name  
She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.  
I was now the mid of night : when Sleepe bestowes  
On men ; and on their cares, a sweet repose.  
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with tamelesse fires ;  
Retracting her implacable desires.  
Despaire, hopes ; will not, will ; now shames, againe  
Desires ; nor knowes what course to take. As when  
A mighty Oke (one blow behind) his fall  
On each side threatens ; and is fear'd on all :  
Euen so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,  
Waues to and fro ; and changes still propounds.  
No meane, no cure, was left for loue but death :  
Death pleas'd. Resolu'd to choke her bated breath ;  
Up-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.  
Deare *Cineras* farewell (she softly cries)  
And of my ruine understand the cause.  
That said, the noose about her necke she drawes.  
Her waketull Nurses faithfull cares, they say,  
A whispering heard : who in the Lobby lay.

Straight

Straight rose ; vulockt the doores ; the instrument  
Of death beholding, screecht : together rent  
Her haire and bosome : and, with trembling haste,  
The girdle from her pallid nocke displac't.  
Now had she time to weepe ; t'imbrace her Care :  
And aske the cause of such accurst despaine.  
She silent, fixes on the earth her eyes :  
And grieues at deaths preuented enterprise.  
Paring her horie haires and empty brest,  
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest  
Her grieues disclosure. *Myrrha* turnes aside,  
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so denide :  
Nor onely promist secrecy ; but said :  
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.  
My oldage is not fruitless : charoes haue we,  
And powerfull medicines, if it furie be :  
If witchcraft ; magickle shall thy torment ease :  
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease  
With sacrifice. What can be else surmiz'd ?  
Thy fortunes by incursions vnsurpriz'd ;  
Thy mother, and thy father, well ? That Name  
Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame.  
Nor in the Nurse did this suspition moue  
Of such a crime : and yet she saw 'twas Loue.  
Importunate to know what least she feares,  
Laid in her lap surrounded with her teares,  
Sh'infolds her in her feeble armes, and said ;  
I know thou lou'st ; wherin (nor be afraid)  
Thou maist on my ledullity rely :  
Nor shall thy father euer this delery.  
At that, in fury from her lap she sprung ;  
Then on the bed her prostrate body flung ;

Musting

As swift as Scythian shafts ; her forme he more  
Admires ; by motion louelier than before.  
The wind reverberates her ankles wings,  
And whiskes her ham-bound buskins purple strings,  
Tossing her haire, on iuory shoulders spred.  
Her pure white body so assumes the red ;  
As when creation curtaines are displayd  
On pure white walls, and dye them with their shade.  
While this the stranger view'd, the race was run :  
And Astarte's browses the garland won.  
The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.  
Nor could so sad successe his feare procure :  
Who sole ; and fixing on the Maid his eyes ;  
Why seek you praise by easie victories ?  
Contend with vs : if we obtaine the Bayes,  
Our victory will not eclipse your praise.  
Megeres me begot, Orchestes blood ;  
He Neptunes, Ruler of the sacred Floud :  
Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name  
Will honour ; and immortalize your fame.  
This while, a well-pleas'd eye She on him threw :  
Nor knowes her wish ; to lose, or to subdue.  
What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy  
This Youth, said she, who seekes my bed t'injoy  
With his lifes forfeiture ? If I may be  
The judge, there is not so much worth in me.  
Nor is't his beauty moues, though it might moue ;  
But that a Boy. We pitie, and not loue.  
Besides ; his courage, and contempt of death !  
But once remou'd from Neptunes sacred birth !  
And then, his Loue ; content to part with life,  
If harder fate deny me for his wife !

Begone

Begone, ô Stranger ; shun my bloudy bed,  
While yet thou maist : this Match will cost thy head.  
No Virgin is there who would not be thine :  
And such would seek, whose lusters darken mine.  
Yet why regard I him, so many slaine ?  
Looke to thy selfe, or perish : since in vaine  
Admonish by such numbers, whom this strife  
Hath sent to death. Thou'ret weary of thy life.  
And must be die, because hee'd live with me ?  
Must death, aduenturous Loue, thy wages be ?  
This murder will our victory defane ;  
And purchasre hate : yet am not I in blame.  
O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun !  
Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run !  
How Boy and Virgin reuell in his face !  
Ah poore Hippomenes ! O would this place,  
Th' hadst never seene ! thou well deseru'st to live.  
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give  
Me leave to marry ; thou art he alone,  
To whom my bed and beauties should be knowne.  
Thus she : Who raw, and pierc't with Loues first touch,  
Erres in her thoughts ; and loues ; nor knew so much.  
Now King and People call vpon the Race :  
When Neptunes Isle thus implor'd my grace.  
O Venus, fauour my attempts, he said :  
And those affections, which you gaue me, aid !  
This friendly winds conuey'd vnto my care :  
I pitie, and no longer helpe forbeare.  
A field there is, so fertill none, through all  
Rich Cyprus ; which they Damosieras call -  
Antiquity this to my honour vow'd :  
And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The Eleventh Book.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpents chang'd to Stone. Rough barkeres infold  
The cravill Bacchanals. To flaming Gold  
All turnes at Midas touch : His boddie lassos  
In elvire Paxtulus, whose invicibl rooses  
Wash off his gold and gile : an Afrae armes  
His folly shame : the whisper'd Secret bears  
Like sounding Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide  
Of sacred Sosa, in humore shaples reside.  
Per'st Thetis variis formis. Dedation  
To a Falcon arm'd. A Wolfe变成 Stone.  
Morpheus to mortals, Phubear to Brutes,  
And Phantafus to shaples inanimare fuses.  
Transform'd Halcyon and Ceyx flye.  
So Alacus, who vainly strives to dye.

Thus while the Thracian Poet with his songs  
Beasts, trees, and stones, attracts in following thronges  
Behold, Ciconian dames (their furious breasts  
Clad with the spotted skins of savage beasts)  
The Sacred Singer from a hill espy'd,  
As he his dittie to his Harpe apply'd.  
Of these, One scream'd, and tost her flairing haire ;  
See, see the Woman-hater ! then her spear

O

Threw

Threw at his vocall mouth; which iuie-bound,  
Kil'd his affected lips without a wound.  
An Other hurles a stone; this, as it flew,  
His voice and Harpes according tunes subdue:  
Which selfe-accus'd for such a rude assay,  
Before his feet, as in submission, lay:  
Rash violence, the meane exil'd, increast:  
And mad *Erinnyes* raign'd in every breast.  
His song had all their weapons charm'd, if noyse  
Of *Ber. cynthian* Shalmes, clapt hands, loud cryes,  
Drumme, howling *Bacchanals*, with franticke sound  
Had not his all-appeasing musique drown'd.  
The stones then blush with silent *Orpheus* blood.  
But first on rauisht beasts that listning stod,  
On towle, and Serpents, they their spight infer;  
And raze the glory of his Theater.  
Then all with cruell hands about him fly:  
And flocke, like birds, when they by day espy  
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,  
In early Spectacle giuen to the pray  
Of eager hounds; assaile, together flung  
Their leauie spears, not fram'd for such a wiong.  
Some clods, some armes of trees, some stones aduance:  
And lest wilde Rage should weapons want, by chance  
Not far off Oxen drew the furrowing ploughes;  
And swaines, prouiding food with sweating browes,  
Their brawny armes imploy'd: who feare-inclinde,  
Before them fled, and left their tooles behinde.  
Their mattokes, rakes, and spades, dispersed lay  
About the empty fields: these snatched away,  
(The oxens hornes torn from their skuls) their hate  
Carry them backe vnto the Poets fate.

Thee,

Thee, holding vp thy hands, who n'er before  
Besought'st in vaine, now to preuaile no more,  
That Rout of sacrilegious Furies flew!  
Euen through that mouth (O Jupiter!) which drew  
From stones attention, which affection bred  
In salvage beasts, his forced spirits fled!  
Sad birds, wilde Heards, hard flints, and woods which oft  
Remou'd to heare thee, wept: trees weeping doft  
Their pallid leaues; streames with their teares increast:  
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* innest  
Their loynes in sullen sable, and display  
Their scattered haire. Thy limbes dispersed lay.  
*Hebrus* had head and Harpe: as borne along  
The Harpe sounds something, sadly; the dead tongue  
Sighes out sad ditties: the banckes sympathie;  
That bound theriuer in their sad replie.  
Now borne to Sea, from native streames they drue;  
And at *Methymian Leibus* shore arue.  
A Dragon on the forren sand prepares  
To seaze his head, and lickte his dropping haire.  
When gaping to deuoule the *Hymnists* face,  
*Phobus* descendes; and in that very space  
Into a Stone conuerts him by his powre,  
With iawes extended readie to deuoure.  
His Ghost retires to vnder-shades: once more  
He sees, and knowes, what he had scene before.  
Then through the *Alysian* fields among the blest  
Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now reposest  
With strict imbraces, guided by one minde.  
They walke together: oft he comes behinde,  
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* safely may  
His following *Eurydice* suruay.

O 2

Yer

Yet would not Bacchus so remit their hate :  
 Who vexed for his Prophets cruel fate,  
 Fift all th' Edonian Dames that then were by  
 With spreading roots ; and who more eagerly  
 Perstudo his death, their toes he deeper drew  
 Within the solid earth, which downward grew.  
 And euen as fowle whose feet intanglode are  
 Within the subtle Fowlers secret snare  
 Become by fearfull fluttering faster bound :  
 So, each of these, now cleaving to the ground,  
 With terror struggle to escape in vaine ;  
 For faster-binding roots their flight restraine.  
 One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet :  
 Behold, her twining legs in timber meet ;  
 In passion, thinking to have strucke her thighes,  
 She striketh hard oke ; hard oke her brest supplies ;  
 Her shoulders such : her armes appear to grow  
 In naturall branches ; and indeed did so.

Not thus content, their fields Lycean leaves :  
 Whom *Timetus*, with a better crew, receives,  
 And swift *Pallas*, who did then infold  
 No precious sands, nor graines of enu'rd gold.  
 Satyres and Bacchanals make their repaire,  
 His vsuallerraine : *Silens* then not there.  
 Hm erist the *Phrygian* rurals recling found  
 With age and wine ; and now, with iuite crown'd,  
 To *Midas* bring ; whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,  
 And sage *Europa* from *Ceropis* brought.  
 When knowne to be his partner in those Rites ;  
 Full twice fve dayes, with their succeeding nights,  
 He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast,  
 When times *Lucifer* the staires supprest :

Whea

When, with wilde mirth, he treadis the Lyrian fields ;  
 And to the God his Foster-father yeilde.  
 He in his safe receipt doth much reioyce :  
 Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choyce.  
 For, will'd to wish ; Let all, said he, Iouch  
 Conuert to go'd. His ignorance was such,  
 Forth-with his hirfull wish Lyean gives :  
 And at his folly not a little grieues.  
 But in his curse the Bereythian joyes :  
 And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tryes.  
 Scarce trusts himselfe. Who from a tree bereaves  
 A slender branch ; this shone with golden leaues.  
 Takes vp a stone ; that stone pale gold became :  
 Takes vp a clod ; the clod presents the same :  
 Crops stalkes of corne ; they yeeld a sheafe of gold :  
 An apple pull ; therein you might behold  
 Th' *Hesperian* purchase : toucht by him alone,  
 The marble pillars with rich mettall shone.  
 And when he wiste his hands ; that, shewr'd in raine,  
 Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd againe.  
 His brest scarce holds his hopes ; whose fancie wroghs.  
 On golden wonden : when his servants brought  
 Meat to the table. Sooner had not he  
 Toucht Ceres bouny, but that prou'd to be  
 A shining masse : assumed viands straigthe  
 Betwene his greedy teeth conuert to plate.  
 About to drinke mixt wine ; you might behold  
 His thirsty iawes o're-flow with liquid gold.  
 Strucke with so strange a plague ; both rich and poore ;  
 He hates, and shuns the wealth he wiste before.  
 No plearey hunger feeds ; he burnes with thirst :  
 In loathed gold deseruedly accurst.

O 3

Then,

Then, lifting vp his shining armes, thus praide:  
 Father *Lenus*, & afford thy aid!  
 I haue offended; pitie thou: and mee  
 From this so beautifull a mischiefe free.  
 The gentle Powre accepts his penitence:  
 And for his faith, doth with his gift dispence,  
 Lest ill-wisht gold about him still abide.  
 Goe, said he, to those Cristall streames that glide  
 By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead  
 Along th'incoutring Current to his head.  
 There, where the gushing fountaine fowmes, diue in:  
 And, with thy body, wash away thy sinne.  
 The King obeyes: who in the fountaine leaves  
 That golden vertue, which the Spring receives.  
 And still those ancient seeds these waterns hold:  
 Who gild their shores with glittering graines of gold.  
 He, hating wealth, in woods and helds bestowes  
 Histime with *Pax*; whom mountaine *Caves* inclose.  
 Yet his glasse witt remaines: his shallow braine  
 And fowth senses punish him againe.

High *Tmolus* with a steepe acent vnfolds  
 His rigid browes, and vnder seas beholds:  
 Whose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* joyne;  
 There to *Hypēpis*, girt in small confine.  
 Where boating *Pax*, while he his verse doth praise  
 To tender Nymphs, and pipes this nurall layes;  
 Before *Apollo*'s durst his songe prefer.  
 They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.  
 Th'old Judge on his owne Mountaine sits; and cleares  
 His eares from trees: alone a garland weares  
 Of Oke, with acornes dangling on his brow.  
 Who thus bespake the God of Shepherds: Now

Your

Your Judge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds:  
 And *Midas* fancie with rude numbers feeds.  
 Then sacred *Tmolus* to diuine *Apollo*  
 Conuerts his looks: his woods his motion follow.  
 He, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,  
 Clad in a Tyrann robe that swepte the ground,  
 A Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes in hac't  
 And Indian teeth; the bow his right hand grac't.  
 A perfect Artist shew'd. The strings then itrucke  
 With cunning hand: With his sweet musicketooke,  
*Tmolus* bids *Pax* his vanquisht reeds refigne.  
 All in the holy Mountaines sentence ioyne,  
 But *Midas* only; whose exclaines traduco.  
 The Censure. *Pbæbus* for this grosse abuse  
 Transformes his eares, his folly to declare:  
 Stretcht out in length, and couer'd with gray haire:  
 Instable, and now apt to moue. The rest  
 The former figure of a man possest.  
 Punisht in that offending part: who beares  
 Upon his skull a flow-pac't *Aries* eares  
 He striues to couer such a foule defame:  
 And with a red Tiara hides his shame.  
 But this his seruant saw that cut his haire:  
 Who bigg with secretes, neither durst declare  
 His Soueraignes scene deformity, nor yet  
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,  
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace:  
 Then turning in the earth, forsooke the place.  
 A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes;  
 Which coming to maturity, disclose  
 The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blowne  
 Restore his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.

O 4

Reueng'd

Reueng'd Apollo, leauing *Toulius*, flies  
 Through liquid aire ; and on the land which lies  
 On that side *Helles* freightned surges stands :  
 Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.  
 Below *Rhaetia*, high aboue the flood,  
 And on the right hand of *Sigann*, flood  
 An Altar vow'd to *Panomphaean Jove* :  
 From whence He saw *Laomedon* improue  
 New *Troy*'s scarce founded walls ; with what adoe,  
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.  
 Who, with the Father of the tumid Maine,  
 Indues a mortall shape : and entertaine  
 The inclues for vregarded gold to build  
 The *Pbygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfill'd ;  
 The King their promised reward denies :  
 And perury by iweaving multiplie.  
 Reuengefull *Neptune* his wilde waues vnbound ;  
 Which all the shores of greedy *Troy* surround,  
 And made the Land a Lake : the country Swaine  
 His labour left beneath that liquid Plaine.  
 Besides the daughter of the King demands :  
 Who chained to a Rocke exposed stands  
 To feed a Monster of the Sea ; *so free*,  
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not Hee  
 The horses of *Laomedon* enioy ;  
 His valours hit ; who saket twice perjur'd *Troy* ;  
 And giues his fellow Soaldier *Telamon*  
*Hesione* : for *Pallas* now had won  
 A Deity ; nor in his Grandfather  
 Tooke greater pride, than in his Sire by her.  
 For *Iupiter* had Nephewes more than one :  
 But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.

For

For aged *Proteus* thus foretold the truth  
 To waste-wet *Ibeth* : Thou shal beare a Youth,  
 Who shall in glorious armes transcend his birth  
 And Fathers fame. Lest any thing on earth  
 Should be more great than loue, *Loue* shuns the bed :  
 Of Sea-thron'd *Tbelus*, though her beauty led  
 His strong desires : who bids *Aeclides*  
 Succeed his loue, and wed the Queene of Sean.

A Bay within *Aemilia*, that bends  
 Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends :  
 Which were, if deepe, a harbor lockt by land ;  
 Where shallow seas o're spred the yellow sand.  
 The solid shore (where on no sea-weed growes)  
 Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing showes.  
 Hard by, a mirtle grove affords a shade :  
 In this, a caue ; though doubtfull, rather made  
 By art than nature : hither *Tbelus* swimmes  
 On Delphias backes, here hee caught her naked limbes.  
 In this the sleeping Goddess *Peleus* caught :  
 Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,  
 Attempts to force, and claspe her in his armes.  
 And had shee not allum'd her vsuall charmes  
 In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd.  
 Now, turning to a fowle, her flight restrain'd :  
 Now seemes a mistic tree adorn'd with leaues,  
 Close to the bole th' inamor'd *Peleus* cleaves.  
 A spotted Tygresse shewes presens at last :  
 When he, with terror stooke, his armes vnelaspe  
 Who pouring wine on seas, those Gods implores ;  
 And with perfumes and sacrifice adores :  
 Till the Carpathian Prophet rais'd his head,  
 And said ; *Aeclides*, inly her bed.

O.S.

Doe.

Doe thou but binde her in her next surprise,  
 When in her gelid caue she sleeping lies :  
 And though she take a thousand shapes, let none  
 Dismay ; but hold, till she resume her owne.  
 This *Proterus* said, and diu'd to the Profound :  
 His latter word in his owne waters drown'd.  
 Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* seas  
 Descends ; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease  
 Forsooke the floud, and to her caue repair'd,  
 No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd,  
 But forth-with varies formes ; vntill she found  
 Her Virgin limbes within his fetters bound.  
 Then, spreading forth her armes, She sighing said,  
 Thou hast subdue by some immortall aid ;  
 And *Thetis* shew'd ; not his imbrace repell'd :  
 Whole pregnant wombe with great *Achilles* swell'd.

Happie was *Peleus* in his sonne and wife :  
 And had not *Phœbus* murder soild his life,  
 All-fortunate. With brothers bloud desil'd,  
 Thee *Titan* harbours, from thy home exil'd.  
 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, raign'd ;  
 The sonne of *Lucifer* ; whose looks retain'd  
 His fathers lustre : then disconsolate,  
 Not like himselfe, for his lost brothers fate,  
 Hither, with trauell tir'd, and clog'd with cares,  
 The banisht with a slender traime repaires :  
 His Flockes and Heards, with men for their defence,  
 Left in a shadie vale not farre from thence.  
 Conducted to his Royall presence, Hee  
 With olue brancht, downe bending to his knee,  
 His name and birth declares : the murder maskes  
 With for, ed cauie of flight : a dwelling askes

In

In field, or citie. *Ceyx* thus replies :  
 Our hospitable bounty open lyes  
 To men of vulgar ranke : what owes it then  
 To your high spirit, so renoun'd by men ?  
 Of monume, tall praise ? Whose bloud extracts  
 His source from *loue*, improued by your Acts ?  
 To sue, is times abuse : your worth assures  
 Your full desires ; of all, the choice is yours :  
 I wish it better. And then wept. The cause  
*Ioues* Nephew as'cs : when, after a short pause ;  
 Perhaps you thinkt this Bird which liues by rapte  
 To all a terror, euer had that shape.  
 He was a man ; as constant in his minde  
 As fierce in warre, to great attemptes inclinde.  
*Dedalion* name'd ; sprung from that Star which wakes  
 The deawie Morn, the last that heaven forsakes.  
 Affected peace I fostered, with the rites  
 Of nuptiall ioyes : He ioy'd in bloudy fightes.  
 His valour Kingdomes with their King's subdue ;  
 By whom the *Tububian* Doves are now perfuse.  
 His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew  
 A thousand lutors, ripe for marriage grew.  
 By fortune *Phœbus*, and the sonne of *Mar*,  
 From *Delphus*, and *Cyllenus*, came this way :  
 Here meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light  
 Deserres his ioy-imbracing hopes till night.  
*Hermes* ill-broukes clay : who on her laid  
 His drowsie rod, and forc't the sleepie Maid.  
 Night spangs the skie with starres. An old wifes shape  
 Apollo rooke, and seconds *Hermes* cape.  
 Now when the fulnelle of her tyme drew nio,  
*Autolycus* was borne to *Mercurie*.

Not

Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,  
Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights :  
Who could with subteltie deceiue the sight ;  
Conuerting white to blacke, and blacke to white.  
To *Phœbus* (for she bare two sonnes) belongs  
*Pharammon*, famous for his Harpe and songs.  
What is't haue had two sonnes ? two Gods t'inflate ?  
A valiant father ? *Jupiter* the same ?  
Is glory fatall ? sure t'was so to Her :  
Who to *Diana* durst her face confer,  
And blame her beauty. With a cruell looke,  
She said ; Our deeds shall right vs. Forthwith tooke  
Her bow, and bent it : when the bow-string flung  
Th'iecl'd arrow through her guiltie tongue.  
It bleeds ; of speech and sound at once bereft :  
And life, with bloud, her falling bodie left.  
What griefe (ô Piety !) opprest my heart !  
What said I not, t'awage my brother's smart !  
Who heares me so as rockes the roring waues  
That beat their browes ; and for his Daughter raues.  
But when he saw her burne, four times assail'd  
To sacker the flamie Pile : as often fail'd.  
Then turnes his heelcs to flight (much like a Bull  
By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull :  
Yet seem'd to run farre faster than a man,  
As if his feet had wings ; and all out-ran.  
Who swift in chace of wilched death, ascends  
*Parnassus* top. As he his bodie bends  
To iumpe from downe-right clifses, compassionate  
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate :  
With beake and talons arm'd ; with strength repleat  
Above his size : his courage still as great.

This

This Falcon, friend to none, all foule persu'ih :  
And grieuing, is the cause of common ruth.  
Sad cryx thus his brothers change relates :  
When *Phœbus* *Aeneas* prest the gates ;  
Who kept the Heard : and cry'd (halfe out of breath)  
*Pelens*, I bring thee newes of losse and death.  
Report, faid *Pelens*, we are bent to beare  
The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare  
Hangs on his tongue. He panting still afeard :  
To winding shores we drove the weary Heard,  
When *Phœbus* from the heighth of all the skie  
The East and West beheld with equall eie.  
A part on yellow lands their limbs display ;  
And from their ease the wavy fields surray :  
While other slowly wander here and there :  
Some swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads reare.  
A Fane, vndeckt with gold or marble stome  
Adioynes ; high blockes ; within a groue o're-gowne.  
This the *Nerides* and *Neris* hold :  
By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.  
Neere it, a Marish, thicke with fallowes, stood ;  
Made plashie by the interchanging flood.  
A Wolfe, a monstrous t'east ; with hideous noise  
That frigates the confines, from those thickets flies.  
His lightning iawes with bloud and foame besmear'd :  
In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.  
Though fell with rage and famine ; yet his rage  
More greedy farre : nor hunger seekes t'awage  
With bloud of beeves, and so surcease ; but all  
He meets with, wounds ; insulking in their fall.  
Nor few of vs, while we his force with-flood,  
Fell by his rankling phangs. The shore with blood,

With

With bloud the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes,  
Delay is losse ; and Doubt it selfe forsakes.

Arme, arme, while something yet is left to lose :  
And ioyning force, this mortall Banke oppose.

The Heardsman ends. Nor did this losse incense

*Æacides* ; rememb'ring his offence :

Borne, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,  
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.

The King commands his men to arme : prouides

To goe in person. Busie rumour guides

This to *Aleyone* : her passion bare

Her twisly thither ; running with her haire

Halfe vncompos'd : and that disordering, clung

About his necke : then weepes ; and with a tongue

That scarce could speake, intreats, that they alone

Night goe ; nor hazard both their liues in-one.

To whom *Æacides* ; Faire Queene tortoe

You vertuous feare : too much your bounties flow.

No force auales in such ostents as these :

'Tis prayer that must the sea-thron'd Power appease.

A lony towre within a fortresse stood ;

A friend to wandring ships that plough the flood.

They thus ascend ; and fighting, see the shore

With cattell strew'd ; the Spoyle drencht in gore.

Here *Peleus* fixt on seas, with knees that bend,

Blew *Psamathe* implores at length to end

The iuste of her wrath. She from his speech.

Diverts her eares ; till *Thesus* did beseech,

And got her husbands pardon : nor yet could

The iolage Woife from thirst of bloud with-hold ;

Till the the beast, as he a Heifer slew,

Transform'd to marble ; differing but in hew :

All else intire. The colour of the stone  
Shew him no Wolfe : now terrible to none.

Yet Fate would not permit *Æacides*  
To harbour here ; nor found in exile ease ;

Till at *Magnesia*, in a happy time

*Acasius* purg'd him from his bloody crime.

Meane-while perplext with former prodiges

Both of his neece and brother ; to aduize

With sacred Oracles, the ioyes of men,

*Cixx* prepares for *Clares*. *Pherbas* then,

With his *Phlegym* hoast, alike prophano,

The passage stopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane,

Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,

Faith crown'd *Aleyone*. An inward cold

Shott through her bones : her changing face appears

As pale as Box, surrounded with her teares.

Thrice strooke to speake, thrice weeps through deare con-

Sobs interrupting her diuine complaint. (straine:

What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind ?

Where is that loue that late so cleerly shin'd ?

Canst thou thy selfe enjoy, from me remou'd ?

Doe long wayes please ? is now my absence lou'd ?

Yet didst thou goe by land, I should alone

Grieue without feare : now both combine in one.

Seas fright me with their tragicall aspect.

Of late I saw them on the shore cinct

Their scattered wracks : and often haue I read

Sad names on sepulchers that want their dead.

Nor let false hopes thy confidencie please ;

In that my father, great *Hippotades*,

The strugling winds in rockie caueynes keeper.

And at his pleasure calmes the raging Deepes.

They once broke loose submit to no command;  
 But rauue o're all the sea, and all the land;  
 High clouds perplex, with sterne concursions rare,  
 Emitting flames: I feare, by knowledge, more.  
 These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport;  
 While yet a Girle, within my Fathers Court.  
 But if my prayers can no receele procure;  
 And that, alas, thy going be too sure;  
 Take me along: let both one fortune beare;  
 Then shall I only what I suffer feare.  
 Together sail we on the toyling Maine:  
 And equally what' euer hap sustaine.  
 Thus spake Alcyone: whose sorrowes melt  
 Her star-like spouse; nor he lesse passion felt.  
 Yet neither would his first intent forsake  
 Nor her a Partner in his danger make.  
 Much said he to asswage her troubled brest:  
 As much, in vaine. This addes vnto the rest,  
 Which only could her pensiuue cares: exclaime.  
 All stay is irkesome; by my fathers Flame,  
 I sweare, if Fate permit, returne I will.  
 Ere twice the Moone her shining Crescens fill.  
 Reuin'd with promise of so short a stay;  
 He bids them lanch the ship without delay,  
 And fit her tacklings. This renues her feares;  
 Presaging ill successe: abortiuue teares  
 Flow from their springs; then kist: a sad farewell,  
 Long first, at length she takes; and swowning, fell.  
 The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks  
 Reduce their oares, vp-rising from their Banks  
 With equal strectes. She reares her humid eies,  
 And first her husband on the Poole espies

Shaking

Shaking his hand: that, answers. Now from shore  
 The vessel drives, and thence her Obieet bore.  
 Her following eyes the flying ship pursue:  
 That lost, the sailes her eager gazes drew.  
 When all had left her, to her chamber goes;  
 And on the empty bed her body throwes:  
 The bed and place, with teares, to minde recall  
 That absent part, which gaue esteeme to all.

Now farre from Port; the winds began to blow  
 On quivering Shrowds; their ores the Sailers blow:  
 Then hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sailes  
 At once let fall to catch th'approching gales.  
 The Ship scarce halfe her Course, or sure no more,  
 By this had runne; farre off from either shore:  
 When, deepe in night, fierce Larmes fully blew;  
 And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamie grew.  
 Strike, strike the Top-saile, let the Main-saile fly,  
 And furle your sailes, the Master cry'd; his cry  
 The blustering winds and roaring seas supprese.  
 Yet of their owne accord in this distresse  
 They ply their taskes: some setting yards befor'd  
 And take in sailes; some stop on either side  
 The yawning leakes; some leas on seas reiect.  
 While thus Disorder toiles to small effect,  
 The bitter storme augmenys; the wilde Winds wage  
 Warre from all parts, and ioyne with Neptunes rage.  
 The Master lost, in terror, neither knew  
 The state of things, what to command, or doe;  
 Confesing ignorance; so huge a masse  
 Of ills oppresse! which slighted Art surpasse.  
 Lowd cries of men resound; with ratling shrowds,  
 Flouds iustling flouds, and thunder-crashing clouds.

Now

Who late a scepter held. His father in law,  
And father, now inuokes: but could not draw  
(Alas !) from either succour. Still his wife  
Runnes in his thoughts in that short span of life,  
He wist the waues would cast him on the sands  
Of Tracbin, to be buried by her hands.  
Who swimming, fighes *Akyone*; her name  
His last of speech: in Seas conceives the same.  
Behold; an arch of waters, blacke as brall,  
Brake o're the flood: the breaking surges quell  
Their sinking Burthen. Lucifer that night  
Became obscure; nor could you see his lighc.  
And since he might not render vp his place,  
With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.

Meane-while *Akyone*, not knowing oughe  
Compute the tedious night; the daies o're-wrought  
Upon a robe for him; another makes  
To weare her selfe: whose flattering hope mistakes  
In his returne. Who holy fumes presents  
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents  
The Fane of *Luna*: at her altars prai'd  
For him that was not. Grant successe ! (she said)  
A quicke returne ! Give he our right to none !  
Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.  
The melting Goddess could no longer brooke  
Her death-crost prayers; but from her altar shooke  
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:  
Haste faithfull Messenger, thy iourney take  
To drowsie *Sleepes* ditame palace: bid him send  
A dreame that may prevent the wofull end  
Of *Ceyx* to *Akyone*. This said;  
She, in a thousand-coloured robe araid,

Her

Her ample Bow from Heaven to Earth extends:  
And in a cloud to his abode descends.

Neere the *Cimmerians* sculks a Cave, in steepe  
And hollow hil: the Mansion of dull *Sleepe*:  
Not scene by *Phabu* when he mouses the skies,  
At height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise  
From humid earth, which still a twi-light make.  
No crested fowles still crowing, here awake  
The cheerefull Morne: no barking *Sentinell*  
Here watch; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excell.  
Beasts tame, nor *Salusige*, no wind-shaken boughes,  
Nor strife of iarring tongues, with noyses rouse  
Secured Ease. Yet from the rocke a spring,  
With streames of *Lethe* softly murmurring,  
Purles on the pibbles, and inviteth Repose,  
Before the Entry pregnant *Poppic* growes,  
With numerous *Simplex*; from whose iuticke birth  
Night gathers sleepe, and steds it on the Earth.  
No doores here on their cracking hinges iarr'd:  
Through-out this court there was nor doore, nor guard.  
Amid the Heben *Caeta* downie bed  
High mounted *Quads*, with sable coverings spred.  
Here lay the lazie God, dissolu'd in rest.  
Fantasticke Dreames, who various formes exprest,  
About him tooch: then *Autumn*'s care for more;  
Or leaues of trees, or sands on *Nepus* shore.  
The Virgin entring, parts the obnoxious Dreamer:  
And fils the sacred Concave with the beames  
Of her bright robe. The God with strife disoines  
His sealed lids; againe his head declines,  
And knockes his chin against his brest. And so  
Himselfe Himselfe iecte; and, leaning on

His

His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why  
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:  
Thou Rest of things, most meeke of all the Gods;  
O Sleep, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes  
Care euer flies; restoring the decay  
Oftoile-tyr'd limbs to labour-burnding Day;  
Send thou a Dreame, resembling truth, in post  
T' Hercolean Trabins; that, like *Ceyx* ghost,  
May to *Alcyone* his wracke vnsold.  
*Saturnia* this commands. Her message told,  
*Iris* with-drew; who could the power of Sleep  
Resist no longer. When she found it creape  
Upon her yeilding senses, thence she flies:  
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.

The Sire, among a thousand sons, excites  
Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of those brother Sprites  
None (bid I assume) with subtler cunning can  
Vsurpe the gesture, visage, voice of man,  
His habit, and knowne phrase. He onely takes  
A humane forme: an Other shewes a snakes,  
A birds, a beasts. This *Icelos* they call,  
Whom heaven imbowre; though *Phobos* by all  
Of mortall birth. Next *Phantus*; but lie,  
Of different facultie, indues a tree,  
Earth, water, stone, the severall shapes of things  
That life enjoy not. These appeare to Kings  
And Princes in deepe night; the rest among  
The vulgar stay. Of all the germane throng  
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose  
To act *Ihamantia*'s charge. His eies then close  
Ihen drowsie lids, and hanging downe his head,  
Resolud to slumber, shrinkes into his bed.

His

His noiselesse wings through night fly *Morpheus* straines;  
And with the swiftnesse of a thought attaines  
Th' *Aemorian* towers: then laid them by, and tooke  
The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke  
He naked stood, like one depry'd of life,  
Before the Couch of his vnhappy wife:  
His beard all wet, the haire vpon his head  
With water dropt; who, leaning on her bed,  
Thus spake; while teares from seeming passion flow.  
Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?  
Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Lost:  
And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.  
No fauour could thy pious prayers obtaine:  
For I am drown'd; no longer hope in vain.  
Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Aegaeum* caught  
Our rauisht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught.  
My voice the floods opprest, while on thy name  
I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,  
Nor doubtfull Author tel: this I relate;  
I, that there perisht by vntimely fate.  
Arie, weepe, put on blacke: nor vndeplor'd  
For pity send me to the *Stygian* Ford.

To this he addes a voice, such as she knew  
Exprest her Lords: with teares appearing true,  
And gesture of his hand. She sight and wept;  
Stretch out her armes to imbrace him as she slept,  
But claspt the empty aire. Then cry'd, O stay!  
Ah, whither wilt thou! goe we both oneway.  
Wak't with her voice, and husbands shade; with feare  
She lookes about for that which was not there.  
For now the maids, rais'd with her shreikes, had brought  
A Taper in. Not finding what she sought,

She

She strikes her cheekes, her nightly linnen tare,  
Inuades her brests; nor staies t'vbind her haire,  
But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands  
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,  
And in the passion of her griefe replyde:

There's no *Allyone*; none, none! she dyde  
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be  
All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see  
My ship-wrackt Lord. I knew him; and my hands  
Thrust forth t'haue held him: but no mortall bands  
Could force his stay. A Ghost: yet manifest:  
My husbands ghost: which & but illexprest  
His forme and beauty, late diuinely rare!  
Now pale, and naked, with yet dropping haire.  
Here stood the miserable; in this place:  
Here, here (and sought his airy steps to tracc.)  
O this my sad mis-giving soule diuin'd;  
When thou forsook'st me to persue the wind.  
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee  
Had put to sea: a happy fate for me!  
Then both together all the time assign'd  
For life had liv'd; nor in our death dis-ioyn'd.  
Now here, I perisht there: on that profound  
Poore I was wrackt; yet thou without me drown'd.  
O I, then floods more cruell, should I striue  
To lengthen life, and such a griefe suruiue!  
Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor deser.  
Though one Vnre hold not both, one Sepulcher  
Shallioyne our titles: though thy bones from mine  
The seas diluer, yet our names shall ioyn'e.  
Griefe chok't the rest. Sobs every accent part:  
And sighes ascend from her astonisht heart.

Day

Day springs: She to the shore address her haste,  
Euera to that place from whence she saw him last.  
And while she sadly veters, Here he staid;  
Here parting, kist me; from thence anchor waid;  
While she such sighs recalls; her steady eyes  
Fixt on the Sea, far off she something spies;  
But knowes not what: yet like a cor's. First shee  
Doth doubt: driven neerer (though not neere) might see  
A body plainly. Though vnknowne, yet much  
The Omen mou'd her, since his fate was such.  
Poore wretch, who'ere thou art: and such (she said)  
Thy wife, if wed, by thee a widow made!  
By floods driuen nearer; the more neere, the more  
Her spirits faint: now nigh th'adioyning shore.  
Now sees she what she knowes; her husbands cor's.  
Woe's me! 'tis He, she cries! at once doth force  
Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends  
To soule-less *Ceyx*; and then said: Here ends  
My last of hopes: thus, & then life more deare;  
O husband, thus return'ft thou! Art a Peere  
Had stretcht into the surges; which with-stood,  
And brake the first incursion of the flood.  
Thither forth-with (& wonderfull!) the springs;  
Beating the pallue aire with new-growne wings.  
Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes:  
About the flies, and full of sorrow, makes  
A mournfull noise; lamenting her divorce:  
Anon she toucht his dumbe and bloudlesse cor's;  
With stretched wings embrac't her perisht blisse;  
And gave his colder lips a heatlesse kisse.  
Whether he felte it, or the floods his looke  
Advanc't, the vulgar doubt: yet surc he rooke

P

Schle

Sense from touch. The Gods commiserate:  
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.  
As erst, they loue: their nuptiall faiths they shew  
In little birds; ingender, parents grow.  
Seuen winter dayes with peacefull calmes possesse,  
Alcyon sits vpon her floting nest.  
Then safely saile: then Aeolus incaves  
For his, the winds; and smoothes the swooping waues,

Some old man seeing these their pinions move  
O're broad-spread Seas, extols their endlesse loue.  
By theirs, a Neighbour, or Himselfe, reviews  
An others fate. You'sable fowle that dives;  
(And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)  
Of roiall parentage may also vaunt.  
Wholie ancestors from Thos their branches spred:  
Iles, Africus, Ioues Ganymed,  
Laomedon, and Priamus the last  
That raign'd in Troy: to Hector (who surpass'd  
In fortitude) a brother. If by powre  
Of Fate vngeschanc'd in his youths first flowre,  
He might perhaps as great a name haue wonne:  
Though Hector were great Dymas daughters sonne.  
For Alcyone, a country Maid,  
Bare Aesculapius by stealth in Idas shade.  
He, hating Cities, and the discontente  
Of glittering Courts; the louely woods frequente,  
And vnambitious fields; but made repaire  
To Ida: rarely: yet, he debonaire,  
Nor vnpugnable to loue. Who spide  
Eperia, oft deli'd, by Cebreas side  
(Her fathers riuier) drying in the Sun  
Her fluent haire. Away the Nymph did run,

Swift

Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;  
Or like a fearefull fowle thrust ouer-land  
Beneath a falcon. He persues the chace:  
Feare wings her feet, and loue inforc't his pace.  
Behold a lurking Viper in this strife,  
Ceaz'd on her heele; repressing flight with life.  
Franticke, his trembling armes the dead include:  
Who cry'd, Alas that euer I persude!  
fear'd not this; nor was the victory  
Worth such a losse. Ay me! two, one destroy.  
Thy wound the Serpent, I the occasion gaue:  
, & more wicked! yet thy death shall haue  
My life for satisfaction. There-with flung  
His body from a cliffe which ouer-hung  
The vndermining Seas. His falling limmes  
Upheld by Tethys pitie; as he swimmes  
In his person plumes, nor power of dying giues.  
To be compel'd to liue the Louer grieues:  
Dissaining that his soule, so well appaid  
To leauie her wretched seat, should thus be staid.  
And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas  
His body throwes: the fall his feathers ease.  
With that, irrag'd, into the deepe he dives:  
And still to drowne himselfe as vainly strives.  
Loue makes him leane. A long neck doth sustaine  
His sable head; long-joyned legs remaine.  
Nor euer the affected Seas for sakes:  
And now a surc'd name from drowning takes.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The twelfth Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A Snake; a snake-like Stone. Cvenus, a Swan,  
Cenitis the maid, now Cenens and a man,  
Becomes a Fowle. Neleius carries shares;  
At last an Eagle; nor Alcides scapes.

Old Priam mournes for *Aesacus*; nor knew  
That he suruiu'd, and with light feathers flew.  
While Hector and his brethren dues, with *tearus*,  
Pay to the tombe which his inscription beares.  
But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,  
Straight, with his Rape, brought ten yeeres warre to Troy.  
A thousand ships, in one confederate,  
Pursue his steale, with all the *Achaian* State,  
Nor vow'd revenge so long had beene delaid;  
If wrathfull Seas had not their passage staid:  
At lastie *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,  
Their wind-bound Navy in expectance lay.  
Here, as th'old vse, to *lose* they sacrifice.  
While from the antique altar flames arise;  
Ablew scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,  
Ascends a tree, which neere the altar grew.

A feathered nest the upper branches bear,  
With twice four birds; these and their dam (with fears  
Flying about her losle) the greedy snake  
At length devor'd. This all with wonder strake.  
When *Chikas* cry'd (who could the truth devine)  
Reioyce, *Pelsgans*, 'tis a happy signe!  
Proud *Troy* sh' ll fall; though with long toile and care:  
These th' ice three birds, th' ice three yeeres war declare.  
He, w'nd about a boough, gorg'd with his rape;  
Became a Stone, h' held the Serpents shape.  
Still *Neris* in *Adrian* surges raues:  
Nor w'ire transfeires. Some thinke the God of Waues  
Would *Troy* preserue; and sau'e the walls he made.  
*The lord* disresents: who knew, and said,  
A virgins blood must *Dian* reconcile.  
Now did the publike catle the priuate foile;  
A King, a father: *Iphigenia* stood  
Before the altar to religne her blood.  
The Priest did weepe; the Goddess pittieh too;  
Who o're their eyes a cloudy meteor threw;  
And while they prosecute her rites, and praid;  
Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.  
When fitter sacrifice had did'd her r'ge;  
Her furie and the Seas, at once asswage.  
A fore-winde then then thousand Vessels bore:  
Who, suffering much, attaine the *Pbygian* shore.  
And the world, 'twixt Aire, Earth, *Nepunes* brine;  
A place there is; the triple Worlds confine.  
Where all that's done, though far remou'd, appeare:  
And eueri whitper penetrates the eare.  
*The House of Fame*: who in the highest towre  
Her lodg'ing takes. To this capacious bowre

Inndle

Innumerable wayes conduct; no way  
With doones debar'd, but open night and day.  
All built of ringing braise; through our resounds:  
The heard reports, and every word rebounds.  
No rest within, no silence; yet the noise  
Not lowd, but like the murmuring of a voice,  
As seas that sally on far distant shores;  
Or as Ioues terminating thund're rores.  
Hither the idle Vulgar come and goe;  
Millions of Rumors wander to and fro;  
Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.  
Of these, with newes vnknowing eares Some fill;  
Some carry tales; all in the telling growes;  
And every Author addes to what he knowes.  
Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,  
Deicteid Fear, and vainly grounded loy;  
New rais'd Sedition, secret Whispers  
Of vnknown Authors, and of doubtfull things.  
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame suruiewes;  
And through the ample world inquires of newes.  
She notice gau'e, how with a dreadfull host:  
The *Grecian* Nauie steered for their coast.  
Nor vnexpected came: the *Trojans* bend  
Their powers t' encounter, and their shores defend.  
First thou thy life, *Protosildas*, lost  
By *Hector* fatall lance; the battle cost  
The *Greekes* a world of soules; so clorely shone  
Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet vnknownne.  
Nor no small streames of bloud their valours drew  
From *Phrygian* wounds, who fel what *Grace* could doe.  
And now their mingled gores *Sigism* staine:  
Now *Nepyses* *Cyprus* had a thousand slain.

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Now,

Now, in his chariot, on *Achilles* fell;  
 And with his lance whole squadrons sent to hell:  
 Seeking for *Cygnus*, or for *Hector*, round  
 About the field; at length braue *Cygnus* found:  
 (For Fate nine yeeres great *Hector's* life sustaines.)  
 Cheering his horses with the flaxen maines,  
 His thundring Chariot drives against his foe,  
 And shakes his trembling lance: about to throw;  
 O youth, he said, what e're thou art, reioyce:  
*Achilles* honours thee with death. His voice  
 His speare persues: the steele no wound imprest  
 Though strongly throwne. When, bounding from his brest  
 He said; Thou Goddesse-borne, Fause brutes thee such;  
 Why wondrest thou (*Achilles* wondred much)  
 This helme with horse-baire plum'd, this shiell I beare,  
 Defend not me: for fashion these I weare.  
 So *Mars* his person armes. Should I display  
 My naked brest, thy force could finde no way  
 The grace to be *Nereus*: sonne is small:  
 What hit, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphis, who all  
 The Ocean guides? Then at *Achilles* threw  
 His lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through  
 Nine oxe-hides russet: the tenth did it restraine.  
 The Heros caught it, and retorts againe  
 The singing steele; againe it gaue no wound.  
 The third assay no better entrance found,  
 Though *Cygnus* bar'd his boosome to the blow.  
 He rages like a bull in Cirtian Shew;  
 Whose dreadfull hornes the stamewell, which provokes  
 His fury, tosse with still deluded strokes.  
 Then searches if the head were off: that on;  
 What, is my hand, said he, so feble growne?

On

On one is all my vigour spent? my powre:  
 Was more, when first I raz'd *Lynne*as towre:  
 When *Tenedos*, *Eetion*, *Tebis*, were fil'd  
 With bloud of theirs, by my incounters spild.  
 The red *Cayens* slaughtered natives dyde:  
 Twice *Telephus* my powrefull lauelin tryde.  
 Behold these heapes of bodies! these I slew:  
 Much could my hand haue done; as much can doe.  
 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,  
 And at *Menetes* brest his aime direct,  
 (A Lycian of meane ranke) the thriling dart  
 Quite through his faichlellie curasse pierc't his heart:  
 Whose dying body stucke the groning ground.  
 Snatching the weapon from his recking wound;  
 This hand, he said, this now victorious lance  
 Shall vige thy fate: assist me equall Chanee!  
 With that, th'vnerring dart at *Cygnus* flung.  
 Th'vnneitated on his shoulde rlung;  
 Which like a rocke the lance repel'd againe:  
 Yet where it hit it left a purple staine;  
 By vainely glad *Axidas* descry'd:  
 He woundlellie: this *Menetes* bloud had dy'd.  
 Then roring, from his chariot leapes; and made  
 A horrid on-set with his flaming blade:  
 Who sees the breaches in his helme and shield,  
 Yet he secure: his skin the steele vnsteeld.  
 Now all impatient, with the hik his Foe's  
 Hard front invades with thicke redoubled blowes:  
 Persues his back retreat, perturbs, insihs;  
 Nor lets the astonisht breath. He faints; blew mistis  
 Swim o're his eyes; whose now auctred steps  
 A ston with stood. On whom *Achilles* leaps

P 5

With

Or else assured. *Cænus* still forbore  
 All nuptiall ties. As on the secret shore  
 She walke alone, the Sea-god her dissent  
 Inforc'd to Rape: for so the rumor went.  
 Rapt with the joy of loues first tasted fruit;  
 All shall, said *Nepus*, to thy wishes sure;  
 Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.  
 My wrong, said *Cænus*, makes my wishes bold:  
 That never like enforcement may befall,  
 Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.  
 Her latter words a deeper voice expresse,  
 Much like a mans, for now it prou'd no lesse.  
 The Sea-God had assented to her will:  
 And further addes, that Steele should neither kill  
 Nor wound his person. Young *Atracides*,  
 Departs; rejoicing in such gifts as these:  
 Who great in euery manly vertue growes;  
 And haunts the fields through which *Peneus* flowes.

The sonne of bold *Ixion* now had wed  
*Hippodame*: the salvage Centaures, bred  
 Of clasped Clouds, his invitation grac't;  
 In plashed bowres at sundry tables plac't.  
 There were th' *Æmonius* Princes; there was I:  
 The Palace rung with our confused joy.  
 They *Hymen* sing; the altars sume with flames:  
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troopes of dames.  
 We call *Pirithous* happy in his choice:  
 But scarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.  
 For *Euryalus*, more heady than the rest,  
 Foule rapine harbors in his salvage brest;  
 Incest by beauty, and the heat of wine;  
 Lust and Ebriety, in out-rage ioyne.

Straight,

Straight, turn'd vp beards the feast profane: the faire  
 And tender spouse now haled by the haire.  
 Fierce *Euryalus Hippodame*; all tooke  
 Their choice, or whom they could: sackt cities looke  
 With such a face. The women shreeke: we rise.  
 When *Tibseus* first; ô *Euryalus*, vnwise!  
 Dar'st thou offend *Pirithous* as long  
 As *Tibseus* lives? in one two suffer wrong.  
 The great-sould *He*, os, not to boast in vaine,  
 Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce disdaine  
 The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;  
 Such facts could not be iustif'd by words:  
 But with his fist the braue redeemer prest;  
 Assailes his face, and strikes his generous brest.  
 Hard by there stood an antique goblet, wrought  
 With extant figures: this *Ægides* caught;  
 Hu:ld at the face of *Euryalus*: a blyud  
 Of frecking wine, of braines, and clootted bloud  
 At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;  
 And falling backward, kickes the dabbled ground.  
 The Centaures, franticke for their brothers death,  
 Arme, arme, resound, with oxe exalted breath.  
 Wine courage giues. At first an uncouth figh  
 Of flagons, pors, and boules; began the figh:  
 Late fit for banquets, now for bloud and brookes.  
 First *Aryalus*, *Opobrion* issue, spoiles  
 The sacred places of their gifts; downe rampes  
 A brazen crest stucke with burning hayses:  
 This swings akef, as when a white-hair'd Bell  
 The Sacrificer strikes; which crasht the skull  
 Of *Celadon* the Lapithian, and bate  
 His face unknowne: confusion forme berefe.

Out

Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt  
His shiuier'd bones flat to his pallid face.  
*Pillean Pelades* a tressell store.  
That propt the boord, and fell'd him to the store,  
He knockes his chin against his brest, and spude  
Bloud mixt with teeth. A second blow perlude  
The first; and sent his vexed soule to hell.  
Next, *Gryneus* stood; his lookes with vengeance swell:  
Seues this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd  
Aloft a mighty Altar: as it blaz'd,  
Among the *Lay*: bites his burden threw;  
Which brok, and the bold *Orion* slew.  
*Orion* mother *Myale*, eft-foone  
Could with her charmes deduce the strugling Moone.  
*Exadius* cry'd, Nor shalt thou so depart  
Had I a weapon. Of a voted heart  
The Antlers from a Pine he pulls; they fix  
Their forkes in *Gryneus* darkned eyen: this sticke  
Vpon the horne, that in concreted gore  
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhaetus* bore,  
Snatch from the Altar; and *Charybdis* head  
Cleckt through the skull, with yellow tresses spred.  
The rap'd flame hist lazing curles surround,  
Like corne on fire; bloud broyling in his wound  
Horribly hisses: as red Steele that gloes.  
With seruent blasts, which pliant tongue and dispose  
To quenching coole wroughten, spunteth, stiuets, consumes;  
And hissing vinder heaged mator, surges.  
The Wounded iron his singed tuches shakes  
The greedy flame; and so his shoudeles takes  
A stoue toone from the third fold, which alone  
Would load a waine, as distant *Aeneas* thowne.

This,

This, falling short, *Comus* life invades:  
And sent his friend to everlasting shades.  
When *Rhaetus*, laughing; May you all abound  
In strength so try'd; and aggravates his wound  
With repercuissions of his burning brand.  
Crush't bones now sinke in braines. Then turnea his hand:  
Vpon young *Cornelius*, *Euagrus*, *Dryas*:  
Which gave to *Cornelius* a fatall passe.  
What glory can the slaughter of a boy  
Afford, *Euagrus* laid? nor more could say:  
For *Rhaetus*, e'r his iawes together came,  
Hid in his throte and brest the choaking flame.  
Then whiskes the brand about his browes, and drives  
At valiant *Dryas*; but no longer thrives.  
For through his shoulder, who had triumph long  
In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his prong.  
Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:  
And told with bloud, conuerts his heeles to fl ghe.  
So *Lycidas*, *Aineas*, *Medon* (sped  
In his right arme) *Pisenor*, *Cænus*, fled:  
Wound-tardie *Mermurus*, late swift of pace;  
*Menelæus*, *Pholus*; *Aeneas*, vs'd to chace.  
The Bore; and *Astylos*, who fates fore-knew:  
Who vainly bade his friends that warre eschew;  
And said to frightened *Nessus*, Fly nor so;  
I thou art reserv'd for great *Alcides* bow.  
But yet *Euryalus*, nor *Lycidas*,  
*Aeneas*, nor *Imbreus*, vnslaughtred passe:  
All quell'd by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Cænus* too,  
Though turn'd about for flight, a sore-wound sticke:  
For looking backe; the point betweene his sight,  
There where the nose joynes with the fore-head, light.

VII

Who with his shield and burgonet defends  
 The sounding strokes : yet still his sword extends,  
 And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth goe  
 His double breasts. Yethad he slaine before  
 Pblegnes, Hyles, with his lances flight ;  
 Hippomene and Daxi, in close fight.  
 Addes Dorylas to these ; who wore a skull  
 Of Wolfe-skin tan'd ; the sharpe hornes of a Bull,  
 In stead of other weapons, fixt before :  
 And dyde in crimson with Lepishian gore.  
 To whom, with courage fir'd, I said in scorne ;  
 Behold how much our steele excels thy hornes.  
 And threw my lance : not to be shun'd, he now  
 Claps his right hand vpon his threatened brow ;  
 Which both together nail'd. They rore : and while  
 Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toiles ;  
 Thy father, who was necrest, neerer made :  
 And through his navill thrust his deadly blada.  
 He bounds, and on the earth his bowels unlays,  
 The trailes kickes, the kickt-in pieces shales ;  
 Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes  
 So falls ; and with a gutesle belly dies.  
 Nor thee thy beauty, Cyllarus, could save :  
 If such a two-form'd figure beautie haue.  
 His chin now 'gan to bud with downe of gold ;  
 And golden curles his iuony backe infold :  
 His looks a pleasing vigor gracie ; his breſt,  
 Hands, shoulders, necke, and all that man exprēſt,  
 Surpassing arts admired images.  
 Nor were his belliall parts a shame to these :  
 Adde but a horses head and crest, he were  
 For faylors vſe ; his backe so strong to beare,

So largely cheſted ; blacker than the crow :  
 His taile and feet-lockes, whire as falling now.  
 A number of that nation sought his loue ;  
 Whom none but faire Hylome could moue :  
 None for attracting fauour so excell,  
 Of all the halfe-mares that on Oibry dwell.  
 Shee, by sweet words, by louing, by conſent  
 Affection, only Cyllarus posſeſt.  
 With combes she smoothes her haire ; her person trimmē  
 With all that could be gracefull to ſuch limbes.  
 Of Roses, Rosemary and Violets,  
 And oſt of Lillies curiouſe drefſings pleats.  
 Twice daily washt her face in Springs that fall  
 From Pegasas hills ; twice daily all  
 Her body bathes in cleaſing ſtreames : and were  
 The ſkins of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,  
 Which flowing from her ſhoulder crosse her breſt,  
 Vaire her left ſide. Both equal loue posſeſt :  
 Together on the ſhady mountaines ſtray,  
 In woods and hollow caues together ley.  
 Then to the palace of the Lepithies  
 Together came ; and now together fight.  
 A lauerne from the left hand flung, thy breſt  
 O Cyllarus, beneath thy necke impreft.  
 His heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart exhal'd)  
 Grew forth-with cold ; and all his body pal'd.  
 Hylome his dying limbes receiuſt ;  
 Foments his wound : cloſe to his lips the cleaſes,  
 To ſtay his flying ſoule. But when ſhe found  
 Lifes fire extint ; with words in clamour drown'd,  
 Even on that ſteele, which through his boſome paſt,  
 She threw her owne : and him in death imbrac't.

Me thinkes I see grim Phœnix yet:  
 Who with two Lions skins, together knir,  
 Protects his man and beast. A log he tooke,  
 Which scarce two teame could draw; this darted, stroke  
 The Crowne of Phœnixides: his braines  
 It through the fractures of his skull constraines;  
 Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and nostrils gushe,  
 Like curds through wickar squeasd; or iuces crushi  
 Through draining Colendars. As he the dead  
 Prepares tynarme, my sword his bowels shred.  
 Your father saw his downfall. Cbitonius too,  
 And stout Telamon our fawchion slew.  
 The first a forked branch, the other held  
 A lengthfull lance: the lance this wound impeld;  
 Wherof you see the ancient scarre. Then I,  
 Then should I haue beene sent t'hauer iuin'd Troy.  
 Then might I haue restraint'd, if not o're-throwne  
 Great Hector. But, he either then was none,  
 Or else a child. Now spent with age, I waine.  
 What speake I of two-shapt Pyramis, flaine  
 By Periphas? Thy dart, without a head,  
 Braue Amycus, four-hoo'd Oicles sped.  
 Macerum, borne by Pelethronian rocks,  
 Huge Erigapus with a leauer knobs  
 To echoing earth. His dart Cymelus sheath'd  
 Deep in Neffus groine, and life berean'd.  
 Nor would you think Amycides alone  
 Could Fate fore-tell; a lance by Mopsus throwne  
 Odites flue: this, as the Centaure rail'd,  
 His tongue this chin, his chin t'his bosome nail'd.  
 Fine Cenæus flue; Braues Antimachus,  
 Axe-arm'd Pyramis, Helen, Stipeles.

Although

Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;  
 Their names, and number, I remember well.  
 Giant-like Latens lightneth to these broiles;  
 Arm'd with Emanian Alaswo spoilers:  
 His yeares, twixt youth and age; nor age impaires  
 The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray haire.  
 A Macedonian speare, a sword, a shielde,  
 Confirmes his powers: o're-viewes the well-fought field,  
 Clashes his armes; and trotting in a round,  
 Instring'd the aire with this disdainfull sound.

Shall I indure thee Cenæus? still to me  
 Thou art a woman, and shak Cenæus be.  
 Thou hast forgot thy births original,  
 And for what fact rewarded; by what fall  
 Adiuanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.  
 Thinke of thy birth; thinke of thy easie rape.  
 Goe, take a spindle and a distaffe; twine  
 The carded wooll; and armes to men refigne.

While thus he scoffes; and circularly ran;  
 Cenæus his sides gores with his lance, where man  
 And horse unite. He, mad with anguish, flings  
 His speare at the Phœbus youth, which rings  
 On his vntainted face; and backe recoules,  
 As pibbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tiles.  
 Then rushing on, with thrulles assayes to wound  
 His hardned sides; the sword no entrance found.  
 Nor shalt thou scape; the edge shall lanch thy throe,  
 Although the point be dull. This said, and smote  
 At once. The blow, as if on marble, sounds:  
 And from his necke the broken blade rebounds:  
 When he his charmed limbis had open laid  
 Enough to wounds and wonder, Cenæus said:

Now

Now will we trie, if thou our sword canst Steele.  
 Then 'twixt his shoulders thrusts the fatal Steele  
 Up to the hilt; which to and fro he waves  
 Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraues,  
 The frighted Centaures, with a horrid cry,  
 On him alone, with all their weapons fly.  
 Their darts rebated fall, but draw no blood:  
 For *Ceneus* still in-vulnerable stood.  
 This more amaz'd. Ah, *Myrrhus* exclaims,  
 One foiles vs all, to all our endlesse shames!  
 He scarce a man! nay he the man, and we  
 Are what he was: so poore our actions be.  
 What bootes our mighty Limbes? our double force?  
 The strongest of all creatures, man and horse,  
 In vs by nature ioyn'd? sure we are not  
 A Goddesse birth; nor by *Ixion* got,  
 Who durst the Queene of Deities imbrace:  
 This halfe-man conquers his degenerate race:  
 Stones, masic logs, whole mountaines on his roule;  
 And with congested trees crush out his soule.  
 Let woods oppresse his iawes: o'rewhelme with waight,  
 In stead of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight  
 An Oke, vp-rooted by the furious blasts  
 Of strantike winds, on valiant *Ceneus* casts.  
 Th'example quickly *Oibrys* disfaide  
 Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted shade.  
 Prest with so huge a burthen, *Ceneus* swaies:  
 And to th'o're-whelming okes his shoulders set.  
 But now the load aboue his stature climbs,  
 And choakes the passage of his breath. Sometimes  
 He faints; then strugles to aduance his crowne  
 Aboue the Pile, and throw the timber downe;

Some-

Sometimes the pressure with his motion quakes;  
 As when an earth-quake yonder doth shakes.  
 His end was doubtfull: some there be, who tell  
 How with that weight his body sunke to hell.  
*Messias* dithens; who saw a fowle arise  
 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;  
 The first I euer saw) which flying round  
 About our Tents, sent forth a mournefull sound.  
 This he perswaing with his soule and fight,  
 Cry'd, Haile thou glory of the *Lapithae*!  
 O *Ceneus*, late a man at armes; but now  
 An vnmatcht fowle! His wiuenes all allow.  
 Griefe whets our fury; brooking ill, that one  
 By such a multitude should be o're-throwne:  
 And Sorrow so long creatures the fight,  
 Till halfe were slaine: halfe sau'd by speed, and nighr.  
*Tlepolemus* could not his tongue debarre:  
 Since in the repetition of that warre,  
 Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.  
 Old man, how can you so forget (he said)  
 Midae praise? my father oft would tell,  
 How by his hand the Cloud-borne Centaures fell.  
 To this sad *Nefor* answer'd: Why should you  
 Compell me to remember, and revue  
 My sorrow lost in time? or iterate  
 Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?  
 His acts transcend beliefe; his high repute  
 Fills all the world: which would I could refute.  
 But not *Polydorus*, *Desiphonus*,  
 Nor valiant *Heller*, are extol'd by vs.  
 For who commands his foe? *Messias's* walls  
 He raz'd; faire *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their fall

Dereff

Detest his fury; Cities which his hate  
 Had not deserv'd: with them, did ruinate  
 Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell  
 Of others, who by his sterne out-rage fell;  
 'Twice six faire-fam'd *Neleus* were wee;  
 Twice six *Alcides* slew, excepting mee.  
 Conquest is common: but, o more than strange  
 Was *Periclymen*'s slaughter! who could change  
 And rechange to all figures. Such a grace  
 Great *Neptune* gaue; the root of *Neleus* race.  
 He, forc't to vary formes, at length vnfolds  
*Iones* well-lou'd *Fowle*, who in her talloons holds  
 Impetuous thunder; and His visage teares  
 Both with his crooked beake, and armed scartes.  
 At him his bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,  
 As towring in the loftie clouds he flew,  
 And strucke his side-joyn'd wing. The wound was slight;  
 But sunder'd nерues could not sustaine his flight.  
 When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow smote  
 In at his side, and thrust it through his throat.  
 Now braue Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;  
 Think'st thou *Alcides* praise a subiect mee  
 For my discourse? Alone with silence wee  
 Revenged our slaughtered brothers; and loue thee.  
 When *Nestor* with inellusious eloquence  
 Had thus much riter'd; they with speech dispence,  
 And liberal *Bacchus* quaffe: then all arose;  
 And givē the rest of night to soft repose.  
 The God, whose Trident calmes the Ocean,  
 For strangled *Icenus*, turnd into a Swan,  
 Grieues with paternall griete. *Alcides* fate  
 He prosecutes with more than ciuill hate.

Ten yeeres now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fightes,  
 Thus vnshorne *Smintheus* his sterne rage excites.  
 Of all our brothers sonnes to vs most deare;  
 Whose hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:  
 O li, li st thou not to see the *Asian* towres  
 So neare their fall? their owne, and aiding powres  
 By millions slaine? the last of all their ioy  
 Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?  
 Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour giues  
 To vtter spoile, then Warre more cruell, liues.  
 Came he within my reach, he then shoul'd tric  
 The vengeance of my Trident: but since I  
 Cannot approch t'incounter with my foe;  
 Let him thy close and mortall arrowes know.  
*Dilias* assents: his vnykles wrath intends  
 With it, his owne; and in a cloud descends  
 To th' *Ilian* host: amid the battle seekes  
 For *Paris*, shooting at vn-noted *Greekes*.  
 Then shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou lose  
 Thy shafts so basely? nobler obiects chose;  
 If thou of thine at least haft any care:  
 Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heire.  
 Then shew'd him sterne *Achilles*, as he flew  
 The *Troian* hostes: and, while his bow he drew,  
 Dire is the deadly ihaft. This only might  
 Old *Priam*, after *Hector*'s death, delight.  
 Him, who with conquests cloy'd the lawes of death,  
 A faint adulterer deprives of breath.  
 It by th' effeminate to be o're-thrownne;  
 Then shoul'd the Pollax of the *Amazons*  
 Haue forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fane; the fame,  
 And strog protection of the *Grecian* Name,

Invincible *Aeacis* now burns:  
 The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turns,  
 And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains  
 So much as now a little Vrne contains.  
 Yet still he lives; his glory lightens forth,  
 And fills the world: this answers his full worth.  
 This, ô divine *Pelides*, soars as high  
 As thy great spirit; and shall never die.  
 And euen his armes, to infance whole they were;  
 Procure a warre. Armes for his armes they beare.  
*Ajax Oileus, Diomedes*, nor  
 The leſſe *Atrides*; not in age and war  
 The Greater: no nor any; but the Son  
 Of old *Laertes*, and bold *Telamon*,  
 Durſt hope for ſuch a prize. *Tantalides*,  
 To thun the burden, and the hate of thēſe,  
 The Princes bids to ſit beſo'e his tent:  
 And puts the ſluſe on their arbitrement.

## OVID'S

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The Thirteenth Book.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*T*hose purple floweres which *Ajax* nowe diſplay,  
*Hu* blood produce. *Inraged Heſuba*  
*Becomes a Bieb.* From *Mennons* crindes riſe  
*Silfe* ſlaughter Fowle: a yearely ſacrific.  
*Whateuer Anius* daugheſs handle, proues  
*Corne, wine, or oyle*: themſelves transform'd to *Domes*.  
*To* *Ambracian* Judge a ſtone. *Light* wings defend  
*Molliflus* royal iſſue. *Scylla* groves  
*A horrid Monſter.* Murder'd *Aeis* flowers  
*With ſeedie ſtreames.* The kind *Nereides*  
*For Glaucus ſue*: inbrom'd in ſacred ſea.

*T*he great Chieſes ſate; the ſouldiers crowne the fields:  
*V*to ſe the Master of the ſeven-fold Shield.  
*With wrath impatient, his ſterne eyes furuſay*  
*Sigeum*, and the Nauie which therelay.  
*Then holding vp his hands, ô loue, he ſaid;*  
*Before the Fleet muſt we our title plead?*  
*And is *Vlyſſes* my Competitor?*  
*Whole flightfull ſcāre did *Hector*'s flames abhor.*

Q:

Those

These, I, sustain'd; from thosc this Nauie treed,  
 'Tis fitter to contend in word than deed,  
 I cannot talke, nor can he fight: as faire  
 His tongue excells, as I exceed in warr.  
 Nor need I to icheaife what you haue seene  
 In att, renowned *Greekes*: what his hath beene  
 Let *Aiacus* declare; perform'd by flight,  
 Without a witnesse, only knowne to Night.  
 Great is th' affected prize, I must confess:  
 But such a Riuall makes the Value lesse:  
 For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,  
 Howeuer great, what he could hope to gaine.  
 Who of this stafe now wins the pracie; that he,  
 When vanquished, may boast he strooke with me.  
 But were my valour question'd, I might on  
 My birth infift, begot by *Telamon*,  
 Whe vnder *Hercules* *Troy*'s bulwarkes scal'd:  
 And in *Pagan* keele to *Colchus* sail'd.  
 His father, *Aiacus*; the iudge of Soules,  
 Where *Syphus* his restlesse torment roulcs.  
 High *Tupiter* upon a mortall Loue  
 Got *Aiacus*: *Ajax* third from *Ioue*.  
 Nor let this pedigree affiſt my clame,  
 If great *Achilles* joyn'd not in the same.  
 He was my brother, his I aske. Why thus  
 Shouldſt thou, thou sonne of damned *Syphus*,  
 Alike in theſe, and fraud, a ſtranger to  
*Achilles* race, the right of his perſue?  
 Because I first assumed armes, deſcry'd  
 By no deſector, are theſe armes deny'd?  
 Or rather for the laſt in field deſign'd;  
 Who with fan'd lunacie the warre declar'd:

Till

Till *Palamed* more politicke, and more  
 Seche-fatal, did his coward-guile explore,  
 And drew him to auoided armes? Must he  
 Now weare the beſt, who alſchew'd? and we  
 Vnionot: d, of hereditary right  
 Depriv'd, in that we firſt appear'd in fight?  
 And would to *Ioue* he had beene truly mad;  
 Or ſtill ſo thou: ht: nor this companion had,  
 This tempter to foule action, euer ſeene  
 The *Pagan* towres. Then ſhouldſt not thou haue beene  
 O *Pearis* tonne, expoſed by our crime  
 To *Lemian* reekeſ: where thou conuifteſt thy time  
 In louely caues obſcur'd with woods, the ſtones  
 Preuokt to pitie with thy daily grones,  
 And wiueſt him, what he deſerves, thy paine:  
 If there are Gods thou wiueſt not in vaine.  
 Now our Confederate (a Prince of braue  
 Command) to whom his shafts *Aleides* g. ue;  
 Broken with paine and famine, doth mi. ly  
 Thoſe arrowes, that impoſt the fate of *Troy*,  
 For food and cloathing: yet he liues the while,  
 In that remoued from *Vlyffes* guile.  
 And *Palamed* might wiſe haue beene ſo left:  
 Then had he liu'd, or perishe vnbereft  
 Of his deare fame. This, helliſhly inclin'd,  
 Beares his conuicted madneſſe in his mind;  
 And falſely him accuſ'd to haue betray'd  
 Th' *Achorian* hoaſt; conſiſing what he ſaid  
 By ſhewing ſummes of gold, which in his tent  
 Himſelfe had hid. Thus he by baniſhment  
 Or death, our ſtrength impaires; for thus preſer'd:  
 So fightis, ſo is *Vlyffis* to be fear'd.

Q 3

Though

Though faithfull *Nestor* he in eloquence,  
Surpaseth; his leauing *Nestor*, no defence  
Of words can save: who slow with tired Age  
And wounded Steeds, implor'd to his ingage  
*Vlysses* helpe; who left to oddes of foes  
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knowes  
For no foyg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay  
His trembling friend, reviling his dismay.  
The Gods with i stice view our humane deeds,  
Who would not late assist, assistance needs:  
And now to be forsaken by the law  
Himselfe prescriv'd. He cry'd; I came, and saw  
The coward quaking, pale, about to yeld  
His ghost to feare. I interpos'd my thield;  
Besid him as he lay; and from that strife  
Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.  
But if thou wilt contend, reioyne we there;  
Renoke the toe, thy wounds, and vsuall feare;  
Behind my target sculke: then plead. This man,  
Who reid with wounds; freed, as vnwounded, ran.  
Now *Nestor* came, and brought the Gods along;  
R' the on all parts: not thou alone, the strong  
And best beheld th'rinke: so great a dread  
He drew on all. Him, as he triumph led  
To oyleg blood and slaughter, with a michtie stone  
I hit to the earth: Him I sustain'd alone,  
Wher he to all bold a challenge made;  
Wher to my lot you all deuoutly pray'd,  
No prayd in vain: If you inquire the summe  
Of this fight, I was not ouercome.  
With vengefull weapons, flames, and noise, the men  
Of *Troy*, made our name: where was then

Your

Your eloquent *Vlysses*? I, even I  
A thousand ships preferu'd; whereon rely  
The hope of your returne. These armes for all  
Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour shall  
Receive then glorie: our glories iustly pease;  
These armes doe *Ajax* lecke, not *Ajax* these.  
*Absius* surprise, with ours let him compare;  
That poore Spie *Dolon's*, *Helenus* despaire;  
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;  
He nothing worth, take *Diomed* away.  
If to such meane deserueth these armes accrue,  
Divide them: to *Tydides* most is due.  
Why would he these? who still vnarmed goes,  
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?  
This radiant Caske that shunes with burnisht gold;  
Will his deceit, and lukkin, steps vnsold.  
His necke can scarce *Achilles* helmet beare;  
Nor can his feeble arme employ this speare:  
His shield, whose orbe the figured world adorres;  
A cowards arme, inur'd to theeuing, scornes.  
O foole, that thus thy owne vndoing seekes!  
If gauen thee by th'error of the *Greekes*;  
It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;  
But be th'ocean of thy overthrow,  
And flight, wherein thou only dost exceed,  
Clog'd with so huge a weight, will faile thy need.  
Besides, thy shield in battle rarely borne,  
Is yet entire: mine, all to hacket and borne  
With stormes of blowes, a new successor needs.  
What boots so many words? behold our deeds.  
These armes deliuer to the foes defence:  
And let him weare, that wins the prize from thence.

Q.4

Here

Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldier in the close  
A murmure rais'd; till *Ithacus* arose:  
Who hauing fixed on the earth a space  
His eyes, vnto the Princes rai'd his face;  
And now expected, speake vnto this sense;  
With all the grace of winning eloquence.

*Grecian*; if heauen, with yours, had heard my prayre;  
Sooe, eft a stife had found no doubfull Heire:  
Thy hand kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and we thee.  
But since staine Fate, auerse to you and mee,  
Succoueted an Excellence denies;  
(With that appereas to weepe, and wipes his eyes)  
Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,  
Than he who gaue you great *Achilles* deeds?  
Let not his folly purel ale your aslent;  
Nor let my wit, in that so preualent  
For you, my losse incurre: nor hate incense,  
That for my selfe I armey my eloquence;  
(Or I haue any) oft for you employ'd.  
Let none the glory of his owne auid.  
*Ajax* was diuine originall,  
And deeds by vs not done, we ours mis-call.  
Yet in that *Ajax* vants himselfe to bee  
Great grand hilde vnto *Ione*; no lesse are wee.  
*Ione* was my Sire, *Achilles* his;  
His, *Priamus*: in this deffent there is  
None dunn'd nor bat in't. By the venter I  
For our *Homere* spring; in both a Deitie.  
Now that more noble by the mothers side,  
Nor did my father had his hands vndide  
To let her's bloud, doe I inforce this claime:  
Weigh bat our worths; and censore by the same.

That

That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,  
In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the Neere  
In birth, but Great in act, deserue this grace.  
Or if proximity in bloud haue place,  
*Peleus* his father, *Pyrbus* is his son:  
What right remaines for *Ajax Telamon*?  
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry these.  
*Teucer* is coozzen to *Aeacides*  
As well as he; yet stirs not he herein:  
Or if he should, should he the honour win?  
Then since our actions must our sute aduance;  
Although my deeds surmount my vterance,  
Their abstract yet in order to relate:  
*Theus*, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,  
Disguis'd her sonne: to like a Virgin drest,  
That all mistooke, and *Ajax* with the rest.  
When, Armes, with womenstrifles, that might blinde  
Suspeet, I brought to tempt a manly minde.  
Yet was the Heros Virgin-like ariad;  
Who taking vp the Speare and Shield, I said:  
O Goddess-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*  
Her fall rescues: why doubts thou to destroy  
*Great Pergamus*? then made him d'off those weeds:  
And sent the mighty vnto mighty deeds.  
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telybus*  
Foil'd with our lance; the suppliant cut'd by vs.  
Strong *Thebas* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* vs renounes,  
*Chrysa* and *Tenedos* (*Apollo*'s townes)  
With *Cilla*; Sea-girt *Syros*, in their tall  
Our faire aduance: we raz'd *Iliasse*'s walls.  
To passe the rest; I gaue, who could subdue  
The braue *Priamidis*: *Hector* slue.

P 5

For th' armes that found *Achilles*, these I craue:  
 He dead, I aske but what, aliue, I gaue.  
 The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* preuailes:  
*Euborian Autis* held a thousand sailes.  
 The long-expected winds opposed stand,  
 Or sleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command  
 Afflicted *Agamemnon* to abswage  
 With *Ighigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.  
 But he dissentes, the Gods themselues reproves:  
 And in a King a fathers passion moves.  
 His noble disposition ne're the lesse  
 To the publike won: and must confessse  
 (*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute  
 Before a partiall Judge a hatefull sute.  
 Yet him his brother, scepter, publike good  
 Perswade to purchase endlesse praise with blood.  
 Then went I to the mother for her child:  
 Now not to be exhorted, but beguilde.  
 Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sailes  
 Not yet had swel'd with still-expected gales.  
 Then on a bold embassage I was sent  
 To haughty *Troy*: to th'*Ilian* Court I went,  
 Yet full of men: and fearelesse, vig'd at large  
 The common cause committed to my charge.  
*False Paris* I accuse: rapt *Helena*  
 Ie- demand, with all they bore away.  
*Old Iliam* and *Antenor* iust appeare.  
 But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were  
 His followers in that stealth, from wicked blowes  
 Could scarce retaine. This *Amenelias* knowes.  
 The last of dangers wherein you and I  
 Yegether regn'd. But what my policie

And

And force perform'd, behouefull to this State,  
 In that long warre, too long is to relate.  
 The first great battle fought, our weary foes  
 Long liue immu'd: nor durst their powers expose.  
 Nine yeceres expir'd, warres all the fields aff.ight.  
 Meane-while what didst thou, only fit to fight?  
 What vse of thee? inquire my actions; I  
 The foe int'rap, our trenches fortifie,  
 Incouraging the weary Souldier  
 To brooke the tediousnesse of lingring warre  
 With faire expectance: teach them wayes to feed,  
 And arts to fight. Employ'd at euery need.  
 The King del' ded in his sleepe by *Troy*,  
 Bids vs the care of future warre remoue.  
 The author was his strong apologie.  
*Ajax* should haue with-stood: the sacke of *Troy*  
 He should haue virg'd; and, what hee could, haue fought.  
 Why was the nobler siege by him vsought?  
 Why arm'd he not? a speech he might haue made,  
 That would the wauering multitude haue staid:  
 To him not difficult, who lookes so high,  
 And speakes so big. What, if himselfe did flie?  
 I saw, and shant'd to see thee turne thy backe  
 To hoist thy sailes vnto thy honours wracke.  
 What doe you? o what madnesse, states, said I,  
 Prouokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?  
 Ten yeceres nigh spent, what will you beare away  
 But infamie? I this, and more did lay;  
 Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:  
 And from the flying Fleet turn'd their consent.  
 The King a Councell calls; disti'nts afford  
 No sound aduice: durst *Ajax* speake a word?

When

When base *Troyites* durst the King provoke  
With bitter words : who felt my scepters stroke.  
Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire :  
And set their fainting courages on fire.  
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right  
To me belongs, that thus reuokt his flight.  
Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greekes*  
Commend thee ; or thy conuincation seekes ?  
*Troy* vs approves, builds on our will ;  
Ie confident in his *Physs* still.  
Among a million'tis a grace for me  
To be his confort ; and the choise so free.  
The danger of the toe, and night despis'd ;  
*Iulus*, then a counter-scout, surpris'd :  
Not flue him, till I foret his bosome to ;  
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.  
All kno<sup>w</sup>ne, and nothing left to be inquir'd ;  
I now with praise enough might haue retir'd.  
Yet let so faire side, I forward went ;  
And *Retus* flue, with his, in his owne Tent.  
When like a Victor, on his Chariot I  
Retir'd in triumph. Can you then denie  
*Achilles* armes, whose horses were assign'd  
For one nights hazard ? *Ajax* is more kind.  
What should I of *Sarpedon* forces tell,  
One-thwene by vs ? by vs *Caran* fell,  
*Iulus*, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,  
*Aleander*, *Prytanis*, *Neenorhus*,  
*Halmis*, stout *Tleomy*, bold *Pheridamas*,  
With the bar ge : *Eurymon*'s tall Passe  
Stood by my lance ; and many more in view  
Of bold *Troy*, of meaner ranke, I flue.

And

And I, o Country-men, haue honour'd wounds,  
Faire in their scarres : nor trust to empty sounds ;  
Behold (said he, with that his bosome bares)  
This brest, still exercis'd in your affaires.  
No drop of bloud in all these lengthfull warres  
For *Greece* hath *Ajax* shed : shew he his scarres.  
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approue ;  
That for our fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Iouc* ?  
I grant he did so : nor will we detract  
With hated envy from a noble aet.  
So he ingrosse not to himselfe alone  
A common praise, but render vs our owne.  
*Achorides* (for great *Achilles* held)  
*Troy*'s flames and Fautor from our ships repeld.  
He thinkes, he onely able, could alone  
Incounter *Hector*'s opposition :  
The King, his brother, and my selfe forgot  
Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.  
But what euent, o great in valour, crown'd ?  
Your doughty combat ? *Hector* had no wound.  
Woe's me ! with what a tide of grieve I call  
That time to mind ; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,  
*Achilles* fell ! teares, feares, nor sorrow staid  
My forward zeale ; his raised co:ps I laid  
Upon these shoulders : these, euen these did't bear  
Him and his armes ; which now I hope to weare.  
Our strength sufficient is for such a weight :  
Our knowl-edge can your bounty explicate.  
Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her Son ;  
That such a brainlesse Souldier should put on  
This heavenly gift, & so diuine a frame ?  
Whole figured shuld his ignorance wold shame.

Wherein

Wherin the Ocean; Earth with cities crown'd,  
Skies with their Starres; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,  
Sword-gut *Orion*, sad *Pleisades*;  
The rainie *Kids*. He seekes, yet knowes not, these.  
Upbraids he me, that I this warre did shun,  
And time deferd till others had begun?  
Nor can consider how he wounds in me  
*Achilles* honour. If a crime it be  
To counterfeit; we ioyne in that defame:  
If, in that tardy; I before him came.  
Me, my kind wife; his mother him with-drew:  
Our flow. to them we gaue; the fruit to you.  
Nor feare I, should I quit my owne defence,  
To suffer with so cleere an Excellence.  
Not *Ajax* wit reueal'd *Vlysses*; yet  
Reueal'd *Achilles* was *Vlysses* wit.  
Lest I should wonder, why his foolish tongue  
Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.  
Was guiltie *Palamed* accus'd by me  
To my defame? nor must his sentence be  
To you reprochfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed  
Could justifie so evident a deed:  
Nor did your cares informe your faculties;  
The hie of treason laid before your eies.  
*Penthes* in *Levnos* left, was none  
Of my offence; doe you defend your owne:  
You to his stay contented. Yet, how e're,  
I must conteile I aduiz'd him to forbear  
The travails of long warre: and to appease  
The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.  
He did; he hies. Th' aduise was good: successe  
As fortunate approves it for noetic.

Since

Since Fate designes him for the fall of *Troy*:  
Spare me, and *Ajax* industry implore.  
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will  
Appase: hee'll fetch him with some reach of skill.  
First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,  
*Achaea* promise to the *Troians* aide;  
Lie my endeouours in your seruice faile,  
And sottish *Ajax*, with his wit, preuaile.  
And, *Philes*, though obdure thou be,  
Incest against the King, these Lords, and me;  
Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still  
Thou couet my accesse, my bloud to spill;  
Yet I'll attempt thee: and will bring thee backe;  
That neither may his eager wishes lacke.  
Thy shafts I must possest (so Fauour Fate)  
As I possest the *Dardan* Prophet late;  
As I unknipt the *Troian* destinie,  
And doubfull answer of the Gods; as I,  
Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe  
Of *Pbyrgian* *Pallas* rauisht from her shrine.  
Compare with me will *Ajax*? this vntane,  
*Troy*'s hopt-for expugnation had beene vaine.  
Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast  
Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?  
How durst *Vlysses* trust him selfe to night,  
Passe through the watch, their threatening weapons light?  
The walls not onely, but the highest towre  
Of *Hium* scale: and from her Fane the Powre  
That beares their fate inforce: and with this prey,  
Repasse the dangers of that horrid way?  
Which had not I achieued, Yet in Field  
Had *Ajax* vainly borne his seuen-fold Shield.

That

That night Troy fell before Laertes son:  
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.  
 Forbear to mutter; nor with nodding gaze  
 On Diomed: he shares in equall praise.  
 Nor for our Navy didst thou fight alone:  
 Thou by an host assisted, 1 by one.  
 He knew that wisedme valour should command;  
 That this belong'd not to a strenuous hand:  
 Else he him selfe had ioyn'd in our debate;  
 Or the other *Ajax*, far more moderate;  
 Brav *Theseus*, fierce *Euryalus*; with these  
*Idomenus* and *Menelaus*  
 Of Crete; or *Memnon*. For they are  
 As strong, nor second vnto thee in warre:  
 Yet yeeld to eu'r aduice. Thou, fit for fight,  
 Dost need my reason to direct thy might.  
 Thy valour wants fore-cast, n'y studious care  
 Respects the future: thou canst fight thy share;  
 The time and place must be by vs assign'd:  
 Thou only strong in bedy; I in mind.  
 As skilfull Pilots those surpassle, who row;  
 As wise Commanders, common souldiers; so  
 I thee excell. Our vertue is leſſe great  
 In brawne than brame: this vigorously compleat.  
 Then to remunerate my vigilance:  
 And, I unces, for so many yeeres expence  
 In anxious care, this dignity extend  
 To thy deserts. Our worke is at an end:  
 With-standing fates remou'd: I, in that I  
 Have made it teable, have taken Troy.  
 Now by our mutuall hopes, Troy's overthrow,  
 Those Gods whch late I raught from the see;

It ought remaine to be discreetly done,  
 That courage craves, through danger to be won;  
 If in the *Ilian* destiny there be  
 A knot yet to vnknot; remember me.  
 Or if you can forget; these Armes resigne  
 To this: and shewes *Minerua's* fatall Signe.

The Chieſes were mou'd. Here words approu'd their  
 The Eloquent the Valiant now disarmes. (charmes:  
 He who alone, *Ioue*, *Hector*, sword and fire  
 So oft sustain'd; yeelds to one brunt of ire.  
 Th' unconquered, sorrow conquers. Then his blade  
 In haste unsheathes: Sure thou art mine, he said;  
 Or seekes *Vlysses* this? this shall conclude  
 All ſense of wrong. And thee, ſo oft imbrude  
 In Phrygian bloud, thy Lord's must now imbrue:  
 That none but *Ajax*, *Ajax* may ſubdue.  
 This ſaid; his breft, till then with wounds vngor'd,  
 The deadly ſword, where it could enter, bo'r'd.  
 Nor could his ſtrength the fixed ſteele reuell;  
 Expell by gushing gore. The bloud that fell,  
 A purple flowre ingendred on the ground:  
 Created firſt by *Hjacinthus* wound.  
 The tender leaues indiſterent letters paint;  
 Both of His name, and of the Gods complaint.  
 The Conqueror, now hoifing ſailes, doth ſtand  
 For chaste *Hypſipile's*, and *Theseus* land;  
 (Defaſed by women's vengefull violence)  
 To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.  
 These, with their owner, to the campe conuaid,  
 On that long warre a final hand they laid.  
 Now Troy and *Priamus* together fall.  
 Th' unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,

Her humane figure lost: who's rauing Sprite  
 And vncouth howlings forraine fields affright.  
 The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire  
 To narrow *Hill*: *Ilion*; nor there expire.  
 That little blood which *Priams* age could shed,  
*Ioues* altar drinkes. By her anointed head  
*Apollo* Priest they drag, her hands in vaine  
 To heauen vpheld. The Victor *Greekes* constraine  
 The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:  
 Who imbrace their country Gods; and while they may,  
 Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence  
*Ajax* threw from that towre; from whence  
 He had scene his father, by his mother showne,  
 Fight for his Kingdomes safety, and his owne.  
 North-winds to seas inuite, and prosperous gales  
 Sing in their shrouds: they haste to trim their sailes.  
 The *Trojan* Ladies cry, Deare soile farewell!  
 We are hal'd to loch'd captiuicie! then fell  
 On killed earth: and leaue with much delay,  
 Their countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*  
 Her sad departure to the last deserties:  
 Now found among her childrens sepulchers,  
 (A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombes: there wailes;  
 Their cold bones kissing: whom *Ulysses* hales  
 From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,  
 Up snacht, deliuers to her bosomes trust.  
 Upon his tombe she left her horie haires  
 (A poni e oblation!) mingled with her teares.  
 Oppo'sd to *Ilium*'s ruines lies a land,  
 Till dly the *Bi*, *Jones*; in the Command  
 Of *Polyxena* for. Danger to prevent,  
 To lumen his father *Polydorus* sent.

And wisely; had he not withall consign'd  
 A malle of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.  
 His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew  
 To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant drew  
 Whom, as if he his murder with the slaine  
 Could cast away, he casts into the maine.  
 Now rod *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shore;  
 Till winds forbore to storme, and seas to rore.  
 When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose;  
 Like mightie as in life: whose lookes disclose  
 As sterne a wrath, as when his lawlesse blade  
 Was on *Atrides* drawne; and frowning, said:  
 You *Greekes*, of me vnmindfull; can you thus  
 From hence depart? shall our deserts with vs  
 Lodge in obliuion? Proue not so ingrate.  
 With slaine *Poliexena* regatulate  
 Our Sepulcher: tis she I couert most:  
 A sacrifice, that will appease our Ghost.  
 Then vanish't. They th'ngende Sprite obaid;  
 And from her Mothers bosome drew the Maid,  
 (High-sould, vnhappy, more then feminine,)  
 To his resembled tombe; with life to signe  
 Infernal Dues. Of her high birth she thought:  
 And now vnto the bloody altar brought;  
 Seeing the sacrifice for her prepar'd,  
 And that *Neoptolemus* vpon her star'd  
 With sword aduanc't; she said, vntoucht with dred:  
 Ou. generous bloud to your intentions shed:  
 Dispatch; I am ready; in my th'oat or brest  
 Your weapon sheath. (With that, with-drew her vell.  
*Poliexena* doth seruite despise:  
 And yet no God affects such sacrifice.

Lonely with my death might be vnknowne  
To my afflicted mother. She alone  
Disturbs the joyes of death: though *Priams* wife  
My death should letle bewaile, then her owne lfe.  
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:  
That my free soule may to the *Stigian* shade  
Vntainted passe. If this be iust, remoue  
Your hand: I thall more acceptable proue  
Vnto that God or Ghost, what ere he bee  
To whom I am offe'd, if my bloud be free.  
And if a dying tongue preuaile at all;  
I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,  
Solicitt that my corps may not be sold;  
But giuen my mother: nor exchange for gold  
Sad rites of sepulture. In former yeares  
Shad gold to giue, now poore, accept her teares.

This having said: for her that would not weape,  
The people wept: the Priest could hardly keepe  
His eyes from teares; yet did what he abhord;  
And in her p: offered bosome thurst his sword.  
On doubling knees she sinkes, with silent breath;  
And cheerfully encounters smild-on Death.  
Then when she fell, she had a care to hide  
What should be hid; and chastly-decent dide.  
Her corpes was carried by the *Troian* dames:  
Who in a funerall long repeat the names  
Of *Priams* mournd-for Seed; what stremes of gore  
One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:  
And thee, O roiall Wife, intituled late  
The mother Queene, and glory of that State:  
A Captiue now, cast by a scorned lor  
On victor *Hector*; refus'd, if not

For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renoun'd,  
A master hardly for his mother found.  
She lug's the corps that such a spirit kept,  
Who for her country, children, husband, wept  
So oft; now weepes for her: her lips comprest,  
Her wounds hls with her teares. Then beats her brest:  
Her hoarie haire besmeir'd with clotted gore,  
And bosome torne, this speake she; and much more.

Poore daughter, our last sorrow: (what is lef  
For Fortunes spight!) by bloudy death bereft.  
On thee I see my wounds. That none of mine  
May woundlesse die, these wounds thy bosomie signe.  
In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:  
But thou, a woman, suffer'st by the sword.  
His Bane of *Troy*, our Depriuation, who  
So many of thy princely brothers slue;  
Hath slaine thee also. When his life was laid  
By *Paris* and *Apollo*'s shafts, I said,  
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.  
Now dead, to vs as dreadfull as before.  
Against my race his ashes raues: his tombe  
Presents a soe. O my vnhappy wombe!  
This sory fruitfull! Ruin'd *Troy* descends;  
And sad successe the publike sorrow ends:  
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone  
Do vs remaines: our sorrowes frealy grone:  
So leste so potent and so fortunate  
In husbands, sons, and height of humane State;  
So exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torne  
From my owne sepulchers: from *Pbriggia* borne  
To seue *Penelope*; that while I sew  
At spin at her commandement, she may shew

Her slau to Ithacensian dames, and say,  
Loe Hectors mother, Priam's Hecuba.  
My sorowes sole reliefe, so many lost,  
Is offered to appease an hostile Ghost.  
Infernall sacrifices to the dead,  
Euen to my foe, my cursed wombe hath bred.  
Hard heart, why break'st thou not ? what hopes ingage  
Thy expectation ? Mischieuous Old-age,  
For what reseru'st thou me ? You cruell Powres,  
Why lengthen you a poore old womans howres  
To see new funeralls ? O Priam, I  
May call thee happy, after ruin'd Troy.  
Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate :  
Thou lost thy life together with thy state.  
Rich funeralls attend thee, roiall Maid :  
And by thy Ancestors thou shalt be laid.  
O no ! thy mothers teares, a heape of sand,  
Must now content thee in a forreine land.  
All, all is lost ! Yet liues a little Boy  
My last, and youngest ioy, when I could ioy ;  
For whom I condescend to liue a space ;  
Here foster'd by the courteous King of Thrace.  
Meane while why stay we with the cleansing floud  
Towash theie wounds, and lookes besmear'd with bloud ?  
Then with an aged pace, her horie haires  
All tame and scattered, to the Sea repaires.  
And while the wretched said ; You Troades,  
A pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas :  
She saw the eieed corps of Polydore  
Stucke full of wounds vpon the beachie shore.  
The Ladies shooke ; the dumbe with sorrow stood :  
Infernall griefe her voice, her teares, her blood,

At once deuour'd. And now, as if intranc't  
Stares on the earth ; sometimes to Heauen aduanc't  
Her scouling browes : oft on his visage gaz'd ;  
But ofther on his wounds. By anger rais'd,  
Arm'd, and instructed ; all on vengeance bent,  
Still Queene-like, destinates his punishment.  
And as a Lyonesse, rob'd of her young,  
Persues the vnseene hunters steps : so stung  
With fury, when her sorrow with her rage,  
Had ioynd their powers ; vnmindfull of her age,  
But not of former greatnesse, ran with speed  
To Polymnestor, author of this deed.  
And craving conference, the Tyrant told  
How she would shew him summes of hidden gold  
To give her Polydore. This held for true ;  
He thus fly of his prey, with her with-drew.  
And flattering her thus craftly begun :  
Delay not, Hecuba, t' enrich thy son :  
By all the Gods we iustly will restore  
What thou shalt giue, and what thou gau'st before.  
She with a triculcent aspect beheld  
The falsely swearing King : with anger swel'd.  
Then calls the captiue dames, vpon him flyes ;  
Who hides her fingers in his periar'd eyes,  
Extracts his eye-balls : more then a vissall strong  
With thurstly vengeance and the sense of wrong,  
Her hand drownes in his skull ; the roots vp-tore  
Of his lost sight, imbrude with guilty gore.  
The men of Thrace incensed for their King,  
Weapons and stones at Hecuba now fling.  
She, gnarling, bites the followed flints : her chaps,  
For speech extreched, barke. Of whose mis-hape

That

That place is nam'd. She, mindfull of her old  
Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* deserts howld.  
Kinde *Trojans*, *Grecian* foes, both loue and hate ;  
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate.  
So all, as *Juno* did to this desecnd ;  
That *Hecuba* deseru'd not such an end.

*Aurora* had no leasure to lament  
(Although thofe armes the fauour'd) the euent  
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domesticall  
And neuer griefe, afflicts her for the fall  
Of *Memon* ; who *Achilles* lance imbru'd  
In *Troy*grieves fields. This as the Goddesle view'd,  
The rofe die, that deckt the Mornes up-rise  
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.  
Nor could indure to fee his body laid  
On funeral flames : but with her haire displaid,  
As in that season, to high to reparaes ;  
And kneeling, thus with teares, vnfolds her cares.

To all inferior, whom the skie sustaines  
(or mortals rarely honour me with Fances)  
A Goddesle yet, I come : not to desire  
Shines, Festivals, nor Altars fraught with fire ;  
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman doe,  
That Night confine, and sacred Day renew,  
I merit such : tuch fute not now our state ;  
Nor such desires infect the desolate.  
Of *Memon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine  
Ran to his vnkle, by *Achilles* slaine  
In blowe of youth, (so would you Gods) come I.  
O chiefe of Powers, a mothers sorrow, by  
Some honour giuen him, lessen : death with fame  
Recomfort loue afflicts. When greedy flame

Deuou'd

Deuou'd the funerall Pile ; and curling fumes  
Day ouer-cast : as when bright *Sol* assumes  
From streames thicke vapours, nor is scene below.  
The flying, dying sparkles ioyatly grow  
Into one body. Colour, forme, life, spring  
To it from fire, which leuity doth wing.  
First like a Fowle, forth-with a Fowle indeed :  
Innumerable sisters of that breed  
Together whiske their feathers. Thrice they round  
The funerall Pile ; thrice raise a mourafull sound.  
In two battalions then diuide their flight ;  
And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight :  
Their opposites with beake and talons rend ;  
Cuttie with their wings ; in sacrifice descend.  
Now dying on the ashes of the dead :  
Remenbring they were of the Valiant bred.  
These new-sprung Fowle, men of their author call  
*Memonides*. No sooner *Sol* through all  
The Signes returnes ; but they reioyne againe  
In ciuill warre, and dye vpon the slaine.  
While others therfore doe commiserate  
Poule barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate :  
*Aurora* her owne griefe intends ; renewes  
Her pious teares, which fall on earth in dewes.

Yet fates refiit, that all the hopes of *Troy*  
Should perish with her towres. The Son and Ioy  
Of *Cytherea*, with his household Gods,  
And aged dire, his pious shoulders loades.  
Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,  
And his *Acastus* : from *Axandri* flies  
By sea, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shore,  
Defil'd with bloud of murdored *Polydor* :

R

With

With prosperous winds arriving with his traine  
At Phœbus towne, where *Anius* then did raigne,  
*Apollo*'s holy Priest; who, with the rest,  
Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest:  
The City, with the sacred places, shewes;  
And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.  
Incense on flames, and wine on incense powr'd;  
Entrails of slaughtered beeves by fire devour'd;  
His Guests conducts to Court: on carpet spred,  
With *Cores* and *Lyres* bountiful fed.  
When thus *Athos*: & to *Phœbus* deare!  
I am deceiv'd; or, when I first was here,  
Four daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.  
He shooke his head, with sacred fillets bound;  
And sighing said: o most renoun'd of men,  
I was the father of five children then:  
Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see  
Halfe chidlike: for my absent sonne to mee  
Is of small comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes  
In sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.  
Iliam, *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd,  
A gift past credit, full to be admir'd,  
My daughters *Bacchus* gaue; aboue their fute  
That all they toucht shoulde presently transmuite  
To wine, to coine, and to *Minerva*'s oile.  
Rich in the vse. To purchase such a spoile,  
Great *Troy*'s Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire,  
(lest you should thinke we haue not borne a share  
In your mis'haps) with armed violence  
Intor'd them from me: charged to dispence  
That heavenly gitt vnto th' Argolian Host.  
They scape by flight: two to *Enba* crest;

Two fled to *Andros*: these the Souldier  
Perseide, and threaten (if vnrender'd) warre.  
Fear nature now subdue: his sisters were  
By him resign'd; forgive a brother's feare.  
Not *Hector* nor *Aeneas* then were by  
To guard his towne, who so long guarded *Troy*.  
About to binde their captiue armes in bands;  
Reating to heauen their yet vntchain'd hands,  
O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they prai'd,  
The Author of that gift presents his aid.  
(If such a losse may be accounted so)  
Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know;  
Not yet can tell. It selfe the scuell proues;  
Conuict to thy Wines white-feather'd Doves.  
With such discourse they enterteine the feast:  
That to'ne away, dispose themselues to rest.  
With day they rose; the Oracle exquite:  
Who bids them to their ancient Nurse retire,  
And kinred shires. With them the King conuents,  
And their departure with rich gifts presents.  
A scepter to *Aeneas* gives: a braue  
Rich cloke, a quiver t' *Aesculapius* gauie:  
A fift'd goblet on *Aeneas* prest;  
By *Thibon* *Thes* sent him, once his Guest.  
*Mykan* *Alcon* made what *Thes* sent;  
And car'd ththeon this ample aigment.

A City with seuen gates of equall grace;  
These painly character the name and place.  
Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires.  
Dames with spred haire, bare brests, and torne attires,  
Deciper mourning: Nymphs appear to weape  
For their dry Springs: sap-searing cankers creape

On naked trees: Goats like the foodlesse earth.  
 In mid of *Thebes*, Orion's female birth  
 Vnd inted stand: This proffers to the sword  
 Her manly brest; her hands her death: ffoid,  
 For common safety. All the people mourne;  
 And with due funerals their bodies burne.  
 Y e left the world shold such a lineage lose,  
 Two youths out of their virgin ashes rose.  
 These O. phans wandring Fame *Corone* calls:  
 Who celebrate then mothers funerals.  
 The anticke brasle with fulgent figures shin'd:  
 Whose brim neat wreaths of guilt Acanthus bind.  
 Not were the *Troian* gifts of lesse expence:  
 Who gaue a Censor for sweet frankincense,  
 An ample Chalice of a curious mold;  
 With these a crowne, that shone with gemmes and gold.  
 In that the *Turans* sprung from *Tenuers* blood,  
 They saile to *Creet*: but *Ioue* their stay with-stood.  
 Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand  
 For wisht *Ausonia*'s destinated strand.  
 Tost by rough Winter and the wrath of seas,  
 They anchor at the faithle *Strophades*.  
 Thence frighted by *Aelle*; saile away  
 By steepe *Dalichium*, stony *Ithara*,  
 Samas, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Maine;  
 All husest to the flye *Ulysses* raigne.  
 Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge  
 Of angry Gods; the image of the ludge  
 Behold, y them conuerted into stone:  
 Now to *Athican* *Apollo* knowne.  
 Then the *adoncan* vocall Oke they view;  
*Chonia*, whic *Malosus* children flew

With

With aidfull feathers from the impious flame;  
 Next to *Pheacia*, rich in hort-yards, came;  
 Then to *Epirus*: at *Bulhratos* staid,  
 Whose scepter now the *Pbyrgian* Prophet swaid;  
 And see resembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all  
 By *Priam's* *Helenus*, that would befall,  
 They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends  
 Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachynus* bends  
 To shouie *Auster*; flowrie *Z p'yr* blowes  
 On *Lilybeums* browes; *Pelorus* shoues  
 His Clifffes to *Boreas*, and the Sea expel'd  
*Aerius*. Under this their course they held  
 With stretching ores; and fauour'd by the tide,  
 That night in *Z inel's* crooked hatbour ride.  
 The right-side dangerous *Sylla*, turbulent  
*Charybdis* keepes the left; on ruine bent.  
 She belches swallowed ships from her profound:  
 Her sable wombe, dogs euer ran'ning, round;  
 Yet beares a Virgins face: if all be true  
 That Poets sing, she was a Virgin too.  
 By many sought, as many she despis'd:  
 To Nymphs of seas, of sea-nymphs highly priz'd,  
 She beares her vizets; and to them discouers  
 The history of her deluded lovers.  
 To whom thus *Gilata*, sighing, said;  
 While *Sylla* comb'd her haire. You, louely Maid,  
 Are lou'd of generous-minded men, whom you  
 With safety may refuse, as now you doe.  
 But I, great *Nereus* and blue *Dorus* Seed,  
 Great in so many sisters of that breed;  
 By shunning of the *Cyclops* loue prouok't  
 A hid reuenge. Here teares her vtterance chok't.

R 3

These

The i cleasned by the marble-singer'd maid;  
Who, hauing comforted the Goddesse, said:  
Relate, ô most ador'd, not from me keepe  
The v retched cause that makes a Goddesse weepe;  
For I am faithfull. *Nereis* consents,  
And thus her griece to *Cratus* daugter vents.

The Nymph *Siv ethis* bore a louely Boy  
To *Fauus*, *Acis* calld; to them a ioy;  
To vs a greater. For the sweetly-Faire  
To me an innoeント affection bare.  
His blooming youth twice told eight Nata's crowne,  
And signe his cheeke's with scarce appearing downe.  
As I the gentle boy, so *Polyphemus*  
My loue peris'd; vnlike, a like extreme.  
Whether my loue to *Acis*, or my hate  
To him were more, I hardy can relate.  
Both infinite! ô *Venus*, what a powre  
Hath thy command! He still austere and sowre,  
A terror to the woods, from whom no guest  
With life escapes, accustomed to feast  
On humane flesh; who all the Gods above,  
With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to loue.  
Forgetfull of his flockes and caues, a fire  
Feeds in his brest, congets into desire.  
His feature now intends, now bends his care  
To please: with rakes he combes his stubborne haire;  
His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's  
Vnholid mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:  
His thirk of bloud, and loue of slaughter cease;  
Lesle crass now: ships come and goe in peace.  
When *Tetraus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,  
Auguris *demus* *Euryones*,

And

And laid to *Polyphemus*, thy browes large sight  
Shall by *Ithys* be depryed of light.  
O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;  
A female hath already stolne that eye;  
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:  
And with extended paces stalks vpon  
The burdned shore; or weary, from the waue-  
Bet beach retireth to his gloomy caue,  
A promontory thrusts into the maine;  
Whose cliffe sides the breaking Seas restraine:  
The *Cylop* this ascends: whose fleecy flocke  
Unforced follow. Seated on a rocke;  
His stafte, a well-grown Pine, before him cast,  
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;  
He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking fils  
The far-resounding Seas, and echoing hills.  
Hid in a hollow rocke, and laid along  
By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.

O *Galatea*, more than lilly-white,  
More fresh than flowrie meads, than glasse more bright,  
Higher than Alder-trees, than kids more blithe,  
Smoother than shels whereon the surges driue,  
More wisht than winters Sun, or Summers aite,  
More sweet than grapes, than apples far more rare,  
Clearer than Ice, more seemly than tall Planes,  
Softer than tender curds, or downe of Swans,  
More faire, if fixt, than Gardens by the fall  
Of springs incha'ct. Though thus, thou art withall  
More ferce than salvage bulls, who know no yoke,  
Then waues more giddy, harder than the oke,  
Than vines or willow twigs more easly bent,  
More stiffe than rocks, than streames more violent,

R 4

Prouder

Prouder than Peacockes prais'd, more rash than fire,  
 Than Beares more cruell, sharper than the briar,  
 Deafer than Deare, more tell than the ed-on Snake ;  
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,  
 More speedy than the Hound-perswift Hind,  
 Or chated clouds, or than the flying wind.  
 If knowne to thee, thou wouldest thy flight repente,  
 Curse thy delay, and labour my content.  
 For I haue Caves within the liuing stone ;  
 To Summers heat, and Winters cold vndeowne :  
 Tices charg'd with Apples, spreading Vines that hold  
 A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.  
 For thee I these preferue, affected Maid.  
 Thou Straw-berries shalt gather in the shade,  
 Autumnall cornels, plummes with azur rim'd,  
 And wax-like yellow, of a generous kind ;  
 Nor shalt thou Ches-nuts want, if mine thou bee,  
 Nor scalded wildings : seru'd by euery tree.  
 These flockes are ours : in vallies many stray,  
 Woods many shade, at home as many stay.  
 Now can I, should you aske, their number tell :  
 Who number theirs, are poore. How these excell,  
 Relieue not me, but credit your owne eyes :  
 See how their Vdders part their stradling thighes.  
 I in my sheep-coats haue new-weaned lambs ;  
 And fisking kids late taken from their dams.  
 New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheese well prest,  
 Are never wanting for thy pallats feast.  
 Nor will we giftis for thy delight prepare  
 Of calic parchise, or what are not rare :  
 Deere, red and tallow, Roes, light-footed hares,  
 Necks scal'd from clitics, and doues product by paires.

A rugged Beares rough twins I found vpon  
 The mountaines late, scarce from each other knowne,  
 For thee to play with : finding these, I said,  
 My Mistis you shall serue. Come louely Maid,  
 Come Galatea, from the surges rise,  
 Bright as the Morning ; nor our gifts despise.  
 I know my selfe ; my image in the brooke  
 I lately saw, and therein pleasure tooke.  
 Behold how great ! not Jupiter above  
 (For much you talke I know not of what Iose)  
 Islarged siz'd : curles on my browes displaied,  
 Affright ; and like a groue my shoulders shade.  
 Not let it your esteeme of me impaire,  
 That all my body bristles with thicke haire.  
 Trees without leaues, and horses without manes,  
 Are sightis vnseemely : grasse adornes the planes,  
 Wooll sheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face  
 A beard becomes : the skin rough bristles gracie.  
 Amid my fore-head shines one onely light,  
 Round, like a mighty Shield, and cleare of sight.  
 The Sun all obiects sees beneath the skie :  
 And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.  
 Besides your Seas obey my fathers thone :  
 I giue you him for yours. Doe you alone  
 Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliants heare :  
 To you I onely bow ; you onely feare.  
 Heauen, Jupiter, his lightning I despise :  
 More dread the lightning by angry eyes.  
 And yet your scorne my patience lette would mea,  
 Were all contemn'd. Why should you�e loue,  
 And slight the Cyclop ? why to him more free ?  
 Although himselfe he please ; and pleaseth thee,

The shore a meddow bounds; whereof one side  
Is foyng'd with weeds, the other with the tide.  
On this nor horned cattle euer fed,  
Nor harmlesse sheep, nor gotes on mountaines bred.  
No bees from hence their thighes with honey lade ;  
Those flowers no geniall garlands euer made :  
That grasse ne're cut with sithes. Of mortals I  
First thither came ; my nets hang vp to dry.  
While I expos'd the fishes which I tooke ;  
By their credulity hung on my hooke,  
Or masth in nets ; (what would a lye behoue ?  
Yet such it seemes) my prey began to moue,  
Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.  
While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood ;  
They all by flight aeuoiding my command,  
Together left their owner and the land.  
Amaz'd, and doubting long ; the cause I sought,  
If either God, or Herbe, this wonder wrought.  
What herbe, said I, hath such a powre ? in haste  
An herbe I pul'd, and gaue it to my taste.  
No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke :  
Whent forth with I another nature tooke.  
Nor could I estraine ; but said, O earth, my last  
Farewell I receiuie ! in seas my selfe I cast.  
The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit  
Into their saued fellowship, intreat  
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they  
Would take, what euer mortall was, away.  
Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times  
Repeated, purge me from my humane times :  
And vade me couch beneath a hundred streames,  
Forth-with the riuers rush from sundry Realmes ;

And sea-rais'd surges rouue aboue my crowne.  
As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,  
Another body, and another mind ;  
Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.  
Thus much of Wonder I remember well :  
Thence-forth insensible of what befell.  
Then first of all this sea-greene beard I saw,  
These dangling lockes, which through the deepe I draw ;  
Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might ;  
And thighes which in a fishes taile vnite.  
What boots this forme ? my grace with Gods of seas ?  
Or that a God ? If thou affect not these ?  
While this he spake, and would haue uttered more,  
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore  
His loues repulse : whom strong desires transport  
To great *Titanis* circes horrid Court.

OVID'S

And

OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSIS.  
The Fourteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

I Nebanned Scylla, hemb'd with horrid shapes,  
Becomes a Rocke, Cercopeans starr'd to Apes,  
Sibylla wears't a Voice. Ulysses now  
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd again.  
Picus a Bird: his Followers. Beasts. Deafare  
Resilus sad-sing'g Camens into dire.  
The Mares of Diomed unreconcil'd  
Idalia turns to Fowle. An Olaus wild  
Rude Apulus deciphois. Turnus burns  
Aneas ship: theſe Berecynthia turns  
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcinous Ship with ioy  
Beheld a Rocke. The Trojan flames destroy  
Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs  
A meager Herne, that bears them on her wing.  
Aneas, Dafis'd. Vertumnus tries  
All shapes. Rhamnusia; for her crooked,  
Congales proud Anaxaete to Stone.  
Cold Poermates buds with heas. T' a beauteous shore  
Mars Romulus affumes. Herilia  
Like grass receives: who joynt his equall song.

NOW Glaucus, thron'd in ruaid floods, had pale  
High Aesna, on the lawes of Typhon cast;

expellit

*Cyclopis* fields, where never oxen drew  
The furrowing plough, nor euer tillage knew ;  
*Crookt Zansle*; *Rhegium* on the other side ;  
The wrackfull Straights, whose double bounds diuide  
*Sicilia* from *Ausonia*: forward drives  
Through spatiouse *Tyrben Seas*; at length arrives  
At hearbie Hills, *Phebean Circes* seat,  
With sundry formes of monstrous beaste repleat.  
When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said :

A God, ô Goddessse, pitie : on your aid  
Alone relies (if my desert might moue  
So deare a grace) th'awagment of my Loue.  
For none than I, *Titania*, better knowes  
The powre of hearbs, that am transform'd by those.  
T' informe you better, in *Italia*  
Against *Messenia*, on a sandie Bay,  
I *Scylla* saw : it shames me to recite  
My slighted court ship, answered by her flight.  
Doe thou, if charmes auile, in charmes vntie  
Thy sacred tongue: or soueraigne Hearbs apply,  
If of more powre. Yet I affect no cure,  
Nor end of Loue : like heat let her indure.

But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,  
Or that the cause is in her selfe alone ;  
Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,  
In that her Father publihi her offence)  
Reply'd : The willing with more ease persue ;  
Who wish the same, whom e qual flames subdue.  
For thou ô well deseru'st to be persuade:  
Giue hope, and, credite me, thou shalt be woo'd.  
Rest therefore of thy beautie confident :  
Loue, ô Goddessse, radiant *Sols* descent,

In hearbs so potent, and no leſſe in charmes ;  
Proſter my ſelfe, and pleauers to thy armes.  
Scorne her that ſcornes thee ; her, that ſeekes, perſue :  
And in one deed reuenge thy ſelfe of two.

*Glaucus* reply'd to her who ſought him ſo :  
First shady groues ſhall on the billowes grow,  
And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remoue ;  
Ere I (and *Scylla* liuing) change my loue.  
The Goddessſe frets : who ſince ſhe neither could  
Destroy a Deitie, nor, louing, would ;  
On her, preferri'd before her, bends her ire :  
And high-incensed with repulſt deſire,  
Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects  
Together grindes ; and *Herat's* charmes incels :  
A ſullen robe indues, the Court forsakes  
Through throngz of fawning beaſts : her journey takes  
To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancl's* shore ;  
And treads the troubled waues that lowly rore.  
Running with vnewet feet on that profound ;  
As if ſh' had trod vpon the ſolid ground.  
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies  
Bent like a bow ; ſconſt from the Seas and skies  
Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sunne invades  
The World with hottest beames, and shortens shades.  
This with portenteous poisons ſhe pollutes ;  
Beſprinkled with the iuyce of wicked roots :  
In words darke and ambiguous, nine-times thrice  
Enchantments mutters with her magicke voice.  
Now *Scylla* came ; and, wading to the waste,  
Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbrac't.  
Starts backe : at first not thinking that they were  
Part of her ſelfe ; but rates them, and doth feare

Their

Their threatening iawes : but those, from whom she flies,  
She with her hales. Then looking for her thighes,  
Her legs, and feet ; in stead of them she found  
The mouches of *Cerberus* ; inuiron'd round  
With rau'ning Curses : the backes of salvage beasts  
Support her groine ; whereon her belly rests.

Kinde *Glaucus* wept ; and *Circe* bed refus'd :  
Wh' had so cruelly her Art abus'd.  
Put *Sylla* still remaining, *Circe* hateth ;  
Who for that cauise destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.  
And had the *Troian* natiue drown'd of late,  
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate  
Into a Rocke : the stony Prodigie  
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men file.

This, and *Charybdis* past with stretching oares ;  
The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Ausonian* shores,  
Crosse winds, and violent, to *Libya* draue.  
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gaue  
*Aeneas* harbor : with impatience beares  
Her husbands flight : forth-with a Pile she rearas,  
Pretending sacrifice ; and then doth fall  
Upon his sword : deceiu'd, deceiuing all.  
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd ;  
There where his fau'full friend *Acestes* reaign'd.  
His fathers funeralls re-solemniz'd,  
He juts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd  
By *Irus* flames. *Hippodale*'s Command,  
The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rockie Strand  
Of *Acheloian* *Sirens* leauing, lost  
His Pilot : to *Iuarime* then crost,  
To *Probyta*, and *Pithecius*, wall'd  
With barren hilles ; so of her people call'd.

For *Jupiter*, detecting much the slie  
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* periury,  
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then ;  
Although vnlike, appearing like to men :  
Contracts their limbes, their noses from their browes  
He slats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes ;  
And, couering them with yellow haire, affords  
This dwelling ; first depriving them of words,  
So much abus'd to periury and wrongs :  
Who gabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.

Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,  
*Misenus* on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,  
So named of his Trumpetor : thence, past  
By slimie Marishes, and anchor east  
At *Cuma* ; entring long-lid *Sibyls* caues,  
A passage through obscure *Avernus* craues  
T' his Fathers *Manes*. She ere&her eyes,  
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities  
Reception fill'd, in sacred rage reply'd.  
Great things thou seek'st, ô thou so magnifid  
For mighty deeds : thy piety through flame,  
Thy arme through Armies consecrate thy name.

Yet feare not, *Troian*, thy desires inioy :  
T' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernall Monarchie,  
And Fathers Shade, I will thy person guide :  
No way to noble Vertue is denide.

Then to a Golden bough directh his view,  
Which in *Avernian* *Juno*'s Hort-yard grew :  
And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.

*Aeneas* her obeys : and now doth see  
The Spoiles of dreadfull Hell ; his Grand-sires, looke  
In death, and great *Amphybes* aged Ghost.

There

Is by his bo<sup>n</sup>tyn<sup>t</sup> : that the Cyclops fowle  
And hungry maw had not deuour'd my Soule :  
That now I may be buried when I die ;  
Or at the least, not in his entrailes lie.  
O what a heart had I ! with feare bereft  
Of soule and sense ! when i behinde was left,  
And saw your flight ! I had an Out-cry made,  
But that afeard to haue my selfe betray'd.  
Yours, alm<sup>ost</sup> had *Vlysses* ship destroy'd.  
I saw him rive out of the mountaineside  
A solid rocke, and dart it on the Maine :  
I saw the furious Giant once againe,  
When mightie stones with monstrous strength he slung :  
Like quarries by a warlike engine slung.  
Left ship shoul<sup>d</sup> sinke with waues and stones I feare :  
Not then rememb'ring, that I was not there.  
He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,  
O're *Aetna* paces ; sighing clouds of breath :  
And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,  
Incounter<sup>s</sup> rushing rockes : mad with despight  
Extends his bloudy armes to vnder waues,  
The *Grecians* peritis with curses ; and thus raues.  
O wold some God *Vlysses* would ingage,  
Or none of his, to my inflatiue rage !  
I d<sup>r</sup>aw his heart, his living members rend,  
Gulpe downe his bloud till it againe ascend,  
And craue his panting sinewes. O, how lig<sup>t</sup>  
A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight !  
This speake, and more. My royns pale horror shooke,  
To see his g<sup>r</sup>im, and slaughter-smeared looke,  
His bloudy hands, his eyes deserted seat,  
Vast limbes, and beard with humane gore concreat.

Death

Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay : )  
Now thought my selfe surp<sup>i</sup>iz'd; now, that I lay,  
Sou<sup>t</sup> in his paunch. That time presents my view,  
When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :  
Then on them like a shagged Lion lies ;  
Then entailes, flesh, yet mouing arteries,  
White marrow, with crafft bones, at once deuoures.  
I, sad, and bloudlesse stood : feare chill'd my powres,  
Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food ;  
Raw lumpes of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.  
Even such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.  
I long lying bid, afraid of every sound,  
A horring death, yet coueting to die ;  
With mast, and hearbs repelling famine ; I,  
Alone, forlorne, to death and torment left,  
This ship esp<sup>y</sup>id : this by my gestures w<sup>e</sup>st,  
I ranne to shore, not safety vainly seeke :  
A *Troian* vessel entertain'd a *Greeke*.  
Now, worthy friend, your owne aduentures tell ;  
And what, since first you put to sea, befell.  
He told how *Aeolus* raign'd in *Thasonic* Seas,  
Storme-settering *Aeolus Hippotades*,  
Who nobly gaue to their *Dulichian* Guide  
A wind, inclosed in an oxes hide.  
Nine daies they sailed with successfull gales ;  
Sought shores descry'd : the tenth had blancht their sailes ;  
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found  
A masse of gnuy'd gold, the wind vnbound.  
This th<sup>ough</sup> rough seas the *Naue* backward dries,  
Which at the *Aenarian* port againe arrives.  
To *Le<sup>r</sup>igonian Lamus* ancient towne  
From thence, said he, we came. That countries crowne  
Antiphates

Proff'ring th'infidious Cup, her magick wand  
 About to raise, he thrusts her from her stand ;  
 And with drawne sword the trembling Goddess frights,  
 When vowed faith with her faire hand shew plights ;  
 And grac't him with her nuptiall bed : who then  
 Demands in dowl'y his transfigur'd men.  
 Sprinkled with bitter iuyce, her wand reverest  
 Aboue our crownes, and charmes with charmers disperst ;  
 The more she chants, we grow the more vpright,  
 Our bristles shed, our clouen feet vnite,  
 Shoulders and armes possesse their former grace.  
 With teares our weeping Generall we imbrace,  
 And hang about his necke : nor scarce a word  
 Breathes through our lips, but such as thankes afford.  
 From hence our pale was for a yeere deferi'd ;  
 In that long time much saw I, and much heard :  
 Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd  
 For sacred seruice) closely this declar'd.  
 For while my Chiefe with Circe spoils alone,  
 Shee shew'd a youthfull Image of white stone  
 Clos'd in a Shrine, with crownes imbellished ;  
 Who bare a Wood-pecker vpon his head.  
 Demanding whose it was, why placed there,  
 Why he that Bird vpon his summit bare ?  
 I will, reply'd she, o Macareus, tell  
 In this my Mistress powr : obserue me well.  
 Saturnian Picas in Ausonia reign'd,  
 Who generous horses for the battle train'd.  
 His forme, such as you see : whom had you knowne,  
 You would haue ta'ne this feature for his owne.  
 His minde as beautifull. Nor yet could hee  
 Four Gracious wrakings in th'Olympicks see.

The

The Dryades, in Latian mountaines borne,  
 His looks attract : nor Nymphs of fountaines scorne  
 To sue for pitie. Those whom Albea,  
 Nunicus, Anis, Almo short of way,  
 And headie : Nor sustaine, the shadic Flood  
 Of Farfarus, the Scybian Cynebius woo'd.  
 Inuiron'd marshes, and neighbouring lakes.  
 Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes :  
 Who whilome on Mount Palaine, the faire  
 Venilia to the two-fac'd Iamus bare.  
 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured  
 Laurentian Picas with her nuptiall bed.  
 Her beauty admirable : yet more fam'd  
 For artfull song ; and thereof Caiens nam'd.  
 Her voice the woods and rockes to passion moves ;  
 Tames salvage beasts, the troubled Rivers smooths,  
 Detaines their hasty course ; and, when she sings,  
 The birds neglect the labour of their wings.  
 While her sweet voice celestiall musicke yeelds,  
 Young Picas followes in Laurentian Fields  
 The salvage Bore, vpon a fiery Steed ;  
 Arm'd with two darts : clad in a Tyrian weed  
 With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came  
 The daughter of the Sunne ; who left her name  
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills  
 Her sacred lap with dewie Simples fills.  
 Seeing vnseen, his sight her sense amaz'd :  
 The gathered heards tell from her as she gaz'd :  
 Whose bones a marrow-melting flame inclos'd.  
 But when she her distraction had compos'd ;  
 About to impart her wish, attendancie,  
 And swiftnesse of his horse, accesse denie.

S 2

Thos

Thou shalt not so escape, said thee, altho'  
 The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,  
 If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least  
 My trust deceiue not. Then creates a Beast  
 Without a body, bid to runne before  
 The Kings persuit; and made the ayrie Bore  
 To take a thicket, where no horse could force  
 His bart' d access. He leaues his foming horse  
 On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,  
 With equall hopes? and through the forrest strai'd.  
 New Vowes she straight concenue, and implores:  
 And Gods vñknowne with vñknowne charmes adores.  
 Wherewilh inur'd t'eclipse the pale-fac't Moone:  
 And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noone.  
 And now with pitchie fogg obscures the Day,  
 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way  
 In that deceitfull Night, and from him straid.  
 When she, the time and place befitting said:

By thole faire eyes, which haue inthrall'd mine;  
 And by that all-alluring face of thine,  
 Which makes a Goddess sue; asswage the fire  
 By thee incenst; and take vnto thy Sire  
 The all-illuminating Sunne: nor proue  
 Hard-hearted to *Titania* Circes loue.

Her, and her prayers, despis'd; What ere thou art,  
 I am not thine, said he: my captiue heart  
 Another holds; and may she hold it long.  
 Nor will I with externall *Venus* wrong  
 Our nuptiall faith, so long as Fate shall giue  
 Life to my veines, and *Titania* daughter liue.  
*Titania*, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;  
 Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor againe

Returne

Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,  
 A wronged Louer, and a Woman too;  
 Thou shalt, said she, by sad experiance proue?  
 For I a woman, wrong'd and wrong'd in loue.  
 Twice turnes she to the East,, twice to the West;  
 Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes exprest.  
 He flies; at his vñwonted speed admir'd;  
 Then saw the feathers which his skinne attir'd:  
 Who forth with seekes the woods; and angry still,  
 Hard okes assailes, and wounds them with hi. bill.  
 His wings the purple of his cloake assume;  
 The gold that clasp't his garment turnes to plume,  
 And now his necke with golden circle chaines:  
 Of *Picas* nothing but his name remaines.

The Courtiers *Picas* call, and seeke him round  
 About the fields, that was not to be found.  
 Yet Circe finde (for now the day grew faire,  
 The Sunne and Winds set free to clese the aire )  
 And charge her with true crimes: their King demand  
 With threatening lookes, and weapons in their hand.  
 Shee sprinkles them with iuyce of wicked night.  
 From *Erebus* and *Chaos* coniures Night,  
 With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreats  
 With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seates,  
 Trees pale their leaues, Hearbes blush with drops of gore,  
 Earth groans, dogs howle, rockes horcely seeme to rore:  
 Upon the tainted ground blacke Serpents slide;  
 And through the aire vnbodied Spirits glide.  
 Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,  
 Shee strokes their wondering faces with her wand:  
 Forthwith the shapes of Salvage beasts inuest  
 Their former formes; not one his owne posse.

Phabos now entring the *Tartessian* Maine,  
 Sad *Carens* with her eyes and soule, in vaine  
 Expectes her Spouse. Her seruants shee excites  
 To unne about the woods with blazing lights.  
 Who not content to weepe, to tear her haire,  
 And beat her brests (thoſe present her care)  
 In haste forsakes her rooſe; and frantick, strayes  
 Through broad ſpred fields. Six nights, as many dayes,  
 Without or ſleepe, or ſuſtenance, ſhee fled  
 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.  
 Now tir'd with griece and trauell, *Tybris* laſt  
 Beheld the Nymph: on his coole bankes ſhe caſt  
 Her ſeeble limbes: there weepes, and weeping ſung  
 Her ſorrows with a ſoftly warbling tongue.  
 Euen ſo the dying Swan with low-raiſ'd breath,  
 Sings her owne exequies before her death.  
 At length her riallow welts with grieves deſpaire:  
 And by degrees ſhe vaniſheth to Aire.  
 Yet ſtill the place doth memorize her fame:  
 Which of the Nymph the Rurall *Carens* name.

In that long yere, much, and much deeds as theſe  
 I ſaw and heard. Vn-neru'd with reſlie eafe,  
 Againe we putto ſea: by *Circe* told  
 Of our hard paſſage, and the maniſtold  
 Disaſters to ensue, I grew afraide  
 (I muſt confeſſe) and here ariuing, ſtaid.

*Macareus* ends. *Careta* Vn-enclos'd,  
 This verſe had on her marble tombe impos'd.  
 Here, with due fires, my pious Nurſe, child me  
*Careta* burnt; ſ�oon *Gracian* fires ſet ſee,  
 They loose their cables from the graſſie ſtrand;

Avoiding *Circe*'s guiltfull palace, ſtand

For thoſe tall groves, where *Tybris*, darke with ſhades,  
 In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy ſtreames vnlades.  
 The throne of *Faunus* ſonne, the *Latian* ſtarre  
 Lauini gaine; but not without a warre.  
 Warre with a furious Nation is comenſt;  
 Sterne *Turnus* for his promiſt wife incenſt:  
 While all *Heſtruria* to *Latium* ſwarmed:  
 Hard victory long ſought with penſive armes.  
 To get Recrutes from torren ſtates they try.  
 Nor *Trojans*, nor *Ruſſians* want ſupply.  
 Nor to *Euanders* towne *Aeneas* went  
 In vaine: though vainly *Venulus* was ſent  
 To baniſh *Diomedes* Citiſe, late imrau'd:  
 Thoſe fields *Iapyan* *Damnum* had inſur'd  
 To him in dower. When *Venulus* had done  
 His embaſſie to *Tydeus* warlike ſonne:  
 The Prince excuſ'd his aid; as loth to draw  
 The ſubiects of his aged father in law  
 Tvnneceſſary warre: that none remaine  
 Of his to arme. Lest you ſhould thiſke I faine;  
 Though repetition ſo, ſow renouates;  
 Yet, while I ſuffer, heare the worſt of fates.

After that *Pergamus* our prey became,  
 And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Gracian* flame:  
 A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall  
 Her Vengeaunce, to *Oileus* due, on all.  
 Scattered on faithleſſe Seas with furious ſtormes,  
 We, wretched *Gracians*, ſuffer'd all the formes  
 Of horror: lightening, night, ſhoweres, wrath of ſkies,  
 Of Seas, and dire *Caphrean* cruckies.  
 To abridge the ſtory of ſo ſad a fate;  
 Now *Priam* would haue pitied our estate!

Yet Pallas snatched me from the swallowing Main; Then from my ungrateful Country chace't againe. For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound, New woes inflicts. Much on the vast profound, Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I oft call'd them happy, whom the iniury Of publike tempests, and impotunate *Capharcus* drown'd: and now enu'd their fate. The world indur'd; with seas and battles ty'd, My men an end of their long toyle desir'd. But *Anon*, full of fire, and fiercer made By vsuall slayters: What remaines (he said) Of mates, which now our patience would eschue? Though willing, what can *Cytherea* doe More than sh'hath done? when worse mishaps affright, Then prayers availe: but when Mis-fortunes spight Her wro't inflicts, then feare is of no use: And height of ills, securitie produce. Let *Venus* heare: although she hate vs all, (As all she hates that serue our Generall) Yet let vs all despise her emptie hate; Whose Powre hath made vs so vnsfortunate.

Pluronion Aemon angry *Venus* stung: Revenge reviving with his lauish tongue. Few like his words the most seuerely chid His tonges exceſſe. About to haue reply'd, His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small, His haire converts to plume; plumes couer all His necke, backe, bosome: larger feathers spring From his rough armes, and now his elbowes wing. His feet diuided to toes, hard horne extends From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.

Rh:teror,

*Rheteror, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,*  
Admire! and in their admiration try'd  
Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew  
Forthwith new Fowle; and round about vs flew.  
If you inquire, what shape their owne va-mans;  
They are not, yet are like to siluer Swans.  
These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,  
As sonne in law to *Daukus*, scarce injoy.

Thus faire *Oenides*. *Venulus* forsakes  
*Tyrides* Kingdome: by *Puteo* takes  
His way, and through *Mesapia*: there suruaid  
A Caue, inuiron'd with a sylvan shade,  
Distilling streames. By halfe-goat *Pan* posseſt:  
Which erit the Wood-nymphs with their beauties bleſſt.  
They terrified at first with sudden dread,  
From home-bred *Apulus*, the ſhepherd, fled.  
Straight, taking heart, despifed his perſuit:  
And danced with a measure-keeping foot.  
He scoffes: their motion clowne-like imitates:  
Nor only taileth, but obſcenely prates.  
Nor ceaſeth, till a tree inuets his throte;  
A tree whose berries his behauour note:  
An olue wilde, which bitter fruit affords,  
Becomes; diſ-feſtred with his bitter words.

Th' Embaſſador returnes without the ſought  
*Ætolian* ſuccour: the *Rutulians* fought  
Gainſt foes and fortune; of that hope depriu'd:  
Whole ſtreames of bloud from mutuall wounds deriu'd.  
Loc, fire-brands to the Nauie *Taurus* beare:—  
And what escaped drowning, burning feare.  
Pitch, rozen, and like ready tood for fire,  
Now *Vulcan* food: the hungry flames alpre

55

Vp

Vp to the sailes along the lofty mast ;  
 And catch the yards, with curling smoke embrac't.  
 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld  
 Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld ;  
 Lowd Shalines and Cymballs vsher'd her repaire :  
 Who, drawne by bridled Lions through the aire,  
 Thus said : Thy wicked hands to small effect,  
 O *Turnus* violate, what we protest.  
 Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those  
 Tall Woods devoure, which shelter our repose.  
 With that she thunders, powring downe amaine  
 Thicke stormes of skipping haile, and clouds of raine,  
 Th' *Astraea* Sonnes in swift concursions ioyne ;  
 Tossing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.  
 One shee employes, whose speed the rest out-strips ;  
 That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,  
 And diaue them vnder the high-swelling Flood.  
 The timber so: tens, fletch proceeds from wood,  
 The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,  
 The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet and toes ;  
 What were their holds, to ribbed sides are growne,  
 The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone ;  
 The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew :  
 As formerly, so now, their colour b'lew.  
 And they, but lately of the floods afraid,  
 Now, in the floods, with virgin pastime, plaid.  
 Thele Sea-nymphs, borne on mountaines, celebrate  
 The Seas, for eitull of their former state.  
 Yet weyng, what themselves so oft endur'd  
 On high-wrought waves, oft sinking ships secu'ld ;  
 Exce, ring such, as *Gracians* carry : thole  
 They hate, memorious of the *Trojan* waves.

Who

Who saw *Ulysses* ships in surges queld  
 With pleased eyes, with pleased eyes beheld  
*Alcinous* ship, in swiftnesse next to none,  
 Vnmoueable ; the wood transform'd to stone.  
 'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright  
 The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.  
 Both parts persist, both haue their Gods to friend ;  
 And Valour no lesse potent : nor contend  
 Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,  
 Nor do all Kingdome ; but for faire renowne :  
 Asham'd to lay their brused armes aside,  
 Till death or conquest had the quarrell tride.  
*Venus* her sonne victorious sees at length.  
 Great *Turnus* fell ; strong *Ardia* falls, of streng h  
 While *Turnus* stood, decour'd by barbarous flame,  
 In dying cinders buried. From the same  
 A Fowle, vnowne to former ages, springs ;  
 And faines the ashes with her houering wings.  
 Pale colour, leanenesse, shreking sounds of woe,  
 The image of a captive City shew.  
 Who also still the Cities name retaines :  
 And with selfe-beating wings of Fate complaines,

And now *Aeneas* vertues terminate  
 The wrath of Gods, and *Juno*'s ancient hate.  
 An opulent foundation hauing laid  
 For young *Italus*, by his merit made  
 Now fit for Heaven : the Powre, who rules in *Love* :  
 The Gods solicite ; then, imbracing *Love* :  
 O Father, never yet to me vnkinde ;  
 Now & enlarge the bountie of thy minde.  
 A God-head, meane, so it a God-head be,  
*Aeneas* give ; that art to him by me.

A Grand-father: th'vn-amiable realms  
Suffice it once th'hauc seene, and S ygiar streames.  
The Gods agree; nor *Juno*'s looks dissent,  
Who with a chearefull freenesse forward bent.  
Then *Ioue*; He well deserves a Deity:  
Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy will enjoy.  
Shee, ioyfull, thankes returne: and through the aire,  
D awne by he. yoked Dones, lights on the bare  
L u emian shores; where smooth *Numicius* creepes  
Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.  
Wha las himf. om *Eneas* wash away  
All vnto death obnoxious, and conuay  
It silently to Deas. The horned Flood  
O' eyes; and what subsists by mortall food,  
With water pu. g'd, and only left behinde  
His better parts. His mother they refinde  
Anoints with sacred odors, and his lips  
In Nectar, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;  
So deifid: whom *Ind* ger *Rome* calls;  
Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festiualls.  
Two-nam'd *Aescanus* *Latium* then obey'd,  
And *Alba*: next, the scepter *Sylcius* swai'd.  
His sonne *Latius*, held that ancient name,  
And crowne. Him *Epius*, renown'd by Fame,  
Succeeds. Then *Capus*. (*Cepetus*, his Son  
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun  
His iaigne: who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters; gaue  
Those streames his name: who *Remulus* got, and braue  
Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slaine  
With thunder; who the Thunderer durst faine,  
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his thron  
To *Amulius*: upon the Mount whereon

He reign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines.  
Ouer the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.  
*Pomona* flourisht in those times of ease:  
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,  
None f. uiifull Hort-yards held in more repute;  
Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.  
Thereof so nani'd. Nor steames, nor shadie groves,  
But trees producing generous burdens loues.  
Her hand a hooke, and not a iauelin bare:  
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare  
Transcend their bounds: now slits the barke, the bud  
Inserts; insoic't to nurse an others blood.  
Nor suffer's them to suffer thirst, but brings  
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.  
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend  
To loues vnyknowne desires: yet to defend  
Her selfe from rapefull Rurals, round about  
Her Hort-yard walls; t'auoid, and keepe them out.  
What left the skipping *Satys* vni-affaid;  
Rude *Pan*, whose hornes Pine-bristled garlands shade;  
*Silenus*, still more youthfull than his yeares;  
Or he who theeues with hooke, and member feares,  
To taste her sweetmette? but farre more than all  
*Vertumnus* loues; yet were his hopes as small  
How often, like a painfull Reaper, came,  
Laden with weighty sheafes; and seen'd the same!  
Oft wreathes of new mow'd grassie his browes array;  
As though then exercis'd in making hay.  
A gode now in his hardned hands he beares,  
And newly seemes to haue vnyoak't his Steeres.  
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke  
Corrects, and dresses; oft a laches tooke

To gather fruit: now with his crooked skeine  
 A Souldier seemes; an Angler with his cane:  
 And various figures daily multiplie  
 To winne accesse, and please his longing eyer.  
 Now, with a staffe, an old-wife counterfeites;  
 On hory haire, a painted miter sets.  
 The Hort yard entering, adwires the faire  
 And pleasant f uits: So much, said he, more rare  
 Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enioy,  
 Hale spotlesse flowre of Maiden chastity:  
 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,  
 (So innocent,) that old-wives kist not so.  
 Then, sitting on a banke, obserueth how  
 The pregnant boughs with Autums burthen bow.  
 Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:  
 This p[er]asing, with the Vine so closely ioynd;  
 Yet, said he, if this Elme should grow alone,  
 Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:  
 And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,  
 If but dis-joyn'd, wold creepe vpon the ground.  
 Yet art not thou by such examples led:  
 But shun'st the pleasures of a happy bed.  
 Nor would thou wouldest: nor *Helen* was so sought,  
 Nor the for whom the lustfull *Centaures* fought,  
 As thou shouldest be; no nor the wife of bold  
 And timorous *Vhyses*. Yet, behold  
 Though thou auerle to all, and alleschue;  
 A thousand men, Gods, denu-gods, persue  
 Thy constante scorne; and every deathlesse Powre.  
 Which *Alb[er]t* high and shady hills imbowe.  
 But thou, it wile, it thou'l well married be;  
 Or an old woman trust, who credit me,

Affects

Affects thee more than all the rest, refuse  
 These common wooers, and *Vertumnus* choose.  
 Accept me for his gage; since so well none  
 Can know him; by himselfe nor better knowne.  
 He is no wanderer, her's his delight:  
 Nor loues, like common louers, at first sight.  
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shall be:  
 His life he onely dedicates to thee.  
 Besides his youth perpetuall; excellent  
 His beauty; and all shapes can represent.  
 With what you will, what euer hath a name;  
 Such shall you see him. Your delights the same:  
 The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;  
 Which ioyfully he still accepts from you.  
 But neither what these pregnant trees produce  
 He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant iuyce:  
 Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take!  
 And what I speake, suppose *Vertumnus* speake.  
 Reuengefull Gods, *Idalia*, still leuere  
 To such as slight her, and *Ramnus* feare.  
 The more to fright you from so foule a crime,  
 Receive (since much I know from aged Time)  
 A story, generally through *Cyprius* knowne;  
 To mollifie a heart more hard than stone.  
 Iph[ie], of humble birth, by chance did view  
 The high-borne *Anaxare*, who drew  
 Her bloud from *T[ri]cer*. Seeing her, his eyes  
 Extracts a fire, wherein his boosome lies.  
 Long strugling, when no reason could reclaine  
 His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.  
 Now to her Nurse his wretched loue disiplaid;  
 And by her toffer'd hopes implor'd her aid:

Now

Now humbly sues to some of most repute  
In her affection, to prefer his suit.  
Sad letters oft his desperate passions beares:  
Oft myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his teares,  
Hangs on the posts: the stony threshold lades  
With his soft sides, and rigid doores vp-braids.  
But she more excell than the seas, imbroyl'd  
With rising stormes; more hard than iron, boyl'd  
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;  
Disdaines the louer, and his passion mocks:  
Who to her forward deeds addes bitter words  
Of no lesse scorne; nor hope to loue affords.  
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;  
These words, his last, he utters at her gate.

O Amazere, thou hast o're come!

Not shall my life be longer wearilome:  
To thy disdaine. Triumph, ô too vnkind!  
Sing *Psalm*, and thy browes with laurell bind.  
Thou hast o're-come; loe, willingly I die:  
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell ioy.  
Yet is there something in me, ne're the lesse,  
That thou wilt raspe; and my deserts confesse.  
Thinke how my loue my heart no sooner left  
Then life it selte: of both at once bereft.  
Nor rumor, but euen I will death present  
In such a fornic, as shall thy pride content.  
But O you Gods, if you our actions see  
(This onely I implore) remember me!  
Let afterages celebrate my name:  
And what you take from life, afford to fame.

Then heaves his meier armes and watry eyes  
To those knowne posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and ryes

A

A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he said,  
Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!  
Then turning toward her, he forward sprung:  
When by the neck th'vnhappy louer hung.  
Strucke by his sprawling feet, wide open flies  
The sounding wicker; and the deed desries.  
The seruants shrecke; the Vainely raised bore  
T'his mothers house; his father dead before.  
His breathlesse corps she in her bosome plac't;  
And in her armes his key-cold limbs imbrac't.  
Lamenting long, as wofull parents vse;  
And having paid a wofull mothers dues;  
The mournfull Funerall through the City led:  
And to prepared fires conueyes the dead.  
This sorrowfull Procescion passing by  
Her house, which bordering on the way, their cry  
To th'cares of Amazere arriuers:  
Whom now sterne Nemesis to ruine drives  
Wee'll see, said she, these sad solemnities;  
And forth-with to the lofty window highes.  
When seeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed;  
Her eyes grew stiffe; bloud from her visage fled,  
Vsupt by palenesse. Straining to retire,  
Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire  
Divert her looks: for now her stony heart  
It selfe dilated into euery part.  
This *Salamis* yet keeps, to cleare your doubt,  
In *Venus* temple; calid, the *Looker-out*.  
Inform'd by this, ô louely Nymph, decline  
Thy former pride, and to thy louer ioyne.  
So may thy fruits suruiue the Vernal frost:  
Nor after by the rapefull winds be lost.

When

When this the God, who can all shapes induc,  
Had said in vaine; againe himselfe he grew:  
Th' abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.  
And such himselfe vnto the Nymph disclos'd,  
As when the Sunne, subdaing with his eyes  
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies.  
Who force prepares: of force there was no need;  
Strucke with his beauty, mutually they bleed.

Vnust *Aenelius* next th' *Ausonian* State  
By strength usurpt. The nephewes to the late  
Depos'd *Numitor*, him re-inthrone:  
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feaste, immur'd with stone.  
Now *Tatius* leades the *Sabine* Sires to warre.  
*Tarpicia*'s hand her fathers gates vnbarrē:  
To death with armelers prest; her treasons need.  
The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolues proceed  
T'inuade their sleeping sonnes, and secke to seaze  
Upon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.  
One *Ians* opens: though no noise at all  
The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall  
Descry'd by *Venus*: who had put it too;  
But Gods may not, what Gods haue done, vndo.  
*Ausonian* Nymphs the places bordering  
To *Iamus* held, in chased with a spring.  
Their aid sh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny  
A sute so iust, but all their flouds vntie.  
As yet the Fane of *Iamus* open stood:  
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.  
Beneath the fruitfull spring they sulphure turne;  
Whose hollow veines with blacke bitumen burne:  
With these the vapours penetrate below;  
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,

The

The fire it selfe in feruour dare prouoke:  
Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.  
These new-rais'd stremes the *Sabine* Powre exclude,  
Till Mars his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.  
By *Romulus* then in Batalia led:  
The *Roman* fields the slaughtered *Sabines* spred;  
Their owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,  
With wicked steele, bloud from each other draw.  
At lengthe conclude a peace; nor would contend  
Vnto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend  
With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* slaine,  
Both Nations vnder *Romulus* remaine.  
When *Mars* laid by his shining caske; and then  
Thus spake vnto the Sire of Gods, and men.

Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is growne  
To such a greatnesse, and depends on One)  
To put in act thy newer-failing word;  
And *Romulus* a heauenly throne afford.  
You, in a synod of the Gods, protest  
(Which still I carry in my thankfull brest)  
That one of mine (this & now ratifie I)  
Should be aduancē vnto the starry skie.

*Ioue* condescends: with clouds the day benighes;  
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrightes.  
*Mars*, at the signe of his assumption,  
Leanes on his lance, and strongly vaults vpon  
His bloody Chariot; lashes his hor horses  
With sounding whips, and their full speed inforces:  
Who, scouring downe the ayrie region, laid  
On faire mount *Palatine*, obscur'd with shade:  
There *Romulus* assumeth from his Throne,  
Vn-kinglike rendering iustice to his owne.

Rapt

Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waste,  
Like melting Bullets by a Slinger cast:  
More heauenly faire, more fit for lofty shrines ;  
Our great and scarlet-clad *Quirinus* shines.

Then *Iuno* to the sad *Hersilia*  
(Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way  
Sent *Iris* to deliuer this Command.  
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land ;  
Thy sexes glory : worthy then the vow  
Of such a husband, of *Quirinus* now ;  
Supprese thy teares. If thy desire to see  
Thy husband so exceed, then follow mee  
Unto those woods, which on mount *Querins* spring ;  
And shade the temple of the *Roman* King.

*Iris* obayes : and by her painted Bow  
Downe-slinging, so much lets *Hersilia* know.  
When she, scarce lifting vp her modest eyes :  
O Goddess (which of all the Deities  
I know not ; sure a Goddess) thou cleere light,  
Conduet me, ô conduct me to the sight  
Of my deare Lord : which when the Fates shall shew,  
They heauen on me, with all the gifts, bestow.  
Then, with *Thaumantius* entering the high  
*Romulan* Hills, a Star shot from the Skie,  
Whose golden beames inflam'd *Hersilia*'s haire ;  
When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.  
The Builder of the *Roman* City tooke  
Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke :  
To whom the name of *Ora* he assign'd.  
This Goddess now is to *Quirinus* ioynd.

OVID'S

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The Fifteenth Booke.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**B**lacke Stones conuert to White. Pythagoras  
In Ilium's lingring warre Euphorbus was.  
Ofte infirmitations, of the change of shinges,  
And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.  
Recor'd Hippolytus in driske ;  
Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius bide.  
Egeria shawes into a Spring. From Earth  
Tropheick Tages takes his wondrous birth.  
A Speare a Tree. Grane Cippus vertues shew  
The rounre, his Hornes presens. Apollo's Son  
Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soule of Varres,  
Great Cesar, shewes, becomes a Blazing Starre.

**M**eanwhile, a man is sought that might sustaine  
So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne  
Of such a King : when true-foreshewing Fame  
To God-like *Numa* destinates the same.  
He, with his Sabine rites unsatisfid,  
To greater thines his able mind applid  
In Natures search. Inticed with these cares,  
He leaues his countreys cares, and repaires

To

To *Croton's* City : aske, what *Grecian* hand  
 Those walls erected on *Italian* land ?  
 One of the *Natiues*, not *unknowing* old,  
 Who much had heard and *seen*, this story told.  
*Ioues* sonne, inrich't with his *Iberian* prey,  
 Came from the *Ocean* to *Lacinia*  
 With happy steps : who, while his cattle fed  
 Vpon the tender clover, entered  
*Heroick Croton's* roose ; a welcome Guest:  
 And his long trauell recreates with rest.  
 Who said, departing ; In the following age  
 A City here shall stand. A true presage.  
 There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*  
*Alemons* issue : in thoso times, no man  
 More by the Gods affected. He, who beares  
 The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appears ;  
 And said : Begon, thy countries bounds forsake ;  
 To stony *Aesarus* thy iourney take.  
 And th' eatens vengeance if he dis-obay.  
 The God and Sleepe together flew away.  
 He, rising, on the *Vision* meditates :  
 Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.  
 The God commands ; the Law forbids to goe :  
 Death due to such as left their Country so.  
*Cleare Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vail'd ;  
 Swart *Night* her browes exalte, with starres impal'd ;  
 The selfe same God the same command repeats :  
 And greater plagues to disobedience threats.  
 Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne  
 For foraine seats. This through the City blowne ;  
 Accus'd for breach of lawes, anaign'd, and try'd ;  
 They prove the fact, not by himselfe deny'd.

His hands and eyes then lifting to the skie :  
 O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie,  
 Assist, that art the author of my crime !  
 White stones and blacke they vs'd in former time ;  
 The white acquit, the blacke the pris'nor cast :  
 And in such sort this heauy sentence past.  
 Blacke stones all threw into the fatall Vrne :  
 But all to white, turn'd out to number, turne.  
 Thus by *Alcides* powre the sad Decree  
 Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.  
 Who, thanking *Amphytroniades*,  
 With a full fore-wind crost th'*Iberian* Seas.  
*Lacedemonian* Tarentum past,  
 Faire *Sybaris*, *Neethus* running fast  
 By *Salemium*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,  
 High *Temesis*, and strong *Iapygia* :  
 Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,  
 The fatall mouth of *Aesarus* out-found.  
 A Tombe, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd  
 Of famous *Croton* : here, as erst impos'd,  
*Alemons* sonne erects his City walls :  
 Which of th' intombed he *Crotona* calls.  
 Of this Originall, this City boasts :  
 Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts.

Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie  
 From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyrannic :  
 Preferring voluntary banishment.  
 Though farre from Heauen, his mind's divine ascent  
 Drew neere the Gods : what natures selfe denies  
 To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.  
 All apprehended in his ample brest,  
 And studious cares ; his knowledge he protest

To silent and admiring men: who taught  
The Worlds originall, past humane thought:  
What nature was, what God: the cause of things;  
From whence the Snow, frō whence the lightning springs:  
Whether *long* thunder, or the winds that rāke  
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quāke;  
What course the Starres obseru'd; what e're lay hid  
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid  
With slaugh'tred creatures to desile our boords,  
In such, though vnbeleev'd; yet learned Words.

Forbeare your selues, ô Mortals, to pollute  
With wicked food: corne is there; generous fruit  
Oppresse their boughs; plump grapes their Vines attire;  
There are sweet hearbs, and sauory roots, which fire  
May mollifie; milke, honey i edolent  
With flowres of Thyme, thy pallat to content.  
The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;  
Affording banquets without death or blood.  
Brute beasts with flesh their rau'ous hunger cloy:  
And yet not all; in pastures hortes ioy:  
So flocks and heards. But those whom Nature hath  
Indu'd with cruelty, and saluage wrath  
(Wolues, Beares, Armenian Tigers, Lions) in  
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,  
That entailes bleeding entailes should intombe!  
That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!  
While by the Liuers death the Living liues!  
Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, giues;  
Can nothing please, valesse thy teeth thou imbrue  
In wounds, and dive Cyclopean fare renue?  
Nor satiate the wilde voracitie  
Of thy rude pance, except another die?

But that old Age, that innocent estate,  
Which we the Golden call; was fortunate  
In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with bloud vndy'd.  
Then Fowle through aire their wings in safety plyd:  
The Hare, then fearelesse, wandro'd o're the plainc;  
Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'ne.  
Not treacherous, nor fearing treacherie,  
All h'ld secure. When he, who did enuie  
(What God so e're it was) those harmlesse cates  
And cramb'd his guts with flesh; set ope the gates  
To cruell Crimes. First, Slaughter without harme  
(I must confesse) to Piety, did warme  
(Which might suffice) the reeking steele in bloud  
Of saluage beasts, which made our liues their food:  
Though kil'd; not to be eaten. Siane now more  
Audacious; the first sacrifice, the Bore  
Was thought to merite death; who, bladed corne  
Vp-rooting left the husband-man forlorne.  
Vine-brouzing Gotes at *Bacchus* altar slaine,  
Fed his reuenge: in both, their guilt their bane.  
You Sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beast,  
Whose vdders swell with Nectar, borne t'inuest  
Exposed man with your soft wooll; and are  
Aliue, then dead, more profitable farre.  
Or what the Oxe? a creature without guile,  
So innocent, so simple; borne for to le.  
He most vngratefull is, deseruing ill  
The gift of corne; that can vnyoke, then kill  
His husband-man: that necke with axe to wound  
In seruice gall'd, that had the stubbornie ground  
So often til'd; so many crops brought in.  
Yet not contest therewith, t'as for the fine.

To guiltlesse Gods: as if the Powres on high  
 In death of labour-bearing oxen ioy.  
 A spotlesse sacrifice, faire to behold,  
 (I is death to please) with ribands trickt, and gold,  
 Stands at the Altar, hearing prayers vndeownne:  
 And sees the meale vpon his fore-head throwne,  
 Out by his toile: the knife smeal'd in his gore,  
 By fortune in the lauer scene before.  
 The entrails, from the panting body rent,  
 Forth-with they search; to know the Gods intent.  
 Whence springs so dire an appetite in man  
 To interdicted food? O Mortals, can,  
 Or daie you feed on flesh? henceforth forbear  
 I you intreat, and to my words giue eare:  
 When limbs of slaughtered Beeues become your meat;  
 Then thinke, and know, that you your Servants eat.  
 That Phœbus inspires; his Spirit we obey:  
 My Delphs, heaven it selfe, I will display:  
 The Oracle of that great power vnfold:  
 And sing what long lay hid; what none of old  
 Could apprehend. I long to walke amang  
 The lofty starres: dull earth despis'd, I long  
 To backe the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crowne:  
 And from that hight on erring men looke downe  
 That treason want: those thus to animate  
 That feare to die; t'vnfold the booke of Fate.  
 O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;  
 Why feare you s/six, vaine names, and endlesse Night;  
 The dreames of Poets, and fain'd miseries  
 Of forged Hell? whether last-flaines surprise,  
 Or Age devoue your bodies; they nor giue,  
 Nor suffer paines. Our Soules for euer live:

Yet

Yet euermore their ancient houses leue  
 To live in new; which them, as Guests, receiue.  
 In *Troy* in warres, I (I remember well)  
*Exphorbus* was, *Panthous* sonne; and fell  
 By *Amenlaus* lance: my shield againe  
 At *Argos* late I saw, in *Luno*'s Fane.  
 All alter, nothing finally decayes:  
 Hither and thither still the Spirit strayes;  
 Guest to all bodies; out of beasts it flies  
 To men, from men to beasts; and neuer dies.  
 As pliant wax each new impression takes;  
 Fixt to no forme, but still the old forsakes;  
 Yet it the same: so Soules the same abide,  
 Though various figures there reception hide.  
 Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy  
 (I prophesie) depressed Piety,  
 Forbeare t'expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food.  
 By death procur'd; nor nourish blood with blood.  
 Since on so vast a sea, n.y saile's vnfurld,  
 And stretcht to rising winds; in all the World  
 There's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:  
 Each image fonda to wander to and fro.  
 Euen Time, with restlesse motion, slides away  
 Like huing streames: nor can swift Riuers stay,  
 Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow drives,  
 Driven by the following; as the next arrives  
 To chace the former: times so flye, peruse  
 At once each other; and are euer new.  
 What was before, is not; what was not, is:  
 All in a moment change from that to this.  
 See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:  
 See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades.

T 2

Not

Not such Heauens hew, when Mid-night crown's Repose;  
 As when bright Lucifer his taper shewes:  
 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day  
 Th' enlightened World resignes to Phœbus sway.  
 His raised Shield, earths shaddowes scarcely fled,  
 Lookes tuddy; and low sinking, lookes as red:  
 Yet bright at Noone; because that purer skie  
 Doth faire from Earth, and her contagion flic.  
 Nor can Night-wandring Diana's wauering light  
 Be euer equall, or the same: this night  
 Less than the following, if her hornes she fill;  
 If the contract her Circle, greater still.  
 Doth not the image of our age appeare  
 In the successiue quarters of the Yeare?  
 The Spring-tide, tender; sucking Infancie  
 Resemblimg; then the iuy, efull blade sprouts high;  
 Though tender, weake; yet hope to Plough-men yeelds.  
 All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields  
 With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaues.  
 Then following Summer greater strength receiuers:  
 A lusly Youth; no age more strength acquires,  
 More truitfull, or more burning in desires.  
 Maturer Autumnne, heat of Youth alaid,  
 The sober meane twixt youth and age, more laid  
 And tempe, ate, in Swimmers waine repaires:  
 His reverend temples sprinkled with gray haire.  
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,  
 With trembling steps: his head or bal'd, or white.  
 So change our bodies without rest or stay:  
 What we were yester-day, nor what to day,  
 Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men  
 The seeds and hope; the wombe our mansion: when

Kind

Kind Nature shew'd her cunning; not content  
 That our vext bodies should be longer pent  
 In mothers stretched entrailes, forth-with bare  
 Them from that prison, to the open aire.  
 We strengthlesse ly, when first of light possest;  
 Straight creepe vpon all fourre, much like a beast;  
 Then, staggering with weake nerues, stand by degrees,  
 And by some stay support our feeble knees:  
 Now, lusty, swiftly run. Youth quickly spent,  
 And those our middle times, incontinent  
 We sinke in setting Age: this last devoures  
 The former, and demolisheth their powres.  
 Old Milo wept, when he his armes beheld,  
 Which late the strongest beast in strength exceld,  
 Big, as Alcides brawnes, in flaggie hide  
 Now hanging by slacke sinnewes: Helen cry'd  
 When she beheld her wrinkles in her Glasse;  
 And asks her selfe, why she twice rauisht was,  
 Still-eating Time, and thou ô eniuious Age,  
 All ruinate: diminisht by the rage  
 Of your devouring teeth, All that haue breath  
 Consume, and languish by a linging death.  
 Nor can these Elements stand at a stay:  
 But by exchanging alter every day.  
 Th' eternall world fourre bodies comprehends,  
 Ingendring all. The heavy Earth descends,  
 So Water, clog'd with weight: two li. ht, aspire,  
 Deprest by none; pure Aire and purer Fire.  
 And though they haue their severall sites; yet all  
 Of these are made, to these againe they fall.  
 Resolued Earth to Water rarifies;  
 To Aire extenuated Waters rise;

T 3

The

The Aire, when it it selfe againe refines,  
To elementall Fire extracted, shines.  
They in like order backe againe repaire :  
The grosser Fire condenseth into Aire ;  
Aire, into water : Water thickning, then  
Growes solid, and conuerts to Earth againe.  
None holds his owne : for Nature euer joyes  
In change, and with new formes the old supplies.  
In all the world not any perish quite :  
But onely are in various habits dight.  
For ; to begin to be, what we before  
Were not, is to be borne ; to dye, no more  
Than ceasing to be such: although the frame  
Be changeable, the substance is the same.  
For nothing long continues in one it old.  
You Ares, you to Silver grew from Gold ;  
To Brasse from Siluer ; and to Y'ne from Brasse.  
Euen places oft such change of fortunes passe :  
Where once was solid land, Seas haue I'leene ;  
And solid land where once deepe Seas haue beene.  
She ls, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground ;  
And anchors haue on mountaine tops beene found.  
Torrents haue made a valley of a plaine ;  
High hils by deluges borne to the Maine.  
Deepe standing lakes suck't dry by thirsty land ;  
And on late th' dry earth now lakes doe stand.  
Here Nature, in her chaiges manifold,  
Sends forth new fountaines ; there sluts vp the old.  
Stremes, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore  
Haue broken forth ; or funke, and run no more.  
So I'leu, swallowed by the yawning Earth,  
Takes in another world his second bath.

So *Erasinus*, now conceales, now yeelds  
His rising waters to *Argoli* in fields.  
And *Mysius*, hating his first head, and brayes,  
Cacus nam'd, else-where his stremes displayes.  
Coole *Amasenus*, watering *Sicily*,  
Now flowes ; now spring-lockt, leaves his channell dry.  
Men formerly drunke of *Anigrus* stremes :  
Not to be drunke (it any thing but dreames  
The Poets tell) since *Centaures* therein washt  
Their wounded limbs, by *Aclides* arrows gash't.  
So *Hypanis*, deriv'd from *Sybian* Hills,  
Long sweet, with bitter stremes his channell fills.  
*Anassa*, *Tyrus*, and *Egyptian Phare*,  
The stouds imbrae't : yet now no Islands are.  
Th'old *Colon* knew *Leucadia* Continent :  
Which now the labouring surges circumuent.  
So *Zancl* once on *Italie* conn'd ;  
Till interposing waues their bounds dis-joyn'ds.  
If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* townes)  
You seeke ; behold, the Sea their glory drownes :  
Whose buildings, and declined walls, below  
Th'ambitious stoud as yet the Sailers show.  
A Hill by *Pithecan* *Træzen* mounts, vncrown'd  
With sylvan shades, which once was leuell ground.  
For furious winds ( a story to admire ! )  
Pent in blinde cauernes, strugling to expire ;  
And vainly seeking to inioy th'extent  
Of freer aire, the prison wanting vent ;  
Th'vnpassable tuffe earth inflated so,  
As when with swelling breath we bladders blow,  
The tumor of the place remained still,  
In time growne solid, like a lofty hill.

To speake a little more of many things  
 Both heard and knowne : New habits sundry Springs  
 Now giue, now take. Horn'd Hammons Well at Noone  
 Is cold ; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.  
 Wood, put in bubling *Albanas* then fires ;  
 When farthest from the Sun the Moone retires.  
*Ciconian* streames congeale his guts to stome  
 That thereof drinke : and what therein is throwne.  
*Crathis*, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines red)  
 Colour the haire like Amber, or pure gold.  
 Some fountaines of a more prodigious kind,  
 Not onely change the body but the mind.  
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis* ?  
 Of th' *Athiopian* Lake ? who drinke of this,  
 Runne forth-with mad : or if their wits they keepe,  
 Fall suddenly into a deadly sleepe.  
 Who at *Clitunno* Fountaine thin st remoue ;  
 Loath wine, and abstinent, meere water loue.  
 Whether it by antipathie expell  
 Desire of wine ; or (as the Natives toll)  
*St. Lazarus* having with his herbs and charmes  
 Snatcht *Pheasants* franticke daughters from the harmes  
 Of entred Heries, their wit's physicke cast  
 Into this spring ; intusing such distast.  
 With streames, to these oppos'd *Lycestis* flowes :  
 They recye, as drunke, who drinke too much of thos.  
 A Lake in faire *Arcadia* stands, of old  
 Call'd *Pheasants* ; suspected, as two fold :  
 Beare, and for beare, to drinke thereof by night :  
 By night vnwholsome, wholome by day-light.  
 So other lakes and streames haue other powre.  
*Onyga* floted once ; fixt at this hourre :

Once

Once *Argo* fear'd the iustling *Cyones* ;  
 Which rooted now, resist both winds and seas.  
 Nor *Etna*, burning with imbtowel'd fire,  
 Shall euer, or did alwayes, flames expire.  
 For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,  
 Haue lungs, and mouthes that smoking flames exhale ;  
 Her organs alter, when her motions close  
 These yawning passages, and open those.  
 Or whether winds, in caues impris'ned, rave ;  
 Justing the stones, and minerals which haue  
 The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage :  
 They then extinguish when the winds allwage.  
 Or if Bitumen doe the fire proucke ;  
 Or sulph' her burning with more subtil smoke :  
 When Earth that food and oyly nourishment  
 With drawes, the matter by long feeding spent ;  
 The hungry fire of sustenance beest,  
 Ill-brooking famine, leaves, by being left.  
 In *Hyperborean* *Palleneliu*  
 A People, if to Fame we credit giue,  
 Who, druing three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,  
 Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take.  
 The like, they say, the *Scythian* Witches doe  
 With magick oyles : incendible thought true.  
 If we may trust to triall, see you not  
 Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot ?  
 Bury your slaughtered Steere (a thing in vse)  
 And his corrupted bowels will produce  
 Flowre-sucking Bees ; who, like their parent slaine,  
 Loue labour, fields, and toile in hope of gaine.  
 Hornets from buried horses take their birth.  
 Breake off the Crabs bent clawes, and in the earth

T 5

Bire

Bury the rest ; a Scorpion without faile  
 From thence will creepe, and menace with his taile.  
 The Catterpillers, who their cop-webs weave  
 On tender leafes (as Hindes from proose receiue)  
 Conuert to poysnous Butterflies in time  
 Greene Frogs, engendred by the seed of slime,  
 First without feet, then leg, assume ; now strong  
 And apt to swimme, their hinder parts more long  
 Then are their former, fram'd to skip and iumpe.  
 The Beares deformed birth is but a lunge  
 Of huing flesl : when licked by the Old,  
 It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.  
 Who sees the Young of honie-bearing Bees  
 In their sexangular inclosure, sees  
 Their bodies limb-lesl : these ynformed things  
 In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.  
 The Starre-imbell sh. Fowle, which *luno* loues,  
 Jones Amour-beater, *Cytharea*'s Dous,  
 And birds of every kinde ; did we not know  
 Then hatcht of egges, who would conjecture so ?  
 Soire thinke the pith of dead men, Snakes becomes,  
 When their back-bones corrupt in hellow tombs.  
 Yet these from others doe derive their birth.  
 One onel, Fowle there is in all the Earth,  
 Call'd by th. *Afym* Phœnix, who the waine  
 Of age repaires, and lewes her selfe againe.  
 No reeds or graine not heals, but on the gumme  
 Of Frankineense, and mycie Amomum.  
 Now, when her life liue ages hath fulfild ;  
 A nek her houned beake and tallons build  
 Vpon the cr. wnt of a trembling Palme:  
 Thus strewed with *Catifa*, Spicknard, precious Balme,

Bruz'd

Bruz'd Cinnamon, and Myrrh ; thereon she bends  
 Her body, and her age in odors ends.  
 This breeding Corp's a little Phœnix heares :  
 Which is it selfe to live as many yeres.  
 Growne strong ; that load now able to trans erre ;  
 Her Cradle, and her parents sepulcher,  
 Devoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne :  
 And on his flanle Altar layes it downe.  
 If these be wonderfull, admire like strange  
 Hyena's, who their sex so often change :  
 Thole foodlesse creatures, fed by ayre alone ;  
 Who euery colour, which they touch, put on.  
 The Lynx, first brought from conquered India  
 By vine bound *Bacchus*, his hot piss', they say,  
 Congeales to stone. So Corall, whi. h below  
 The water is a limber weed, doth grow  
 Stone-hard, when toucht by aire. But Day willend,  
 And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas descend,  
 Before my scanioration could peruse  
 All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new.  
 For this we see in all is generall.  
 Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.  
*Troy*, rich and powretull, which so proudly stood ;  
 That could for ten yeres spend such stremes of blood ;  
 For buildings, onely her old ruines shewes ;  
 For riches, tombs ; which slaughtered Sires inclose.  
*Sparta*, *Mycene*, were of Grece the flowres ;  
 So *Cecrop*'s City, and *Amphion*'s towres :  
 Now glorious *Sparta* lies vpon the ground ;  
 Lofty *Mycene* hardly to be found,  
 Of *Oedipus* his Tribes what now remains,  
 Or of *Pandion*'s *Abibos*, but their names ?

Now

Now Famine reporteth that *Rome* by *Dardans* Sons  
 Begins to rise, where yellow *Tybris* runs  
 From fountfull *Appennines*; and there the great  
 Foundation of so great a fabricke seat.  
 This therefore shall by changing propagate,  
 And give the World a Head. Of such a fate  
 The Prophets haue diuin'd. And this of old,  
 As I remember, *Priam's* *Helen* told  
 To sad *Aneas*, of all hope forlorne,  
 In sinking *Troy*'s eclipse. O Goddesse-borne,  
 If our *Apollo* can presage at all;  
*Troy*, thou in safety, shall not wholly fall.  
 Both fire and sword shall give thy vertue way:  
 Flying with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt conuay;  
 Untill thou finde a Land as yet yknowna,  
 To *Troy*, and thee, more friendly than thy owne.  
 A City built by *Pbyrgians* I fore-see;  
 So great none euer was, is, or shall bee.  
 Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth  
 Springs from *Numus*, Soueraigne of the Earth.  
 He, hauing rul'd the World, shall then ascend  
 A<sup>t</sup>her all thrones, and Heauen shall be his End.  
 This, I remember, with propheticke tongue,  
 Sage *Helen* to diuine *Aneas* sung.  
 We ioy to see our kindreds City grow:  
 The *Pbyrgians* happy in their Quer-throw.  
 But lest our heedlesse Steeds too far shold range  
 From then proposed course; All suffer change:  
 The heauen, the meaues, what vnder them is found;  
 Earth, what thereon, or what is vnder ground.  
 We, of the World a part, since we as well  
 Haue Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:

To

To those, which may our parents Soules inuest,  
 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least;  
 Let vs both safety, and respect afford:  
 Nor heape their bowels on *Thycetes* boord.  
 How ill mur'd! to shew the bloud of man  
 How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can  
 Asunder cut the throats of calves; and heares  
 The bellowing breeder with relentlesse eares!  
 Or silly kids, which like poore infants cry,  
 Sticke with his knife! or his voracitie  
 Feed with the fowle he fed! O to what ill!  
 Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill?  
 Let Oxen till the ground, and die with age:  
 Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:  
 Goats bring their vdders to thy paile. Away  
 With nets, guns, snares, and arts that doe betray:  
 Deceiue not birds with lime; nor Deere inclose  
 With terrors; nor thy baits to fish expose.  
 The hurtfull kill: yet only kill: nor eat  
 Defiling flesh; but feed on fitter meat.  
 With other, and the like Philosophy  
 Instructed; *Numa*, now return'd, was by  
 Th'inteating *Larina* crown'd. Taught by his Bride  
 The Nymph *Ageria*, by the Muses guide,  
 Religion institutes; a People rude  
 And prone to warre, with lawes and peace imb'u'd.  
 His raigne and age resign'd to funeral;  
 Plebeians, *Roman* *Danes*, *Patricians*, all  
 For *Numa* mourne. His wife the Cittie fled:  
 Hid in *Aricia*'s Vale, the ground her bed,  
 The woods her shroud, disturbances with groans and cries  
*Orestean Diana's* sacrifice.

How

How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Groue and Lake  
Kept ou'red her teares, and words of comfort spake !  
How oft the Theban Heros, Temperate  
Thy sorrow, said ! nor onely is thy fate  
To be deplor'd: on worse mis-fortunes looke ;  
And you will yours with greater patience brooke.  
Would mine were no example to appease  
So sad a griete : yet mine your griefe may ease.

Perhaps y'haue heard of one *Hippolytus* ;  
By Pe<sup>r</sup>sones fraud, and fathers credulous  
Believe deuow'd to death. Admire you may  
That I am he, if credit, what I say.  
Whom *Phedra* formerly sollicited,  
Put vany to file my fathers bed.  
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd ;  
She taries the crime, and me of her's accus'd.  
My father, I anshing the innocent,  
Along with me his winged curses sent.  
Toward *Pittian* *Thaze* me my Chariot bore :  
And during now t<sup>e</sup> y the *Corinubian* shore,  
The smooth seas swell ; a monstrous billow rose,  
Which, rouling like a mountaine, greater growes ;  
Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends :  
When from the breach, brest high, a Bull ascend<sup>s</sup> ;  
Who at his dreadfull mouth and nostrils spouts  
Part of the See. Feare all my followers routs :  
But my : flattered minde was all this while  
Vntirfull; intend<sup>g</sup> my exile.  
When the hot horses start, e'ret their cores :  
With horrour rapt, and chased by their feares,  
O'er ragged rocks the tott'd Chariot driue :  
While I to cube their fury vainly strive ;

The

The bits all frocht with fome : with all my might  
Pull backe the raignes, now lying bolt vp-right.  
Nor had their heady frignt my strength o'r-gon ;  
Had not the feruent wheele, which roules vpon  
The bearing Axel-tree, rush't on a stump :  
Which brake, and sell asunder with that iump.  
Throwne from my chariot, in the raignes fast-bound,  
My guts drag'd out alue, my sinewes wound  
About the stumpe, some of my limbs hol'd thence  
You might haue seene, some hanging in luspence ;  
My breaking i ones to cracke, not any whole,  
While I exhal'd my faint and weary soule.  
No part of all my parts you could haue found  
That might be knowne : for all was but one wound.  
Now say, selfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or darc  
You your calamities with ours compare ?  
I also saw those i calmes, to Day vnknowne :  
And bath'd my wounds in wavy *Phlegeton*.  
Had not *Apollo*'s Son imploy'd the aid  
Of his great Art ; I with the dead had staid.  
But when by potent hearbs, and *Peons* skill,  
I was restor'd, 'gainst angry *Platos* will :  
Left I, if leene, might enuy haue procur'd,  
Me, friendly *Cyntbia* with a cloud immur'd :  
And that, though leene, I might be hurt by none ;  
She added age, and left my face vnknowne.  
Whether in *Deles*, doubting, or in *Cret* ;  
Reiecting *Cret* and *Deles* as vnmeet,  
She plac't me here. Nor would I should retaine  
The memory of One by horses slaine :  
But said ; Hence forward *Vrbis* be thy name  
That wer't *Hippolytus* ; though thou the same.

One

One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Groue,  
I *Cynthia* serue; preserued by her loue.  
But other's miseries could not abate  
*Aegilia*'s sorrowes, nor preuent her fate.  
Who, couched at the bases of a hill,  
Thawes into teares, that streame-like ran; vntill  
*Apollo*'s Sister, pityng her woes,  
Turn'd her t'a Sp'ng; whose current euer flowes.

The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd;  
No leſſe than when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd.  
Upon the fatall clod, that mou'd alone;  
And, for a humane ſhape, exchang'd its owne.  
With infant lips the newly Animate,  
Reueal'd the Myſteries of ſuture fate:  
Whom *Natius Tages* call'd. He firſt of all  
That *Urbu* is taught to tell what would befall.

Or when aſtoniſt *Romulus* of old  
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold  
To flouriſh with greene leaues: the fixed foot  
Stood not on Steele, but on a living root.  
Which, now no weapon, ſpreading armes displai'd;  
And gaue admirers vnxpected ſhade.

Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glasse  
Beheld his hornes, which his belete ſurpaſſe.  
Who lifting of his finger to his brow,  
Felt what before he ſaw: nor longer now  
Condemnes his fight. Return'd with victory;  
His eyes and hornes erecting to the ſkie:  
You Gods, what e're theſe prodigies portend;  
If prosperous, he ſaid, let them descend  
On *Romars* and on *Rome*: but if they be  
Unfortunate, let them fall on me!

An

An Altar then of living turfē erects;  
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine iniects:  
And with the panting entrailes of a beast  
New ſlaine, conſults; to know the Gods behest.  
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,  
And ſaw therein endeouours that excell'd,  
Although obscure; he from the ſacrifice  
To *Cippus* hornes conuerts his ſteady eyes:  
Haile King, to thee, and to thofe hornes of thine,  
This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule resigne.  
Delay not; enter thou the yeelding gate:  
Haste, *Cippus*, haste: ſuch is the Will of Fate.  
Thou ſhalt be crown'd a King vpon that day:  
And ſafely an eternall Scepter ſway.  
He, ſtarting backe, from *Rome* diuerts his face:  
And ſaid; You Gods, farre hence this Owen chace;  
Better that I in banishment grow old;  
Than me, a King, the Capitoll behold.  
Hiding his hornes with leauie ornaments,  
The people and graue Senat he conuents.  
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,  
And praying firſt (as was the cuſtome) ſaid;  
Vndeſte expel'd your Citiſe, here is One  
Will be your King: though not by name, yet knowne  
By his ſtrange hornes. I heard the Augur ſay,  
If once in *Rome*, you all ſhould him obey.  
He might, vntopt, haue entered without feate:  
But I withſtood; though none to me more neare.  
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile ſent:  
Or, if he merit ſuch a punishment,  
Binde him in heauie chaines, and keepe him ſure:  
Or with the Tyrants death your ſeares ſecure.

The

The troubled People such a murmuring make ;  
 As when farre off the roring surges take  
 On ratling shores ; or when through high-tiust Pines  
 Lowd *Eurus* howles. One only Voice dis-joynes  
 In this confusion ; asking, Which is he ?  
 All seeking for the hornes they could not see ,  
*Cippus* repli'd ; Behold the man you looke.  
 Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke ;  
 And shew'd the hornes which on his fore-head grew.  
 Not one but sigh'd , and downe his count'rance throw :  
 And those cleare browes (a thing beyond beliefe )  
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with griefe .  
 Nor suffer him his honour to debase :  
 But on his head a laurell garland place .  
 And since he hisowne entrance did with-stands :  
 The Nobles, in due fauour, so much land  
 To *Cippus* gaue, as well two oxen mighte  
 Round with a plough from morning vntill night .  
 The Monumentall figure of his hornes ,  
 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorнес.

Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate  
 (You know, not yeares your memory abate )  
 How *Aesculapius* in our Citie found  
 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tybris* bound .  
 A deadly plague the *Latian* aire defil'd :  
 Soules from their seats the pale disease exil'd .  
 Weatied with funeralls, when physick fail'd ;  
 Not any humane industry preual'd ;  
 They secke celestiall aid. To *Delphos* sent ,  
 Built in the round Earths nauell, and present  
 Their prayers to *Phœbus* ; that he would descend  
 To their reliefe, and giue their woes an end .

His

His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiver, shake :  
 Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake .  
 What here you seeke, you neerer should haue sought :  
 And seeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought  
 Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed .  
 Goe with successe ; and fetch my Sonne with speed .  
 The Senat hauing heard this Oracle ,  
 The Citie search, where *Phœbus* sonne should dwell .  
 The shore of *Epidane* the Legate seekest :  
 There anchoring, he intreats th'assembled *Greekes*  
 To send their God : who might th' *Aesonian* State  
 To health restore ; and vrg'd the charge of *Fate* .  
 They vary in opinion : some assent  
 To send this succour ; many, not content  
 To lose their owne in giving others aid ,  
 Strive to retaine him, and the rest diswade .  
 While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light :  
 And Earth-borne shadowes cloth'd the world in Night .  
 Th' Health-giving God, in sleepe, appeares to stand  
 In his old forme ; a staffe in his lefthand :  
 And stroking with his right his reverend beard ;  
 From his hope-rendring brest these words were heard .  
 Feare not, I come ; my shape I will forlacke :  
 View, and marke well this staffe-infolding Snake :  
 Such will I seeine, yet shew of greater size ;  
 So great as may a Deity comprize .  
 God with the Voice, with God and Voice away  
 Sleepe flew : fled Sleepe persude by chearefull Day .  
 The Starres now vanquisht by the mornings flame ,  
 The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came ,  
 Intreat him by celestiall signes to shew  
 Whether he were content to stay or goe .

This

This hardly said, the God in Serpent's shroud,  
 His high crest gold-like glifstring, hift aloud.  
 His statue, altar, gates, the marble flore,  
 And golden rooſe, thooke at th'approching Powre.  
 He, in his Fane, brest high his body rais'd:  
 Roulung about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.  
 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his haire imbraid  
 With Virgin fillet, knew the God, and said:  
 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! all you who present are  
 Pray with your heaſtes and tongues : ô heauenly-Faire,  
 Propitious proue to thoſe who thee implore !  
 All that were there the present Powre adore ;  
 Reiterating what the Priest had said:  
 With heart and tongue the Romans also pray'd.  
 He, by the motion of his lofty crest,  
 And doubled hiftes, signe's to their request.  
 Then ſliding downe the poliſh ſtaires, his looke  
 Reuerts on his old altare ; now for ſocke :  
 Salute's his ſhrine, and Temple deckt with towres.  
 Then creeping on the ground, ſtrew'd with fresh flowres,  
 Indenteth through the Citie ; ſtopping where  
 The Harbour is defended by a Peere.  
 The following troopes, and thoſe whose zeales affiſt  
 In honouring him, with gentle lookes diſmift ;  
 He climbs th' Aſonian Ship: which ſelt the waig特,  
 And ſhrunke with pressure of ſo great a freight.  
 The ioyfull Romans, offering on the ſtrand  
 A Bull to Neptuno ; anchor weigh, and land  
 Forsake with eaſie gales. Rais'd on his traïne,  
 He, leaning, lookes vpon the bleu wau'd Maine.  
 Through Iōnian Seas by friendly Zephyrus boīne,  
 They fell with Italy on the ſixth morne.

Lacina

Lacian Iunus Fane, Scyllean shores,  
 Iapygia paſt ; they thun with nimble ores  
 Amphryſian rockes ; Ceraunian, weather-clefte ;  
 Romechium, Caulon, and Narycia left :  
 Sicilian Straigtes o're-come, and wrackfull ſeas,  
 Saile by the mansion of Hippotades :  
 By Temesa, in metalls fruitfull ; by  
 Leucosia, and the Paſian Rosary.  
 Nece Caprea, and Minerva's Fore-land row,  
 Surrentine hills, where wines ſo genorous grow ;  
 Heraclea, Stabia, Naples boīne to eaſe,  
 Cumæan Sibyl's Temple : next to theſe,  
 Hot Baths ; Linternum, ſweet with masticke flowres ;  
 Vulturnus, who his sandy channell ſkoures ;  
 Sinuſſa, ſwarming with white Snakes ; ill-air'd  
 Minturnæ ; and where Pietie prepar'd  
 His Nurſe a tombe : forthwith the mansion make  
 Ot fell Antiphates ; and then the Lake-  
 Besieged Trachin : thence direcly boe  
 Torme's Ile, and Antium's ſolid ſhore.  
 The Sea now ſwelling high, this harbour holds  
 The Saile-wing'd ſhip. The God his orbs vnfolds ;  
 And, with huge doublings o're the yellow ſand  
 Slides to his fathers Temple on that ſtrand.  
 Rough waues alwag'd, the Epidaurian Gueſt  
 His fathers altar leauers ; to Sea-ward preſt,  
 Slicing the ſandie ſhore with riſtling ſcales :  
 And, by her ſterne the ſhip ascending, ſailes  
 Till he to Caſtrum, to Lavinia's name-  
 Retaining ſeat, and mouth of Tyber came.  
 All hither throag ; ſonnes, daughters, motheſ, fires,  
 The Nunnes who keepe the Phrygian Veſta's fires,

With

The Gods appease : the headlesse iowards shew  
 Signes of succeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.  
 Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,  
 And holy Temples howle. From sad abodes  
 The Dead arise, and wander here and there:  
 Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes and with fear,  
 These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought  
 In Fate, or Treason. Murtherous swords were brought  
 Into the Temple : for no place might sort  
 With such a Slaughter, but the sacred Court.  
 Then *Venus* smote her brest : who sought to shroud,  
 And snatch him thence in that *Æthereall* cloud,  
 Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage conuaid:  
 And fied *Æneas* from *Tydid* s blade.

Daughter, said *Love*, canst thou resist the doome  
 Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come,  
 There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must passe,  
 Writ in huge folds of solid Steele and brasie.  
 Which safe, eternall, euer fixed there ;  
 My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.  
 In lasting Adamant there ma st thou reade  
 What shall to thy great Progenie succeed.  
 I read, remember well, and will relate  
 What may informe thee in succeding fate.  
 He, whom thou striu st to saue, his race hath runne  
 Of Time and Glory : whom, thou and his Sonne  
 Shall make in heauen a God; on Earth, with praire  
 And Temples dignifi d. His names great Heire  
 Alone his Load shall beare: and strongly shall  
 By out conduct reuenge his fathers fall.  
 By his good fortune *Musae*, o're-throwne,  
 Shall sue for peace: *Pharsalian* fields shall groane;

Slaughter

Slaughter againe *Philippi* shall imbrue :  
 On red Sicilian Seas he shall subdue  
 A mighty Name. Th' *Ægyptian* Spouse shall fall,  
 Ill trusting to her Roman Generall:  
 To make out stately *Capitall* obay  
 Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vaine assay.  
 What need I of those barbarous People tell,  
 And Nations, which by either Ocean dwelle?  
 He shall the habitable Earth command ;  
 And stretch his Empire ouer sea and land.  
 Peace gien to Earth ; he shall conuert his care  
 To ciuill Rule, iust Lawes ; and by his faire  
 Example Virtue guide. Then looking to  
 The future times, and Nephewes to ensue ;  
 A Sonne shall blesse him from a holy wombe ;  
 To him he shall resigne his name, and roome.  
 Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th'aboads  
 Of heauenly Dwellers, and his kin-tred Gods.  
 Meane-while from this flaine corps his soule conuay  
 Vp to the starres, and give it a cleare Ray :  
 That *Julius* may with friendly influence  
 Shine on our *Capitall* and Court from thence.

This said: invisible faire *Venus* stood  
 Amid the Senate; from his o:ps, with blood  
 Defil'd, her *Cesars* new-fled spirit bare  
 To heauen, not suffer'd to reuolve to aire.  
 And, as in her soft bosome borne, shee might  
 Perceiue it take a Powre, and gather light.  
 When once let loose, It forth with vp-ward flew ;  
 And after it long blazing crestles drew.  
 The radiant Starre his Sonnes great acts beheld  
 T'out-luster bus; and ioy'd, to be excell'd.

Thought

Though he would haue his Fathers deeds preferri'd  
Before his owne : yet free-tongu'd Fame, deterri'd  
By no commandement, yeeld th'euited Bayes  
To his cleare browes ; and but in this gain-sayes,  
So *Astreus* yeelds to *Agamemnon's* fame ;  
*Agenus* so to *Iulus* ; *Pelus* name  
Stoopes to *Achilles*. That I may confer  
Th'illustrious to their equalls, *Jupiter*  
So *Saturne* tops. *Ion* rules the arched Skie,  
And triple World ; th' Earths vast Monarchie  
*Augustus* bowes : both Fathers, and both sway.  
You Gods, *Aeneas* mates, who made your way  
Through fire and sword ; you Gods of men become ;  
*Quirinus*, Father of triumphant *Rome* ;  
Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire ;  
Chaste *Vesta*, with thy euer-burning fire,  
Among great *Cesars* Household-Gods inshrin'd ;  
Dometickle *Phabas*, with his *Vesta* ioyn'd ;  
Thou *Ioue*, Whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore ;  
And You, all You, whom Poets may implore :  
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,  
Wherin *Augustus*, of the world the Head,  
Leaving the Earth, shall vnto Heauen repaire ;  
And farrer those that seeke to him by prayer.

And now the Worke is ended, which, *Ioue's* rage,  
Not Fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.  
Come when it will my deaths vncertaine howre ;  
Which only of my body hath a powre :  
Yee shall by better Part transcend the skie ;  
And my immortall name shall never die.

For, where so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spread  
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read :  
And, if we Prophets truly can diuine,  
I, in my living Fame, shall euer shine.

planations. With these I had thought, in their severall places, to haue charged the margent: but the hastiness of the Presse, and vnexpected want of leasure, haue preuented me. The same reason may serue for diuers slips, and errours, which I not only know but acknowledge. Yet if the too cleanly Criticke sweepe not all the dust together and lay it on one heape, it may perhaps be hardly discerned, howsoeuer borne with in so long and interrupted a labour.



A

Bantiades. pag. 111. vers. 7. Acrisius  
the Sonne of Abas King of Argos.

Abantiades. pag. 117. vers. 4. and pag.

124. vers. 25. and pag. 128. vers. 21.

Perseus great grand-childe to Abas.

Acheloides. the Syrens, daughters to Achelous.

Acheron. a Riner in Hell, and signifies depriva-

on of Joy.

Acrisionides. Perseus grand-childe to Acrisius.

Actorides. pag. 212. vers. 20. Euritus and Creatus

the sonnes of Actor.

Astorides. pag. 359. vers. 13. Patroclus grand-

childe to Actor.

The Eacides. pag. 188. vers. 19. Peleus, Tela-

mon, and Phocus, sonnes to Eacus.

Eacides. pag. 297. vers. 7. and 32. pag. 302. vers.

6. Peleus the son of Eacus.

Eacides. pag. 321. vers. 21. and thence-forth, A-

chiles

A

V 4

chilles the grand-childe of Æacus.

Ællo. one of the Harpies.

Ætias. Medea, the daughter of Ætea.

Ægides. Theseus, the sonne of Ægues.

Ægis. Minerua's shield.

Æolian Virgin. pag. 149. vers. 24. Arne, the daughter of Æolus.

Æolides. pag. 107. vers. 31. Athamas, the sonne of Æolus.

Æolides. pag. 194. vers. 26. Cephalus, the grand-child of Æolus.

Æolides. pag. 250. vers. 17. Macareus and Canace, the sonne and daughter of Æolus.

Æsonides. Iason, the sonne of Æson.

Agenorides. Cadmus, the sonne of Agenor.

Æoïda. Ouis and Ephialtes, got by Neptune on the wife of Alceus.

Alcides. a name of Hercules, which signifies strength.

Amazonian Heros. Hippolytus, sonne to Hippolyte the Amazonian.

Amiclydes. Hyacinthus, the sonne of Amyclas.

Amphitrite. the daughter of Oceanus, and wife to Neptune; taken for the Sea.

Amphitryonides. Hercules the son of Amphitryo.

Æmpycides. Mopsus, the sonne of Ampycus.

Anubis.

Anubis. an Idol of the Ægyptians with the head of a dog.

Apis. a blacke Ox spotted with white, worshipped by the Ægyptians in remembrance of Osiris.

Aphrodites. a name of Venus, in that sprung from the foam of the Sea.

Arcturus. a Star in the taile of the Greater Bear.

Astræa. Justice, so called of Astræus, a most just Prince.

Astræus sons. The Winds, sons to the Giant Astræus.

Athamantiades. Palæmon, the sonne of Athamas.

Atlantiades. pag. 24. vers. 8. and pag. 48. vers. 13. Mercurie the grand-childe of Atlas.

Atlantiades. pag. 102. vers. 23. Hermaphrodites, the sonne of Mercurie, and great grand-childe of Atlas.

Atracides. Cæneus, so called of Acræa Cittie of Thessalie.

Atrides. Agamemnon; sometimes Menelaus; both sonnes to Atreus.

Auernian luno. Proserpina.

Auerkus. a lake in hell, over which no birds can fly without falling.

Auronocius. Acteon the sonne of Autonoe, Cadmus daughter.

Auster. The South-wind.

V. 5.

Bacchiades.

B

**B**acchidæ, the off-spring of Bacchia the Corinthian.

Bacchanals, women solemnizing the feast of Bacchus.

Belides, the Nieces of Belus, and daughters of Danaus.

Berecynthian, pag. 293, vers. 9. Midas of Berecynthus, a City of Phrygia.

Bootes, the Star, that follows Charles waine.

Boreas, the North-wind.

Bromius, a name of Bacchus, which signifies ringing.

Bubaltis, an Egyptian Goddess, companion to Isis.

C

**C**arpathian Prophet. Proteus a God of the Sea.

Cecropides, the daughters of Cecrops, King of Athens.

Centaures, said to be halfe men and halfe beasts, in that they were the first that rid on horses.

Ceratæ, men with hornes.

Cerberus,

Cerberus, the Hell-hound with three heads, signifying a devourer of the dead.

Chimera, a monster having the face of a woman, the body of a goat, and the tale of a Serpent.

Colchis, Medea, so called of Colchis, where shee was borne.

Cratæs daughter, Scylla.

Cyclades, Islands in the Ægean Sea, dispersed in forme of a cycle.

Cyclops, Giants, and sons of Neptune; so called of the round eye, which they had in their fore-b. adr.

Cyclopean darts, Thunder and Lightening forged by the Cyclops.

Cyllenius, a name of Mercurie, in that borne on the hill Cyllene.

Cynthus, names of Apollo and Diana, of Cynthia, thus a hill in Delo, where they were borne.

Cyprides, a name of Venus, of the Island of Cyprus, where shee was worshipped.

Cytherea, a name of Venus, of the Island Cythere, dedicated to Venus.

D

**D**anaean Heros. Perseus the son of Danae.

Dardan Prophet. Helenus the son of Priam.

D.

Hymen. the God of marriage; sometimes taken for marriage.

Hyperion. sometimes taken for the Sun, sometimes for the father of the Sun.

I

Accus. a name of Bacchus, which signifies clamber.

Iapetonides. Atlas the sonne of Iapet.

Idalia. Venus of Idalia, a hill in Cyprus, where she had her groves.

Iliades. pag. 267. vers. 4. Ganymed, grand-child to Ilus.

Iliades. pag. 412. vers. 18. Romulus, descended from Ilus.

Ilyzia. a name of Lucina, Goddess of child birth.

Inachis. pag. 21. vers. 30. Io, the daughter of Inachus.

Inachides. pag. 16. vers. 19. Epaphus, the sonne of Io, and grand-child of Inachus.

Inachides. pag. 115. vers. 5. Perseus. The Argonauts being so called of the river Inachus.

Io. an acclamation of joy: where it stands not for Io the daughter of Inachus.

Iris. the Raine-bow.

Isme.

Ismenides. Thebans, so called of Ismenus, a river Ismenians of Boeotia.

Ithacus. Vlysses, of the land Ithaca, where he was borne.

Iulus. a name of Ascanius.

L

Emnian issue. pag. 55. vers. 22. Erichthonius son to Vulcan, who dwelt in Lemnos.

Lenaeus. a name of Bacchus, of the vessel that receives the wine from the press.

Lethe. a river of Hell, and signifies forgetfulness.

Liber. a name of Bacchus, in that wine sweeteth the heart from sorrow.

Lucifer. the Morning Starre.

Lyæus. a name of Bacchus; the same with Liber.

M

Mæandrius. Caunus, grand-child by the mothers side to the river Mæander.

Mædusean Herse. Pegasus, sprung from the blood of Medusa.

Mæonidæ. the Muses. Of Mæonia, where they dwelt.

Mincider.

Pœons. the daughters of Pierus, so called of the woods of Pœonia, which they frequented.

Palladium. the Image of Pallas.

Paphian Heros. Pigmalion of Paphos.

Pelides. Achilles, the son of Peleus.

Persephone. The same with Proserpina.

Phalias. a name of Medea, from the river Phasis.

Phegides. Themenus and Axion the sonnes of Phegeus.

Pheres heire. Admetus, the son of Pheres.

Phlegeton. a burning river in hell.

Phœbus  $\{\right.$  names of the Sun and Moone, in regard of their splendor.

Phœbe  $\{\right.$  of their splendor.

Phorcydes. the daughter of Phorcus.

Phoronis. Iō, the sister of Phoroneus.

Pleias. Maia, one of the Pleiades, and mother to Mercury.

Pleiones Nephew. Mercury, grand-child to Pleione, the wife of Atlas.

Pœans Heire  $\{\right.$  Philoctetes, the sonne of Pœan.

Pœanitus  $\{\right.$  Philoctetes, the sonne of Pœan.

Priamides. pag. 355. vers. 32. Hector, the son of Priamus.

Promerhides. Deucalion, the sonne of Prometheus.

Propœrides. Infamous women of Cyprus.

Quirinus.

Q Virinus. a name of Romulus.

Quirites. Romans, so called of Quirinus.

R Hamnusia. a name of Nemesis, of the city Rhamnus, where she had her Temple.

S Arturnius  $\{\right.$  Jupiter and Juno, the sonne and Saturnia  $\{\right.$  daughter of Saturne.

Smintheus. a name of Apollo, for destroying of mice.

Sol. the Sun.

Stygian shades. Hell; so called of Styx, an infernal river.

T Antalides. pag. 348. vers. 15. Agamemnon, grand-child to Tantalus.

Taygeta. one of the Pleiades, or seven Starres.

Tellus. the Earth.

Teucrans. Troians, descended of Teucer.

Thaumantias. Iris, the daughter of Thaumas.

Thespiares. the Muses; of Thespiae, a City neare Helicon.

Thestiax.

Thestiadæ. Toxæus and Plexippus, the sonnes of  
Thestius.

Thestias. Alchæa, the daughter of Thestius.

Thestorides. Chalcas, the son of Thestor.

Thyen. Bacchus; of Thyone, a name of his mo-  
ther Semicle.

Thyrsus. a Lassel in wood with Ivy, borne by Bac-  
chus.

Titan. a name of the Sun, from his mother Titea.  
whose 45. children were generally called by the  
name of Titans.

Titania. p. 14. v. 19. Pyrrha, descended of the Titans.

Titania. pag. 67. vers. 19. and pag. 179. vers. 5.  
Diana, grand-child to Titea.

Titania. pag. 157. vers. 11. Latona, daughter to  
Cœus, one of the Titans.

Titania. pag. 386. vers. 13. Circe, descended of the  
Titans.

Triones. the seven stars, that turne about the Pole.

Triopelus. Eresichthon, the sonne of Triopas.

Tritonia. Pallas, so called for her wisdome.

Troades. the women of Troy.

Tyrides. Diomedes, the sonne of Tydeus.

Tyndaridæ. Castor and Pollux, the sons of Tyn-  
darus.

Tyrinthian. Hercules of Tyrus.

V

Vulcans seed. pag. 186. vers. 19. Periphatus.

Z

Zephyrus the West wind.

FINIS.

Vulcane